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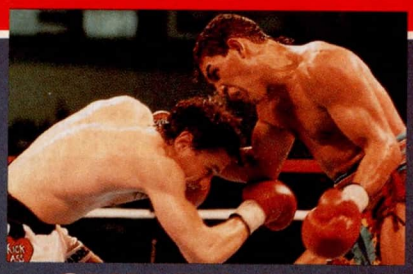

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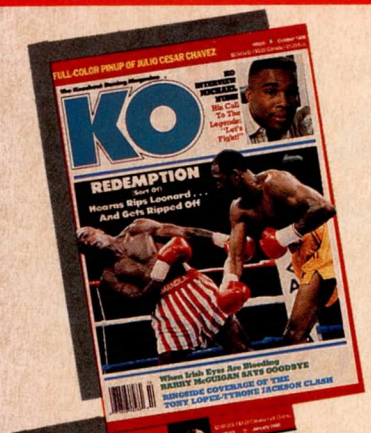

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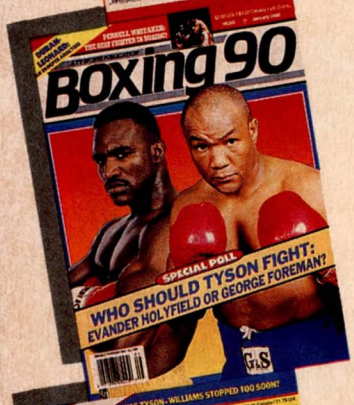

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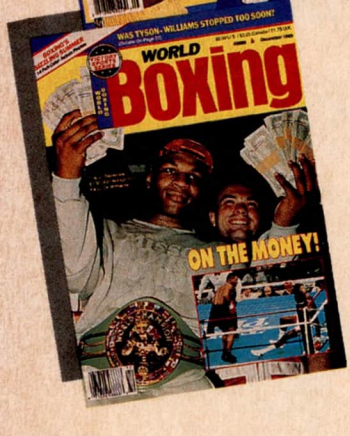

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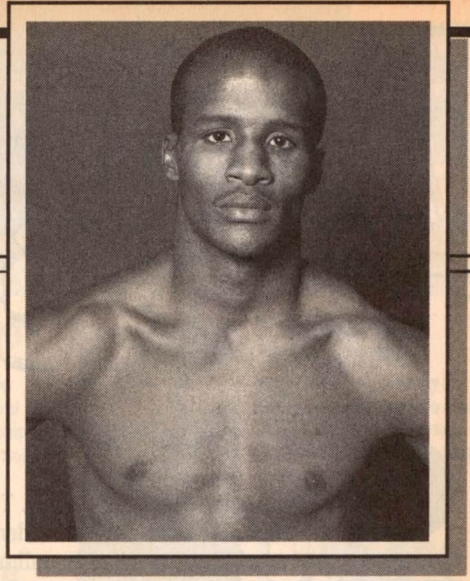

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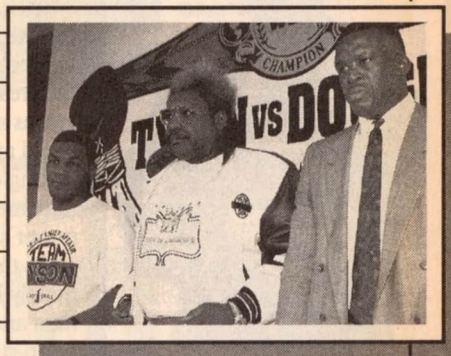

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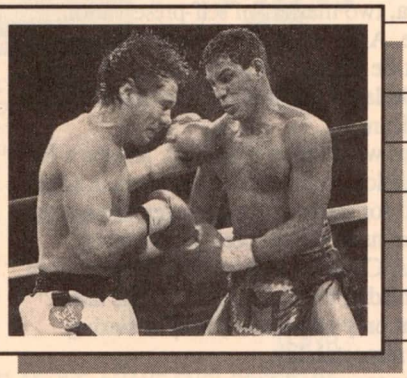

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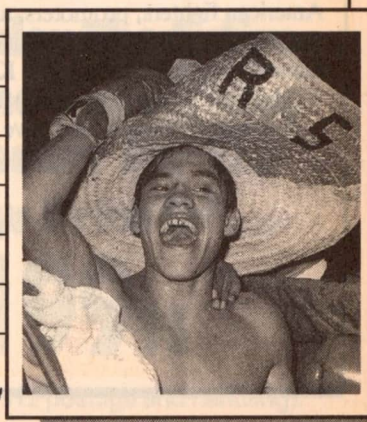

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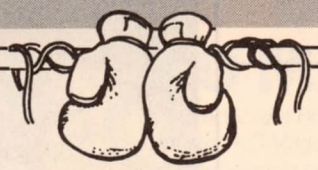
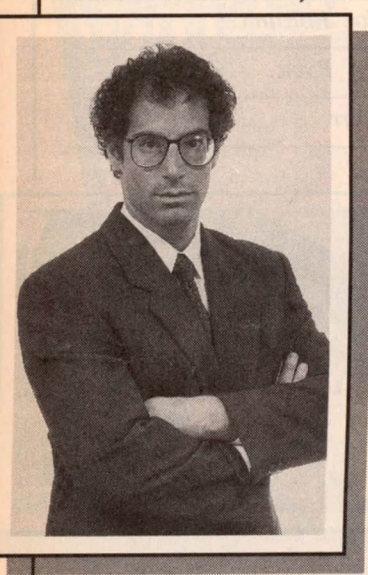


Charles Dickens was born too soon. The prolific scribe was often paid by the word. If he had been a modern-day boxing writer, such an arrangement could surely have resulted in unlimited riches. If Dickens had been ringside at the Buster Douglas-Mike Tyson fight in Tokyo, his lead, of course, would have been something about the best and worst of times. Then he would have missed deadline—and become a wealthy man—trying to explain, in a million words or more, what the hell that meant.



What it means is what we've known all along: Inside the ring, boxing features man at his bravest and best. Outside, it features man at his weakest and worst. If you love boxing, you long ago accepted that as truth.

Two men alone in the ring, and anything can happen. What Douglas did to Tyson dropped the skeptics and cynics for a 10-count by *any* referee's standards. Douglas' victory, arguably the greatest upset in sports history, was a marvelous story for so many reasons. But before we could appreciate it for what is was, and before boxing could bask in the glow of the moment, the timeless struggle for economic and political power surfaced and blackened the stage.

As the postfight controversy developed, we quietly hoped that WBC President Jose Sulaiman and WBA President Gilberto Mendoza, jump-started by puppetmaster Don King, would deny Buster Douglas the title he had won in the ring. But Sulaiman and Mendoza, two masters of self-preservation, haven't extended their reigns by chance. After initially underestimating the level of public outrage, the powers-that-be backed off and confirmed Douglas' coronation. Too bad. If they had declared the heavyweight title vacant, it surely would have been their last significant act.

Who knows, maybe the organizations would have crumbled. Maybe a federal, or at least national, boxing commission would have been formed. (The WBA and WBC have been Latin-based for dozens of years, even though the largest chunk of their title-fight revenues have always been generated by American fighters, promoters, and fans. Consider that in 1989, 39 percent of the WBA and WBC's title fights were held in the United States. The next highest contributor was South Korea, at only 18 percent.) Maybe boxing would have taken the first step toward respectability.

But then Dickens would have had less to write about.

Steve Farhood

Editor-In-Chief

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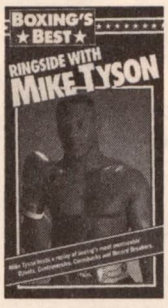

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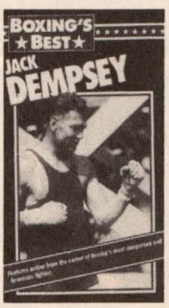

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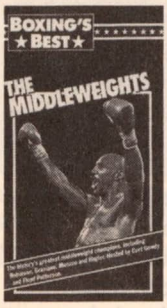

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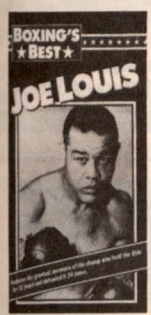

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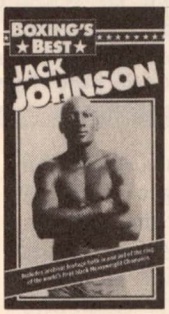

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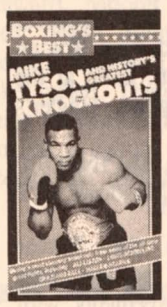

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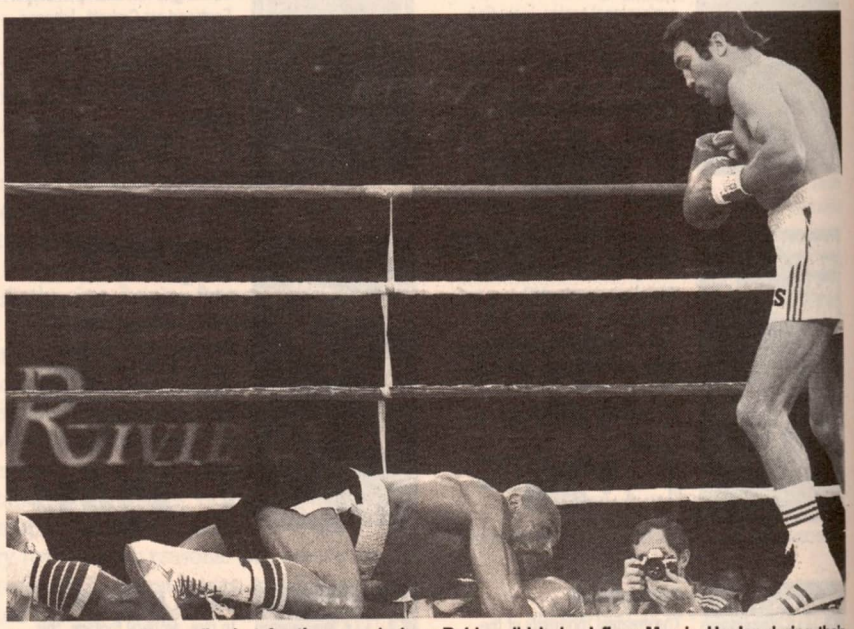


It sure seemed like a slip, but for the record, Juan Roldan did indeed floor Marvin Hagler during their March 1984 middleweight title fight. Hagler, however, retained the crown with a 10th-round TKO.

THE DECADE'S BEST

I really enjoyed your "Lists" section of the "Great Fighters, Great Fights: The '80s" feature in *The Ring* March 1990. I have a serious problem, though, with your selection of Mustafa Hamsho for best middleweight chin. Hamsho, of course, was one tough SOB with a rock jaw, but his jaw retired years ago, while the rest of him kept fighting. Hamsho has been knocked out or hurt badly in most of his fights since the Hagler rematch.

Hagler, on the other hand, in a career of 60-plus fights, was never even staggered, except for a brief moment in the Hearns fight. And Juan Roldan *did not* knock him down. Even at the end, with his reflexes gone, Hagler's chin remained.

DAN SAPINKOPF
Fresh Meadows, NY

Although I enjoyed the "Great Fighters, Great Fights" section, here are my respectful disagreements with some of your choices.

Best Fight: Chacon-Limon IV over Pryor-Arguello. Unbelievable drama, a natural rivalry, and great action.

Best Chin, Middleweight: Hagler, who absorbed the best punches of notable hitters like Hearns, Duran, Mugabi, Sibson, Roldan, and Leonard, and never even blinked. He possessed the best chin not only at middleweight, but in all of boxing.

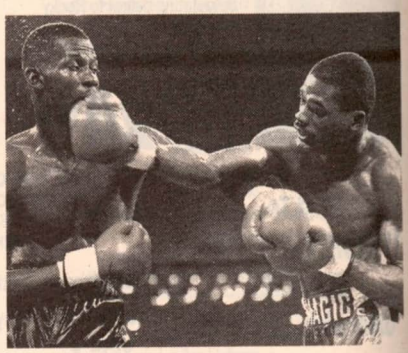
Best Kayo, Junior Welterweight: Your choice of Arguello-Costello was pretty good, but it pales in comparison to Arguello's one-punch demolition of Kevin Rooney.

Best Lightweight: Check the records. Julio Cesar Chavez should share the distinction with your choice, Edwin Rosario.

Best Fight, Lightweight: Maybe I'm nitpicking, because Arguello-Mancini was a very good one, but the fight that provided the most entertainment was Mancini-Duk Koo Kim.

PHILIP MORGAN
Boston, MA

As I read through your list of biggest busts of the '80s, I was very surprised that you picked Shawn O'Sullivan at welterweight. The biggest welterweight bust was Mark Breland. When Breland came out of the 1984 Olympics, he was hailed as the next Sugar Ray Leonard. Despite the fact that Breland has been a champion twice, he has never beaten a world-class opponent. And in his two meetings with Marlon Starling, he was kayoed the first time and whipped the second, though Starling was denied the decision. Sure, O'Sullivan had a disappointing career, but with all the hype that was given to Breland, he was without a doubt the welterweight bust of the decade.



Mark Breland was twice outfought by Marlon Starling. Was Olympic gold medalist Breland the biggest welterweight bust of the '80s?

CRAIG KUZIEMSKY
Edmonton, Alberta

NO MISMATCH

I must take exception to Ms. Jo Marie Burgos' characterization of the October 19 Anthony Hembrick-Manuel Muriello light heavyweight fight as a

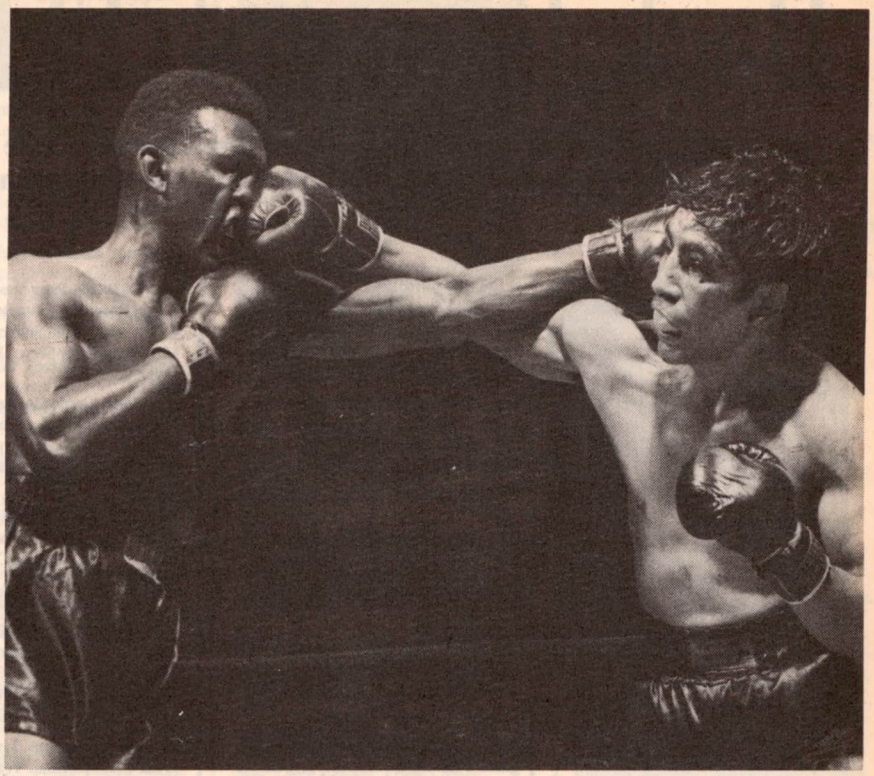
mismatch ("Come Out Writing," March '90.).

At the time of that fight, Muriello was ranked in the top 10 by the USBA, had a winning record, had beaten a notable opponent (Art Jimmerson), and had, by any and all accounts, looked impressive in a recent loss to a top-15 fighter, Uriah Grant. Hembrick, on the other hand, was in only his eighth pro fight.

On paper, this was a good match that should have been competitive, which, incidentally, was exactly what I was looking for. That it became an early knockout that had the look of a mismatch is due to Hembrick's skill and progress as a young boxer, not due to the lack of quality in his opponent or a failure on the part of the promoter, the matchmaker, the New Jersey commission, or its commissioner, Larry Hazzard.

FRANK H. KANE
Fairfax, VA

Editor's Note: Frank H. Kane is the manager of Anthony Hembrick.



Chalky Wright, tasting a right hand from Humberto Zavala during their September 1944 showdown, was among the busiest of featherweight champions. Wright, who totaled 204 bouts, outpointed Zavala.

WRIGHT IS WRONG

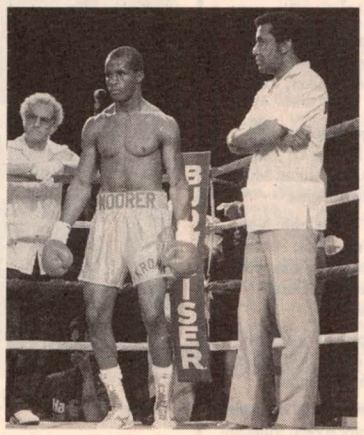
Perhaps you can answer a question for me. I'm an old-timer, and I was always a fan of former featherweight champion Chalky Wright, who, had it not been for the presence of Willie Pep, might have reigned for years and years. I'm under the impression that after Pep, Wright fought the most bouts of any featherweight champion. Is that correct? If not, which champions had more fights?

DONALD KERSOMITI
Alamagordo, NM

Editor's Note: Wright rates fifth on the all-time list of featherweight champions with the most pro bouts. The top five: Johnny Dundee, 337; Freddie Miller, 246; Pep, 242; Benny Bass, 227; Wright, 204. Wright fought from February 1928 through March 1948. He held the featherweight crown from September 1941, when he stopped Joey Archibald in the 11th round, to November 1942, when he was outpointed by Pep.

MOORER IS LESS

I am sick and tired of hearing that Michael Moorer is such a great prospect. The man that many think is going to dominate the light heavyweight division, steamroll the cruiserweights, and eventually challenge heavyweights, is simply an overhyped mediocrity. Moorer is an average light heavyweight with a powerful punch. Thus far he has defeated beatable 175-pounders like Frankie Swindell and Mike Sedillo, and has been showered with praise. In 1989, when Moorer met Leslie Stewart, the faded Stewart revealed to us that Moorer is a one-dimensional puncher with limited defense. Moorer's power saved him in the end, but if a has-been with no chin like Stewart gave Moorer such fits, what will a truly competent light heavyweight like Virgil Hill do to him?



Light heavyweight Michael Moorer is undefeated and, according to reader Veersen Bhoolai, overrated as well.

After the Stewart fight, Emanuel Steward, Moorer's manager, immediately began calling for Hill, and he seemed serious. Let's hope this fight takes place. Then, instead of Moorer being a hyped and protected fighter, he can be a fighter who was hyped, exposed, and quickly forgotten.

VEERSEN BHOOLAI
Toronto, Ontario

FEAR THE BEAST

I continuously read and hear about the seemingly invincible Michael Nunn. Has everyone forgotten WBC super welterweight champion John "The Beast" Mugabi? Mugabi can kayo anyone with his lethal punching power, and Nunn is no exception. Remember the terrific fight The Beast gave Marvin Hagler? Mugabi is one of the most underrated champions in boxing today, and he deserves more recognition. He is one of the few middleweights who can truly test Nunn. A Mugabi-Nunn fight should be made this year. By the 10th round, Nunn would be done, and Mugabi would have erased the ugly question marks that continue to surround his name.

NATE TIMOTEO
Sacramento, CA □

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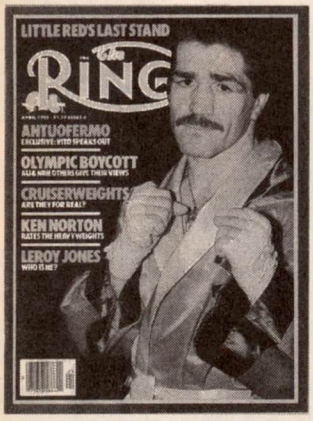


APRIL 1980

April 1980: Exclusive: Vito Antuofermo Speaks Out. Plus: Leroy Jones, cruiserweights, Ken Norton rates the heavyweights, Olympic boycott, Danny Lopez.

Nov. 1980: Joe Louis: His Life In Words And Pictures. Plus: Leo Randolph, Aaron Pryor, Arthur Donovan, Gomez-Holmes.

Dec. 1980: Thomas Hearns: Detroit's "Hit Man" Takes Aim At Duran And Leonard. Plus: Mustafa Hamsho, Duran-Leonard II, Holmes-Ali, Hagler-Minter, Pintor-Owen, Sanchez-Ford.

Jan. 1981: Gentlemen Gerry Cooney: White Hope Or White Hype? Plus: Larry Holmes, Watt-O'Grady, Spinks-Lopez, Weaver-Coetzee, 10 greatest fights ever.

Feb. 1981: DeNiro As LaMotta: How 'Raging' Is The 'Bull'? Plus: Leonard-Duran II, Victor Galindez, Jeff Chandler, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad.

April 1981: Marvelous Marvin Hagler: Boxing's New Super Hero. Plus: MAPSCAM, Hagler-Obel I, Chandler-Lujan, Jaime Garza, Hamsho-Parker.

May 1981: John Tate: How Far Down is Down? Plus: The worst champs, Floyd Patterson, Boza-Edwards-Limon.

Aug. 1981: Wilfred Benitez: Triple Crown Champ. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Henry Armstrong, Robert Fitzsimmons, Barney Ross, Roberto Duran, Larry Holmes, Benitez-Hope.

Sept. 1981: Leonard-Hearns Program. Plus: *Ring* belt poster of Leonard-Hearns, Yaqui Lopez, Pipino Cuevas, Mickey Duff, Leonard-Kalule, Alexis Arguello.

Oct. 1981: (104-Page Issue)—Holmes-Cooney: Is It Is Or Is It Ain't? Plus: Who's who?, Rocky Graziano, Larry Holmes pinup, hardest hitting heavyweights, pound-for-pound best, Spinks-Mustafa Muhammad.

Nov. 1981: Salvador Sanchez: Boxing's New Conquistador. Plus: Alexis Arguello pinup, Latino boxers, Leonard-Hearns I, Sanchez-Gomez.

Feb. 1982: Holmes-Cooney Program. Plus: Dwight Braxton pinup, Irish fighters, Muhammad Ali, Pedroza-Ballas.

March 1982: (100-Page Year-End Special)—Sanchez & Leonard: Fighters Of The Year. Plus: Jeff Chandler pinup, Dwight Braxton, Navarette-Choi, Wilfred Benitez.

May 1982: Marvin Hagler: Is He The Greatest Middleweight Champ Ever? Plus: Salvador Sanchez pinup, great middlweight fights, southpaws, Primo Carnera, Fletcher-Braxton, Prudencio Cardona.

Aug. 1982: Cooney: Is He The Real McCoy? Plus: Sugar Ray Leonard pinup, Holmes-Cooney coverage, Howard Davis, British heavyweights, Larry Holmes, Limon-Navarette.

Sept. 1982: Leon Spinks: Boxing's Prodigal Son Returns To The Cruiserweights. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Sanchez-Nelson, Max Baer, Milton McCrory.

Nov. 1982: Special Pryor-Arguello Program. Plus: Earnie Shavers, Robeto Duran, Henry Armstrong, Gerry Cooney, LaPorte-Miranda.

Jan. 1983: Dwight Braxton: "How I Will Beat Spinks." Plus: Pryor-Arguello—Fight of the Year, Frank Fletcher, Rocky Marciano, Curry-Starling I, Hagler-Obel II.

Feb. 1983: Michael Dokes: Tainted Champion? Plus: Howard Cosell, Chacon-Limon, Mickey Walker, Ray Mancini.

March 1983: (104-Page Year-End Special)—Larry Holmes: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Donald Curry, Milton McCrory, history of featherweights.

April 1983: Randall "Tex" Cobb: Not Just Another Pretty Face. Plus: Hector Camacho, Hall of Fame (Monzon, Foster, Burley), Stanley Ketchel, Duran-Cuevas, Wilford Scypion.

May 1983: Michael Spinks Wins It All. Plus: Spinks-Braxton color, Bob Arum, Marvin Hagler, Collins-LaPaglia.

June 1983: What Now For Ray Mancini? Plus: Lupe Pintor, Tony Ayala, Mancini-Arguello color, Holmes-Teofilo Stevenson?, Jersey Joe Walcott, Jung-Koo Chang, Frazier-Broad.

July 1983: Jeff Chandler: The Best Fighter Nobody Knows. Plus: Sugar Ray Seales, Jack Dempsey, Bobby Chacon, Dokes-Weaver II, Holmes-Witherspoon, Paul Berlenbach.

Aug. 1983: Roberto Duran: One 'Mas' Time! Plus: After Holmes?, Colin Jones, Jimmy Montoya, Alexis Arguello, Billy Petrolle.

Sept. 1983: Exclusive: Sugar Ray Leonard Talks About His Past, Present, & Future. Plus: Hagler & Duran: 'How I'll Win The Fight,' Jaime Garza, Panama Lewis, Spinks-Mustafa-Muhammad, Bobo Olson, Jack Johnson, Mustafa Hamsho, Muniz-Chandler.

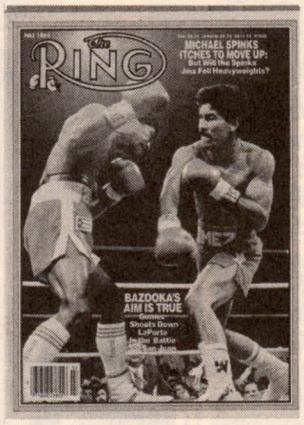
Oct. 1983: (104-Page Special)—Hagler-Duran Program. Plus: Best fighter poll, Who's who?, Jose Sulaiman, Billy McNeece, Marty Servo, Milton McCory, Collin Jones.

Nov. 1983: Gerrie Coetzee: The New Heavyweight Champ Sets His Sights On Holmes. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Murray Sutherland, James J. Braddock, Muhammad Ali.

Dec. 1983: Greg Page: 'Holmes Will Never Fight Me—He's A Chicken-Livered Coward!' Plus: Hagler-Duran, Tim Witherspoon, Jake LaMotta, Cedeno-Magri, "Winners" by Leroy Neiman.

Feb. 1984: Don King Talks And Talks And Talks. Plus: Leonard's return, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 1983 quotes, Marvin Hagler, Johnny Bratton, Gerald Hayes, Hagler-Duran color.

June 1984: Bumphus, Lockridge, Duva: 'That Championship Year.' Plus: Ferdie Pacheco, Harry Arroyo, Holmes-Coetzee preview, Pipino Cuevas, Aaron Pryor, Battling Nelson-Joe Gans, Witherspoon-Page.



JULY 1984

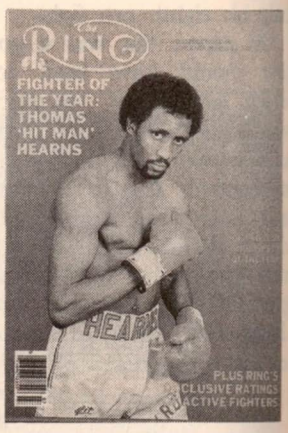
July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinny Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

Sept. 1984: The Scramble For Bramble: Livingstone's Wrapped Up In Being A Champion. Plus: Hearns-Duran, Rosario-Davis, Aaron Pryor, Eusebio Pedroza.

Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror In The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Bill Costello, nine gold medals, Don King, Davey Moore, memorabilia.

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, James Broad, boxing's best, Julian Jackson, Thomas-Witherspoon.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.



MARCH 1985

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

March 1985: Fighter Of The Year: Thomas 'Hit Man' Hearns. Plus: Year-end awards, Darrell-Estrada, Nelson-Gomez, Arroyo-Alli.

April 1985: Special Hagler-Hearns Program. Plus: British fighters, Hector Camacho, Donald Curry, British fighters, Sonny Liston.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

July 1985: Marvelous Marvin! Are There Any More Mountains To Climb? Plus: Hagler-Hearns, 10 greatest first rounds, Tyson (2-0) rates the heavys, Tubbs-Page.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

Sept. 1985: Barry McGuigan: Can He Be Boxing's Savior? Plus: Carl Williams, Thomas-Weaver, Chavez-Mayweather I.

Oct. 1985: The "Macho Man" Rides Again. Plus: Dwight Muhammad Qawi, Camacho-Ramirez, Berbick-Green, Jeff Fenech, John E. Garcia, McCallum-Braxton.

Nov. 1985: Will Hagler Feast On The Beast? Plus: Hagler-Mugabi & Hearns-Shuler previews, Lonnie Smith, Pintor-Meza, Chuck Hull, Benitez-Moley.

Dec. 1985: Michael Spinks: Against All Odds. Plus: Curry-McCrory preview, McGuigan-Taylor, Alexis Arguello, Michael Olajide, Chavez-Pratchett.

Jan. 1986: In Search Of A Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Azumah Nelson, Arguello-Jefferson, Olympic update, Chicago boxing.

Feb. 1986: Mike Tyson: The Legacy Of Cus D'Amato. Plus: Rocky IV, Curry-McCrory, Teddy Mann, Kenny Lane.

March 1986: Co-Fighters Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler & Donald Curry. Plus: Special year-end awards, 1985 boxing diary, annual ratings, Evander Holyfield, Fenech-Coffee.

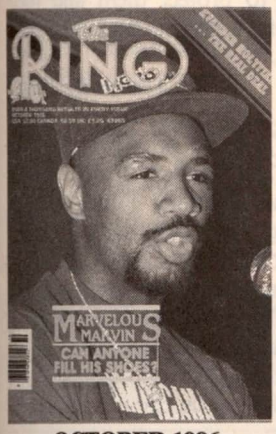
April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

May 1986: Marvelous Marvin Tames The Beast. Plus: Hearns-Shuler, Mike Tyson, Bramble-Crawley, Sandoval-Canizales, Marvin Johnson, McGuigan-Cabrera, Arguello-Costello, Weaver-Williams.

June 1986: Barry's Back In The USA: McGuigan Breathes A Breath Of Fresh Air Into American Fight Scene. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Robbie Sims, Qawi-Holyfield preview, Berbick-Thomas, Bruno-Coetzee.

Aug. 1986: Is Sugar Ray Still Sweet? Plus: Lloyd Honeyghan, Tyson-Green, Cooney-Gregg, Hall of Fame (Eder Jofre, Benny Lynch, Bud Taylor, Sam McVey, Nat Langham, John Chambers), Bernardo Pinango.

Sept. 1986: Gerry Cooney vs. Mike Tyson: Who Would Win? Plus: Cruz-McGuigan, Hearns-Medal, Tyson-Gross, Sims-Duran.



OCTOBER 1986

Oct. 1986: Marvelous Marvin: Can Anyone Fill His Shoes? Plus: Tim Witherspoon, Holyfield-Qawi, Panama's champions, Frankie Duarte, Tyson-Frazier.

Nov. 1986: Mike Tyson: History In The Making. Plus: Tyson-Berbick preview, Spinks, Paul Gonzales, Bobby Czyz, Tyson-Ratliff, McCallum-Jackson.

Dec. 1986: The Weekend That Shook Up The Boxing World. Plus: Rosario-Bramble, Honeyghan-Curry, Butch Lewis, Buster Drayton, Johnson-Emebe, Raging Bull II.

March 1987: Mike Tyson: Can Anybody Beat Him? Plus: Dennis Andries, Richard Steele, Tyson-Berbick, Rickey Parkey.

April 1987: Hagler-Leonard Souvenir Issue. Plus: Czyz, Orlando Canizales, Mugabi-Thomas, Biggs-Snipes, Chavez-LaPorte, Bonecrusher-Witherspoon II, Haugen-Paul.

May 1987: Mike Tyson: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Year-end awards, *The Ring* annual ratings, Louie Espinoza, Herol Graham.

June 1987: Vinny Paz: Phenom Or Phony? Plus: Tyson-Bonecrusher, Mark Breland, Brian Mitchell, Evander Holyfield, Czyz-Edwards, Olajide-Lee, Curry-Montgomery.

July 1987: Spinks-Cooney: The Fight That Refused To Die. Plus: The new *Ring* ratings, Terry Marsh, George Foreman's return, Khaosai Galaxy, Hearns-Andries, Whitaker-Mayweather.

Aug. 1987: Sugar Ray: Still In Style. Plus: Leonard-Hagler, all-time heavyweight ratings, Czyz-MacDonald, Camacho-Davis.

Sept. 1987: Michael Olajide: The Look Of The Future? Plus: Tyson-Thomas, Jeff Fenech, middleweight muddle, Tsuyoshi Hamada, Juan Roldan, Harold Knight.

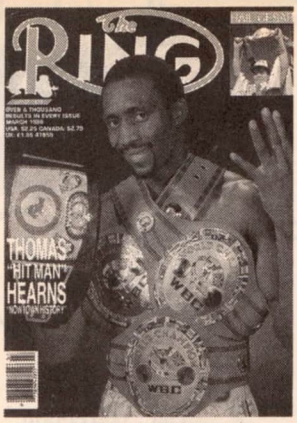
Oct. 1987: Special Hall Of Fame Issue: Ali Elected Unanimously! Plus: Hall of Fame directory, Spinks-Cooney, Pazienza-Haugen II, Aaron Pryor.

Nov. 1987: Tyson Wins Heavyweight Triple-Crown. Plus: Triple-crown champs, Matthew Hilton, Carlos Monzon interview, McCallum-Curry.

Dec. 1987: Spinks & Lewis: Boxing's Beastie Boys. Plus: Starling-Breland, Ramzi Hassan, Honeyghan-Hatcher, Holyfield-Ocasio.

Jan. 1988: Darrin Van Horn—Million Dollar Baby? Plus: Evander Holyfield, Hill-Stewart, Juan Coggi, great hookers, AIDS.

Feb. 1988: Gold Outshines Glitter: Tate Tops Olajide. Plus: Tyson-Biggs, Kalambay-Barkley, Hearns-Roldan, fights we'd like to see.



MARCH 1988

March 1988: Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns: "Now I Own History." Plus: Chavez-Rosario, Roger Mayweather, Rocky Lockridge, bleeders, Bruno-Bugner, Fenech-Zarate, Tony Burton.

April 1988: Evander Holyfield: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Special year-end awards, Holyfield-Qawi II, Foreman-Sekorski, Hill-Angulo.

May 1988: George Foreman: "I Can Beat Tyson." Plus: Tyson-Holmes, Jesse Benavides, Showtime, no-knockout artists.

June 1988: Sugar Ray Robinson Still The Sweetest! Plus: All-time middleweight ratings, Larry Holmes, Louie Lomeli, McGirt-Warren II, Haugen-Pazienza II.

July 1988: Special Tyson-Spinks Preview Issue. Plus: Donald Trump interview, Honeyghan-Vaca II, Foreman-Qawi, Barkley-Olajide.

Aug. 1988: Julio Cesar Chavez: The Kid From Culiacan. Plus: Holyfield, bad decisions, Lockridge-Knight, Starling-Breland II, Brown-Trice, Haugen-Santana.

Sept. 1988: Sugar Ray: Here He Comes Again! Plus: Andries-Czyz, Kid Chocolate, Don Dunphy, Don Lalonde, Andries-Czyz.

Oct. 1988: Mike Tyson: What Price Glory? Plus: Tyson-Spinks, Hearns-Barkley, Davey Moore.

Nov. 1988: Donny Lalonde: "Sugar Ray is Out Of His Mind!" Plus: Hall of Fame selections (Carlos Ortiz, Joe Brown, Billy Graham, Cus D'Amato, Jimmy Jacobs), Nunn-Tate, Molinares-Starling, Honeyghan-Chung, '88 Olympians.

Dec. 1988: Mike Tyson Special. Plus: Leonard-Lalonde preview, Barry McGuigan, alphabet wars, Jeff Fenech, Mauro Mina, Meldrick Taylor.

Jan. 1989: Meldrick Taylor: Philly Phenom. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Alex Wallau, Taylor-McGirt, Olympic results.

Feb. 1989: Julio Cesar Chavez. Plus: Chavez-Ramirez, all-time lightweight ratings, Louie Espinoza, Simon Brown, Roger Mayweather.

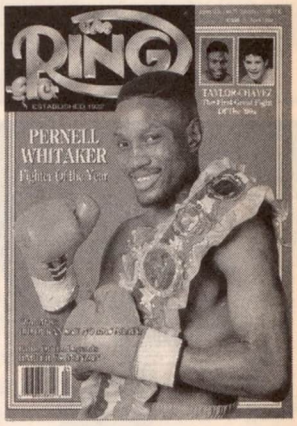
March 1989: Hearns Next For Sugar Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

May 1989: The Best Of '88. Plus: Year-end awards, Evander Holyfield, Pryor-Morales, Fenech-Navarro.

Jan. 1990: Boxing's Bible Reborn At Age 68. Plus: George Foreman (color), Mike Tyson, Carlos Monzon, Duran-Leonard III, LaMotta-Dauthuille.

Feb. 1990: Riddick Bowe/Ray Mercer Target . . . Tyson: Plus: The Olympians as pros (color), Bobby Czyz, Gerry Cooney, Wepner-Liston, Bobo Olson.

March 1990: The '80s—Great Fights, Great Fighters (color). Plus: Jeff Harding, Evander Holyfield, Pete Rademacher, Sharkey-McCoy.



APRIL 1990

April 1990: Pernell Whitaker—*The Ring* Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Chavez-Taylor preview, Leonard-Duran III, Tiger Flowers, Muhammad Ali.

May 1990: Big George Talks Tough! Plus: Archie Moore, Moore-Marciano (color), Grudge Wars, Kid Berg, Ike Williams-Alexis Arguello.

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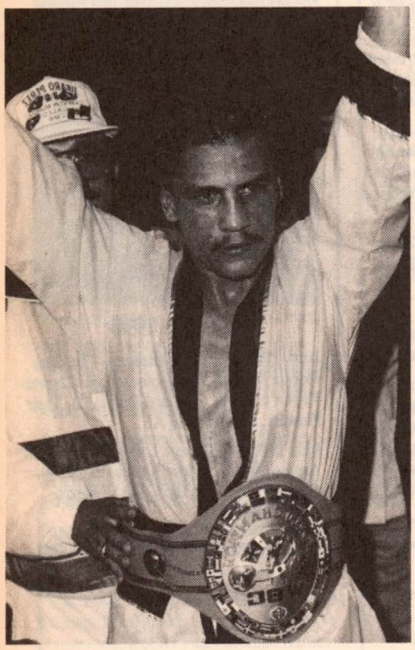
ROUND ONE

GETTING TESTY

Every boxer in California is required to take the state neurological examination, which is designed to detect brain impairment at an early stage. And while nobody questions the merits of the test, many believe it carries educational, cultural, and language biases.

Case in point: Raul Perez, who defended the WBC bantamweight title against Gaby Canizales in January, flunked the test three days before he fought. Perez failed a subsequent test.



Bantam champ Raul Perez

Then, hours before the fight, he passed a third test. Perez' manager, Nacho Huizar, said the translator during the first two tests spoke South American Spanish, which is different from Mexican Spanish. "Raul just didn't understand [the Peruvian translator] and he was frustrated," said Huizar.

The test is designed to reflect a fighter's motor movements, sensory perceptions, gait, orientation, speech, concentration, memory, and visual-spacial perception. This is determined through a battery of exercises that include memory tests, copying geometric configurations, and matching numbers with symbols. Yet some uneducated fighters, like welterweight Dio Colome, have claimed that they did not comprehend the questions that were asked during the test. Colome failed the test almost two years ago and no longer has a license to fight in California.

"He has a fourth-grade education," said his lawyer, Steve Wolfson. "He stood to make a lot of money in California, and this test ripped him to shreds."

As a result, Colome is suing the California State Athletic Commission for $25-million. The suit charges that the test "contained cultural, ethnic, and educational biases."

Just before Colome and Felipe Canela were scheduled to fight during a tournament semifinal at the Forum in Inglewood in February 1988, Colome was told he couldn't compete because he had failed his neurological test, and that he could no longer fight in the state. That cost him a shot at the $75,000 purse won by the eventual champion, Derrick Kelly, whom Colome had previously beaten.

Ken Gray, the executive officer of the commission, would not discuss the lawsuit, except to say, "There have been criticisms of the test. But we're always trying to find cultural, educational, and language biases, and eliminate them. We look into every complaint, review it, and make changes, if need be. And though we're trying to protect the fighters from further brain damage, it seems we've developed an adversarial relationship with the very people we're trying to help."

California is the only state that has such neurological testing for boxers. To date, 12 of about 1,000 fighters have failed the test. According to Gray, traditional EEGs and CATscans provide only "gross profiles of brain impairment and cannot detect more subtle manifestations of chronic neurological trauma."

Gray added that "society can no longer accept any further damage to boxers' long-term interests. Unless boxers are offered an accurate assessment of their neurological health, then we have failed to protect them and their families from a serious and far-reaching debility."

—Joseph C. Tintle

MOTIVE FOR A MURDER?

In November 1989, British manager and promoter Frank Warren was shot in the chest and abdomen outside a London fight arena. In January, former IBF junior welterweight champion Terry Marsh, who was guided to the title by Warren, was accused of the murder attempt. Marsh was questioned by police for more than 32

Terry Marsh: Accused of attempted murder

hours before the charge was filed. He has denied any connection to the shooting. Scotland Yard said another man, unnamed, was also being questioned, but had not been charged.

According to police, Marsh's motive might have been a pending libel case in which the former champion could have lost a large sum of money. Warren, who has recovered from his wounds, sued Marsh over remarks the boxer made during a television interview in January 1989.

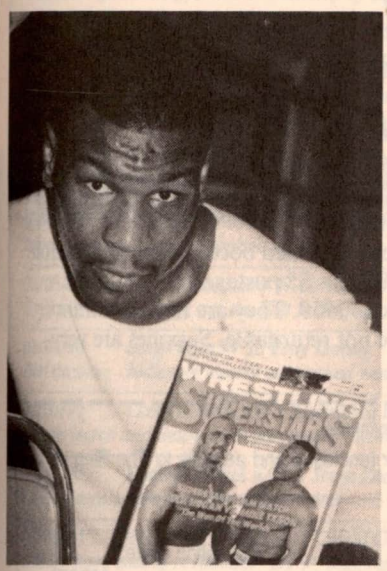
The undefeated Marsh won the title from Joe Manley in March 1987 and retained it with a defense against Akio Kameda. But he was forced to retire when he was diagnosed as being an epileptic. His attempted comeback last year was blocked by the British Boxing Board of Control for medical reasons.

The hearing on the libel case, originally scheduled for February 5, was postponed. The trial for attempted murder won't be scheduled until later this year.

Muhammad Ali in 1965 with his parents, Cassius and Odessa Clay

KING OF THE RING

It's hard to keep former heavyweight champion Mike Tyson out of the ring. In February, Tyson was scheduled to serve as a special referee in the World Wrestling Federation title match between champion Hulk Hogan and "Macho King" Randy Savage, on NBC's *The Main Event*.



Mike Tyson: a Hulkamaniac

Tyson has never tried to hide the truth: He is an avowed wrestling fan. But he's hardly in awe of the giants of the *other* ring world.

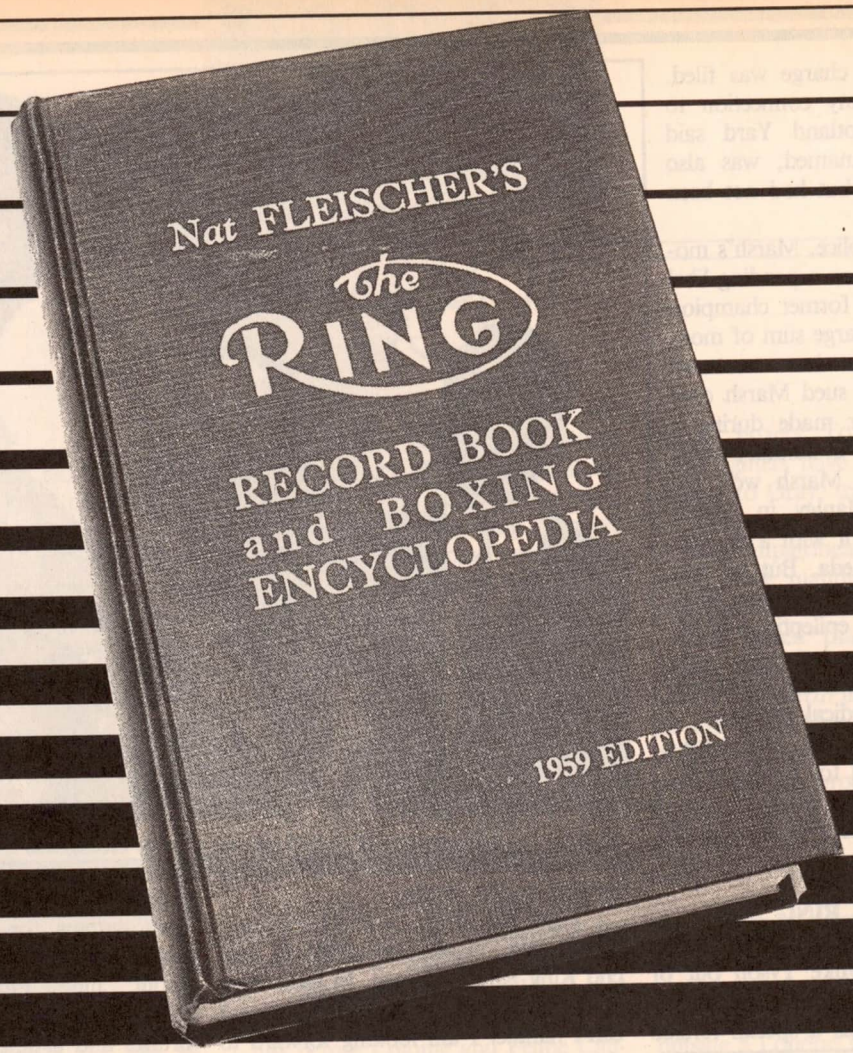
"I am not afraid of Hulk Hogan," Tyson said. "I am not afraid of Macho King Randy Savage. In fact, there aren't two men on the planet that I can't handle. I am looking forward to the challenge of being the special referee."

After Tyson was kayoed by Buster Douglas, his appearance was cancelled. But, according to John Johnson, Douglas' manager, the *new* heavyweight king would be willing to step in—for the right price, of course.

Just a thought: Remember in *Rocky III,* when Hogan, playing a wrestler named Thunderlips, roughed up heavyweight champion Rocky Balboa? Well, what happens if life imitates art and Hogan, Savage, or one of the other WWF behemoths, invokes the wrath of Tyson or Douglas? We'd hate to be the ones who have to remind "Iron Mike" or Buster that they have to pull their punches.

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

The career of former WBA bantamweight champion Kaokor Galaxy may be over. In December, Galaxy suffered severe injuries after a Mercedes being driven by twin brother Khaosai Galaxy, the WBA junior bantamweight titlist, struck a telegraph pole and rolled over. Kaokor suffered a broken jaw, broken ribs, and a punctured lung, and was on life support systems for a short while. His convalescence period is expected to be about nine months. Remarkably, Khaosai escaped with superficial bruises and a nine-stitch cut . . . Former featherweight and junior lightweight champion Bobby Chacon, 38, is coming back yet again. Former welterweight champion Pipino Cuevas isn't. Cuevas has formed a small Mexican circus in which he's a clown. Perhaps Jorge Paez has started a trend . . . Michael Nunn was arrested in Van Nuys, California, when police, investigating an incident in which Nunn chased down a motorist who had rear-ended his car, discovered an outstanding traffic warrant. The IBF middleweight champion was later released . . . Former junior welterweight Hector Frazier, the 27-year-old son of Joe Frazier, was charged with robbery, theft, receiving stolen property, and simple assault after knocking a 10-year-old boy off a bicycle and robbing him of $3 and the bike, Philadelphia police said . . . Miami Beach promoter Chris Dundee, 83, suffered a stroke in January. It was anticipated that there would be major paralysis on Dundee's right side. All of boxing wishes him well . . . Cassius M. Clay Sr., the father of Muhammad Ali, died at age 77 in Louisville, Kentucky, after a heart attack. □



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WATCHING TV

DATE	WINNER/LOSER	DIVISION	NETWORK	SIGNIFICANCE	MATCHUP	RESULT
01/18/90	Art Serwano W 12 Gilbert Baptist *Dreary; champ lacks the threat of a kayo punch*	USBA jm	USA	B+	B	C
01/22/90	Antoine Byrd W Disq. 5 Paul McPeak *Roly-poly loser seems to want the DQ*	sm	SC	C+	C	C-
01/22/90	**Raul Perez W 12 Gaby Canizales** *Champ uses 10-inch reach advantage well in later rounds*	**WBC b**	**PT**	**A**	**B+**	**C+**
01/25/90	Jemal Hinton KO 6 Hector Diaz *Slaughter: Hinton closes Diaz' right eye and drops him thrice*	jf	USA	C+	C	C-
01/26/90	Buddy McGirt KO 2 Miguel Santana *Once-useful Santana loses sixth of his last seven*	w	MSG	C-	B	C
01/27/90	**Lindell Holmes W 12 Frank Tate** *One of dullest title fights in years*	**IBF sm**	**CBS**	**A-**	**B+**	**C-**
01/28/90	**John-John Molina KO 6 Lupe Suarez** *Suarez floored in first, cut badly in second*	**IBF jl**	**NBC**	**A**	**A-**	**B-**
01/28/90	Harold Brazier KO 6 Lalo Velasquez *Brazier won't fade away, dominates foe from start*	jw	ESPN	C	C+	C+
01/29/90	Rodney Moore KO 5 Victorio Belcher *Rare kayo win for fringe Philadelphia contender*	jw	SC	C+	B	B
02/01/90	Louie Lomeli W 10 Courtney Hooper *Lomeli's rights the difference in matchup of contenders*	jw	USA	B+	A-	B+
02/02/90	Roger Mayweather KO 5 Joe Rivera *"Black Mamba" boxes for four rounds, then explodes*	jw	ESPN	B	B+	B-
02/03/90	**Mike McCallum W 12 Steve Collins** *Collins doesn't have the power to threaten champ*	**WBA m**	**ABC**	**A**	**B+**	**B+**
02/03/90	**Pernell Whitaker W 12 Fred Pendleton** *Excellent boxing match; champ's skills the difference*	**WBC/IBF l**	**PPV**	**A**	**B+**	**B**
02/03/90	Michael Moorer KO 9 Marcellus Allen *Moorer lethargic against mobile opponent*	lh	PPV	B+	B	C
02/03/90	Hector Camacho W 12 Vinny Pazienza *Typical Paz: He brings out the best in his foe*	jw	PPV	A-	A-	A-
02/04/90	**Jorge Paez W 12 Troy Dorsey** *Bad decision; challenger clearly outworked weakened champ*	**IBF f**	**NBC**	**A**	**A-**	**B**
02/05/90	Loreto Garza KO 5 Rosenberg Rosas *Simple search and destroy mission against unwilling foe*	jw	SC	C+	C-	D
02/05/90	Michael Dokes KO 11 Jorge Dascola *Gutty Dascola falls four times before end*	h	PT	B	B	B
02/08/90	Bernard Taylor KO 11 Calvin Grove *Sudden kayo ending revitalizes "BT's" sagging career*	USBA jl	USA	A-	B+	B
02/11/90	**Buster Douglas KO 10 Mike Tyson** *Nuff said*	**wrld h**	**HBO**	**A**	**B+**	**A-**
02/12/90	Tony Thornton W 10 Ralph Ward *Thornton no longer resembling a top-10 middleweight*	m	SC	C	C	C

Category explanation: "Significance"—The importance of the bout to the division and the fighters' future; "Matchup"—The quality of the fighters and the prefight determination of how their styles will mesh; "Result"—How the bout turned out, from the viewer's perspective.)

Division key: h—heavyweight; c—cruiserweight; lh—light heavyweight; sm—super middleweight; m—middleweight; jm—junior middleweight; w—welterweight; jw—junior welterweight; l—lightweight; jl—junior lightweight; f—featherweight; jf—junior featherweight; b—bantamweight; jb—junior bantamweight; fl—flyweight; jfl—junior flyweight; s—strawweight.)

(World title fights in **bold** *type)*

Network key: PPV—Pay Per View; PT—Prime Ticket; SC—SportsChannel America; Show—Showtime

THE RING RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1 **BUSTER DOUGLAS**
Columbus, OH *30-4-1 (World Champ)*

2 **MIKE TYSON**
Catskill, NY *37-1*

3 **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
Atlanta, GA *23-0*

4 **MICHAEL DOKES**
Las Vegas, NV *41-2-2*

5 **TIM WITHERSPOON**
Philadelphia, PA *31-3*

6 **FRANCESCO DAMIANI**
Italy *25-0*

7 **ORLIN NORRIS**
Campo, CA *22-1*

8 **CARL WILLIAMS**
White Plains, NY *22-3*

9 **RAZOR RUDDOCK**
Canada *22-1-1*

10 **GARY MASON**
England *33-0*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 195 pounds

1 **CARLOS DeLEON**
Puerto Rico *(WBC Champ) 42-5-1*

2 **TAOUFIK BELBOULI**
France *28-1*

3 **ROBERT DANIELS**
Miami, FL *17-1 (WBA Champ)*

4 **DWIGHT MUHAMMAD QAWI**
Cherry Hill, NJ *32-7-1*

5 **GLENN McCRORY**
England *(IBF Champ) 27-5*

6 **NATE MILLER**
Philadelphia, PA *15-1*

7 **ANACLET WAMBA**
France *27-1*

8 **PATRICK LUMUMBA**
Kenya *9-3*

9 **JAMES WARRING**
Miami, FL *10-1*

10 **BOONE PULTZ**
Tyler, TX *16-1*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1 **VIRGIL HILL**
Las Vegas, NV *(WBA Champ) 26-0*

2 **PRINCE CHARLES WILLIAMS**
Mansfield, OH *(IBF Champ) 28-4-2*

3 **MICHAEL MOORER**
Detroit, MI *19-0*

4 **JEFF HARDING**
Australia *(WBC Champ) 16-0*

5 **DENNIS ANDRIES**
Detroit, MI *36-8-2*

6 **DON LALONDE**
Canada *31-3*

7 **LESLIE STEWART**
Trinidad & Tobago *27-5*

8 **GRACIANO ROCCHIGIANI**
Germany *28-0*

9 **JOE LASISI**
Las Vegas, NV *20-1*

10 **ERIC NICOLETTA**
France *8-1*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1 **RAY LEONARD**
Potomac, MD *(WBC Champ) 36-1-1*

2 **THOMAS HEARNS**
Las Vegas, NV *46-3-1*

3 **LINDELL HOLMES**
Detroit, MI *41-5-1 (IBF Champ)*

4 **IN CHUL BAEK**
South Korea *(WBA Champ) 47-1*

5 **CHRISTOPHE TIOZZO**
France *25-0*

6 **ANTOINE BYRD**
Los Angeles, CA *16-1-1*

7 **FRANK TATE**
Houston, TX *24-2*

8 **JAMES KINCHEN**
San Diego, CA *46-7-2*

9 **FULGENCIO OBELMEJIAS**
Venezuela *49-5*

10 **VICTOR CORDOVA**
Panama *10-2*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 135 pounds

1 **PERNELL WHITAKER**
Norfolk, VA *(IBF & WBC Champ) 21-1*

2 **EDWIN ROSARIO**
Puerto Rico *(WBA Champ) 35-3*

3 **TRACY SPANN**
Plainfield, NJ *23-0*

4 **FREDDIE PENDLETON**
Miami, FL *24-17-3*

5 **GREG HAUGEN**
Henderson, NV *23-2-1*

6 **JOHN DUPLESSIS**
New Orleans, LA *31-1*

7 **DAVID GONZALES**
San Jose, CA *23-1-1*

8 **CHIL SUNG CHUN**
South Korea *15-1*

9 **POLI DIAZ**
Spain *27-0*

10 **IWAO OTOMO**
Japan *21-3-3*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 130 pounds

1 **AZUMAH NELSON**
Ghana *(WBC Champ) 31-1*

2 **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
Puerto Rico *(IBF Champ) 21-2*

3 **BRIAN MITCHELL**
South Africa *(WBA Champ) 40-1-2*

4 **JEFF FENECH**
Australia *24-0*

5 **TONY LOPEZ**
Sacramento, CA *33-2*

6 **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
Los Angeles, CA *18-0*

7 **BERNARD TAYLOR**
Knoxville, TN *41-2-2*

8 **JUAN LaPORTE**
New York, NY *35-9*

9 **MARIO MARTINEZ**
Mexico *47-6-2*

10 **JOEY GAMACHE**
Lewiston, ME *18-0*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 126 pounds

1 **ANTONIO ESPARRAGOZA**
Venezuela *(WBA Champ) 29-1-4*

2 **JEFF FENECH**
Australia *(WBC Champ) 24-0*

3 **JORGE PAEZ**
Mexico *(IBF Champ) 34-2-2*

4 **LOUIE ESPINOZA**
Phoenix, AZ *35-3-1*

5 **TROY DORSEY**
Dallas, TX *11-3-2*

6 **MAURIZIO STECCA**
Italy *36-1*

7 **PEE WEE PARKER**
Houston *20-3-2*

8 **MARCOS VILLASANA**
Mexico *49-7-2*

9 **RICARDO CEPEDA**
Bronx, NY *15-0-1*

10 **PAUL HODKINSON**
England *17-0-1*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 122 pounds

1 **DANIEL ZARAGOZA**
Mexico *(WBC Champ) 40-4-1*

2 **JESUS SALUD**
San Diego, CA *(WBA Champ) 31-1*

3 **SEUNG HOON LEE**
South Korea *44-6-1*

4 **JUAN JOSE ESTRADA**
Mexico *36-8*

5 **FABRICE BENICHOU**
France *(IBF Champ) 29-5*

6 **KENNY MITCHELL**
Houston, TX *20-8-3*

7 **PEDRO DECIMA**
Argentina *24-2*

8 **PAUL BANKE**
Quail Valley, CA *17-4*

9 **JESSE BENAVIDES**
Corpus Christi, TX *28-1*

10 **JEMAL HINTON**
District Heights, MD *11-0*

Records Compiled By Eric Armit

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

- In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.
- Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.
- These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

For Period Ended February 12, 1990

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 160 pounds

1 **MICHAEL NUNN**
Los Angeles, CA *(IBF Champ) 34-0*

2 **SUMBU KALAMBAY**
Italy *48-4-1*

3 **MIKE McCALLUM**
Brooklyn, NY *(WBA Champ) 37-1*

4 **ROBERTO DURAN**
Miami, FL *85-8*

5 **IRAN BARKLEY**
Bronx, NY *25-6*

6 **MICHAEL WATSON**
England *22-1-1*

7 **HEROL GRAHAM**
England *42-2*

8 **NIGEL BENN**
England *25-1*

9 **DOUG DeWITT**
Yonkers, NY *31-6-4*

10 **STEVE COLLINS**
Brockton, MA *16-1*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 154 pounds

1 **JULIAN JACKSON**
Virgin Islands *(WBA Champ) 38-1*

2 **JOHN MUGABI**
Tampa, FL *(WBC Champ) 36-2*

3 **GIANFRANCO ROSI**
Italy *(IBF Champ) 47-3*

4 **JOHN DAVID JACKSON**
Tucson, AZ *20-0*

5 **TERRY NORRIS**
Campo, CA *24-3*

6 **RENE JACQUOT**
France *25-7-1*

7 **DONALD CURRY**
Fort Worth, TX *32-3*

8 **DARRIN VAN HORN**
Lexington, KY *42-1*

9 **ROBERT HINES**
Philadelphia, PA *25-2-1*

10 **CHRIS PYATT**
England *29-2*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 147 pounds

1 **MARLON STARLING**
South Windsor, CT *(WBC Champ) 45-5-1*

2 **SIMON BROWN**
Washington, D.C. *(IBF Champ) 31-1*

3 **LLOYD HONEYGHAN**
England *34-2*

4 **MARK BRELAND**
Brooklyn, NY *(WBA Champ) 26-1-1*

5 **BUDDY McGIRT**
Brentwood, NY *47-2-1*

6 **TYRONE TRICE**
Detroit, MI *36-2*

7 **MAURICE BLOCKER**
Washington, D.C. *30-1*

8 **GLENWOOD BROWN**
Plainfeild, NJ *27-1*

9 **AARON DAVIS**
Bronx, NY *27-0*

10 **ANTOINE FERNANDEZ**
France *31-1-1*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 140 pounds

1 **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
Mexico *(WBC Champ) 67-0*

2 **MELDRICK TAYLOR**
Philadelphia, PA *(IBF Champ) 24-0-1*

3 **JUAN COGGI**
Argentina *(WBA Champ) 43-1-2*

4 **ROGER MAYWEATHER**
Las Vegas, NV *35-6*

5 **HECTOR CAMACHO**
Big Cypress, FL *37-0*

6 **RAS-I BRAMBLE**
Hampton Township, NJ *29-3-2*

7 **LORETO GARZA**
Sacramento, CA *26-1-1*

8 **FRANKIE RANDALL**
Morristown, TN *40-2-1*

9 **LOUIE LOMELI**
Melrose Park, IL *26-1*

10 **SAMMY FUENTES**
Puerto Rico *20-7-1*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 118 pounds

1 **RAUL PEREZ**
Mexico *(WBC Champ) 46-1-1*

2 **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
Laredo, TX *(IBF Champ) 23-1-1*

3 **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
Philippines *(WBA Champ) 22-5*

4 **GERARDO MARTINEZ**
San Jose, CA *23-0*

5 **ISRAEL CONTRERAS**
Venezuela *32-2-1*

6 **KAOKOR GALAXY**
Thailand *24-2*

7 **WILFREDO VASQUEZ**
Puerto Rico *27-3-3*

8 **PEPILLO VALDEZ**
Mexico *36-3*

9 **HURLEY SNEAD**
Detroit, MI *39-2-1*

10 **BILLY HARDY**
England *22-5-1*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 115 pounds

1 **KHAOSAI GALAXY**
Thailand *(WBA Champ) 42-1*

2 **MOON SUNG KIL**
South Korea *11-1 (WBC Champ)*

3 **NANA KONADU**
Ghana *18-1-1*

4 **GILBERTO ROMAN**
Mexico *53-5-1*

5 **JOSE RUIZ**
Puerto Rico *16-2*

6 **JUAN POLO**
Colombia *(IBF Champ) 27-5-2*

7 **THANOMSAK SITHBAOBEY**
Thailand *27-1*

8 **ELLY PICAL**
Indonesia *18-4*

9 **ROBERT QUIROGA**
San Antonio, TX *15-0*

10 **YONG HEUN LEE**
South Korea *14-0*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 112 pounds

1 **SOT CHITALADA**
Thailand *(WBC Champ) 20-2-1*

2 **JESUS ROJAS**
Venezuela *(WBA Champ) 19-1-1*

3 **DAVE McAULEY**
Ireland *(IBF Champ) 14-2-2*

4 **JUNG KOO CHANG**
South Korea *37-2*

5 **JAVIER LUCAS**
Mexico *37-5*

6 **RICHARD CLARKE**
Jamaica *22-2*

7 **LEOPARD TAMAKUMA**
Japan *25-4*

8 **YUL WOO LEE**
South Korea *18-2*

9 **ROMY NAVARETTE**
Philippines *35-9-1*

10 **YONG KANG KIM**
South Korea *19-2*

POUND FOR POUND
Boxing's 10 Best Fighters, Pound For Pound

1 **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
Junior Welterweight

2 **PERNELL WHITAKER**
Lightweight

3 **MICHAEL NUNN**
Middleweight

4 **ANTONIO ESPARRAGOZA**
Featherweight

5 **MELDRICK TAYLOR**
Junior Welterweight

6 **BUSTER DOUGLAS**
Heavyweight

7 **MIKE TYSON**
Heavyweight

8 **AZUMAH NELSON**
Junior Lightweight

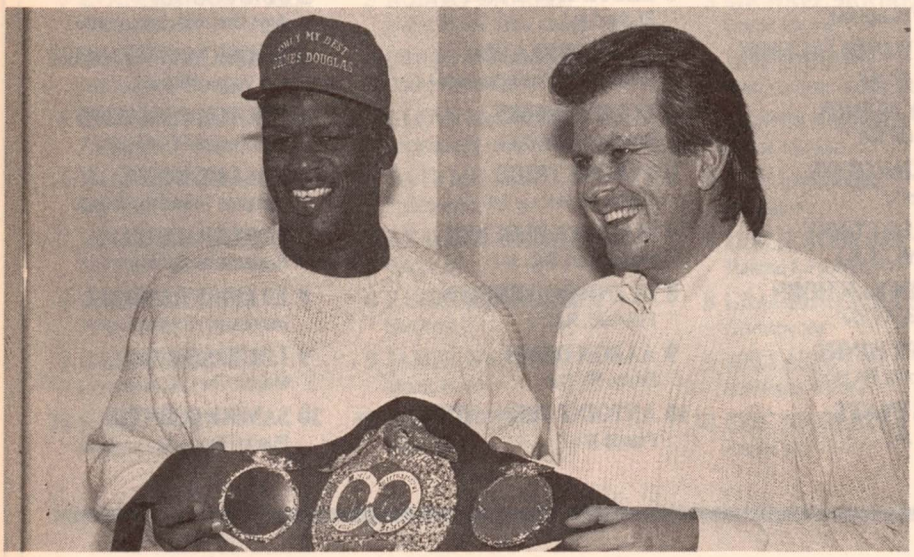
9 **RAUL PEREZ**
Bantamweight

10 **VIRGIL HILL**
Light Heavyweight

KATZ

SCAN

THE GLORY AND THE STENCH



Newly crowned heavyweight titlist Buster Douglas and manager John Johnson can't help but smile while displaying the IBF championship belt, just one of the rewards Douglas reaped after dethroning Mike Tyson.

By Michael Katz

You know what it's like. You're about to finish the best steak you've ever eaten, there's one piece left, you pick it up, and a cockroach looks up at you. Half a cockroach. Or maybe just the one-third of a cockroach—the IBF's third.

That's the power of boxing.

And that's what it does to its glory.

Just when it should be rolling merrily in a field of clover, that's when it decides to dump a truckload of fertilizer on everything.

One of the great stories in decades, Cinderella Douglas, finally gets deed to his old man's fighting heart because he is in mourning for his mother, and for the first time, puts it all together and scores the greatest upset maybe in all of sports history.

It was a time for rejoicing. Buster Douglas had slain the dragon. It was not a nice dragon, either. Tom Hauser, Muhammad Ali's biographer, said when Mike Tyson was counted out, all he could hear through his open New York West Side window was cheering.

"It was like the final out of the World Series when the Mets won," said Hauser.

Ding dong, the wicked witch was dead. But not so fast, Munchkins. This witch is worse than the other. Tyson has no sooner been counted out, when the no-counts begin their evil plotting. They're in Tokyo and there's not much of the American press around, so maybe they think they're back in Mexico or Venezuela. Their bravery is fed by a spiel from the wickedest witch, ahem, warlock, of all, old Ding Don himself.

For a couple of harrowing days, instead of celebrating a rare moment of romance, and an event that transcended the greed and corruption that usually stain boxing, the back-room boys filled the air with their stench. A 35-1 underdog no one wagered on in the one place in Vegas where there was even a betting line had just given John Q. a reason to believe in the integrity of the game. But instead of public awe over Douglas' great achievement, there was universal horror at how Ding Don King and his "Only-in-America" henchmen from foreign lands had tried to steal Buster's hard-earned victory.

It was not just the phony controversy over a so-called long count, after Tyson's desperate right uppercut floored Douglas at the end of the eighth round. Douglas was alertly following the count of referee Octavio Meyran and got up before the Mexican official reached a toll of 10. He could've gotten up sooner. When Douglas knocked Tyson down two rounds later, Tyson staggered to his feet and into the arms of Meyran as the referee reached nine. The count over Tyson, by the way, actually took longer than the so-called long count over Douglas.

But it was more than the long count. It was one judge incredibly having Tyson ahead, another having the one-sided fight scored even. It was the

appointment by the WBC of Dr. Elias Ghanem, one of its vice presidents, as the bout supervisor, though Dr. Ghanem also happens to be Tyson's personal physician. Even Gilberto Mendoza, the WBA president who resents being lumped in the same banana boat with his WBC counterpart, got caught up in the charade. Another sordid example of business as usual.

But this time, the outcry was so loud, so quick, they didn't dare go through with it. They backed off. Buster Douglas was allowed to keep what he won. The thieves, caught red-handed, became red-faced and hurriedly tried to backtrack. Ding Don, the Con King, said with a straight face that he never meant to deny Douglas' title. Dr. Ghanem, to his credit, quickly said he would have nothing to do with the charade. The WBA let it be known that it was going to join the IBF in clean waters, the latter body having immediately recognized Douglas as champiom. Finally, Jose Sulaiman, the Mexican artifact whose only function seems to be as Ding Don's toady, said he "made a mistake." But it was too late to erase the stench of corruption.

For what should have been a glorious night had, even before the long count was raised, been stained. As joyful as Douglas' victory was—and I cheered for a man I gave no chance—there was an undeniable sadness to Tyson's fall.

Set aside his personality, his disloyalty, his arrogance. There is always a nobility to greatness. But Tyson's greatness was largely unfulfilled. He had so dominated his division that he had not yet answered the true tests of greatness. He had yet to be in a real fight. And now, his promise seemed as corrupted as all that was to surround him later. He was a puppet whose strings were being controlled by a man whose fingers soil everything they touch.

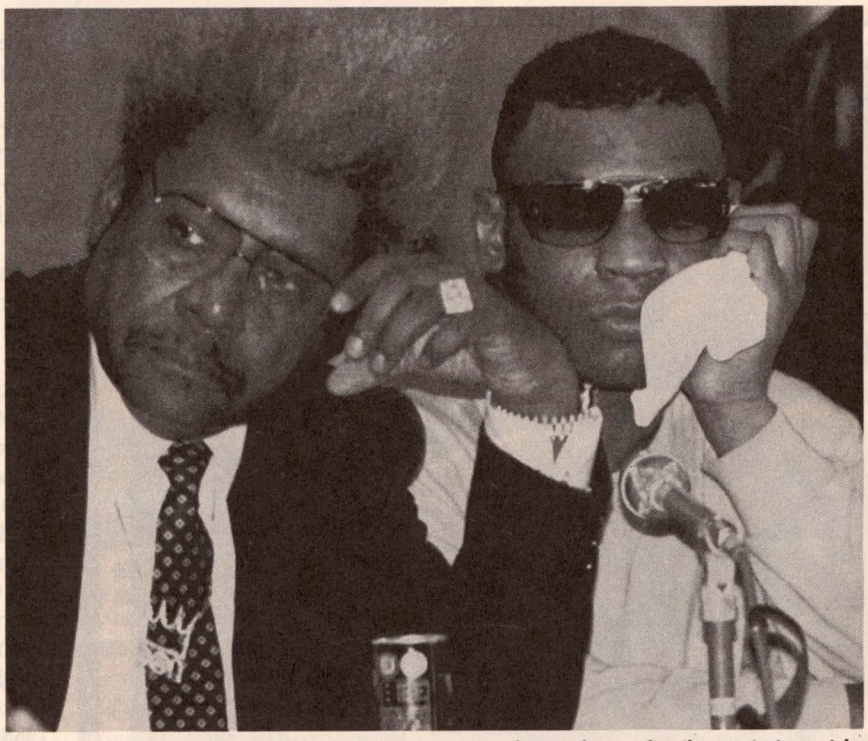
That was not Mike Tyson in the ring in Tokyo. The ferocity of arrogance was missing from the start. So was the jab, the bodypunches. He was obviously out of condition—physically, mentally, and emotionally. Kevin Rooney, who knows him well, if only now from a distance, even said maybe Tyson wanted to lose, that maybe the pressure was getting to him. So did Teddy Atlas, who, years ago, was also around the young delinquent up in the Catskill headquarters of Cus D'Amato.

The Con King, having stolen Tyson's heart and soul, may have taken everything else. He does that, you know. It seemed almost inevitable. Iron Mike, a spoiled kid, was allowed to rust. You don't feel like fighting Frank Bruno next month? Okay. You don't feel like fighting Razor Ruddock? Okay. The Con King got Tyson on *The Arsenio Hall Show* more often than he got him in the ring.

He took his crown jewel and set it in mediocrity. Worse, in incompetence. Rooney, an independent spirit, was forced out. Maybe he wasn't the greatest trainer in the world, but he worked well with Tyson. The fighter trusted him, listened to him. In his place, the King moved in some other toadies who didn't even have an Enswell in the corner when Tyson's left cheek began to swell. They seemed to be using a condom filled with water. It was a hell of a time and place, the heavyweight championship about to go down the drain, to be practicing safe sex. Tyson, standing upright, walked straight ahead and couldn't get past Douglas' jabs and lead right hands. The five-and-dime corner for the hundred-million-dollar fighter whispered, almost as if afraid HBO's microphones would blare to the world their great ring knowledge: "You've got to get inside and throw combinations."

No kidding.

As badly as Tyson was prepared, as perfectly as Douglas was boxing, the defending champion could still have won this fight if Rooney had somehow materialized in his corner after the second or fourth or even eighth round.



Don King and Tyson display a fitting mood at a press conference hours after the greatest upset in boxing history. King's postfight protest, which was initially acknowledged by the WBA and WBC, temporarily tarnished Douglas' accomplishment and the excitement generated by his victory.

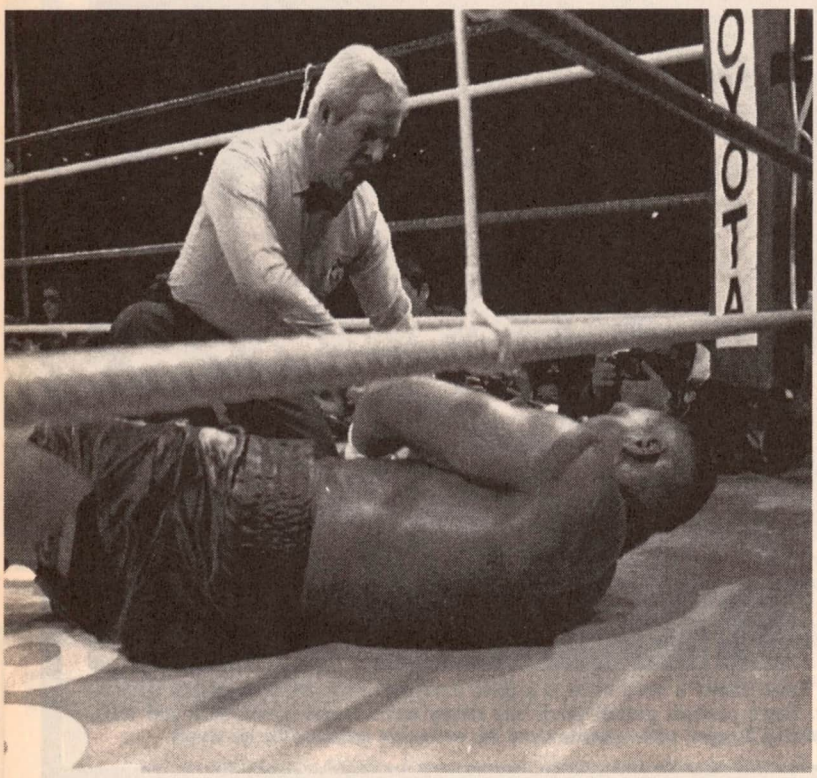
Tyson was on his own, lost. My quick judgment is that, yes, his chin is not bad at all. But where was the inner strength, the character, to come from behind, to fight while hurt and tired, to finally pick himself off the canvas? And his postfight reaction indicated that we might have here the classic case of a bully, who, once beaten, will never be the same.

If that indeed is the case—and I hope it isn't, because without Tyson, the heavyweight excitement could never be the same—then it's not hard to find who's holding the smoking gun. □

RYAN

OUT LOUD

THEY'LL DRINK TO THAT



Referee Octavio Meyran counts down the title reign of heavyweight king Mike Tyson. After the fall, the former champion wasn't exactly showered by a display of public sympathy. In fact, according to Managing Editor Jeff Ryan, there was plenty of gloating among the fans and media.

By Jeff Ryan

There haven't been many pro athletes through the years that have earned my sympathy. Bill Buckner, maybe. Being forever known as the guy who blew a World Series is a label no one should have to wear. By and large, though, I don't get choked up over defeats suffered by celebrities who work only a few months—or, in some cases, *days*—a year, then spend the weeks after a loss sulking around the mansion, contemplating whether or not they should drown themselves in Dom Perignon or their bedroom Jacuzzi.

No, the key to my heart will never be issued to a guy who already holds the keys to couple of Jaguars that he parks in a garage three times the size of my apartment. A taxi driver with a wife and two kids, a leaky ceiling, a grumpy landlord, and a carburetor that's about to stage a work stoppage, *that's* the kind of guy I feel sorry for.

Then why did I find myself feeling sorry for Mike Tyson when he took a mighty fall like Humpty Dumpty in the Big Egg in Tokyo? Why was I actually rooting for him in the late rounds, when it appeared that his title was slipping away? Good questions. No easy answers. A few theories, though.

Maybe it's because as despicable as Tyson can be, I've always respected *his* respect for the heavyweight championship. Iron Mike never ducked a contender. He fulfilled all of those crazy mandatory title defense requirements. He treasured his place in history. Even more importantly, he was a one-man sanitation department, cleaning up a division that resembled a blimp landing pad when he arrived on the scene in 1985. It's no coincidence that the world's big men are in better shape these days. Fear of facing Tyson in less than 100-percent condition made them that way.

Maybe I also felt sympathy because I sensed what awaited Tyson in the newspapers in the wake of the upset: criticism and doubt. The same experts who foolishly annointed him as the greatest fighter of all time would now, just as foolishly, view him as a colossal flop devoid of a chin, a heart, or an iota of ring intelligence.

My sympathy lasted about a day, or until the first time King tried to steal back Tyson's title, and Iron Mike sat there allowing him to do it. In defeat, Tyson had proved to be the same sore loser that Marvin Hagler was. Maybe

worse. Though most of his vanquished opponents had made themselves available after being kayoed, Tyson wouldn't grant an in-the-ring interview to HBO, the chumps who put $26.5-million in his pocket. And he would declare afterward that he still thought he was the champion, not retracting that stupid statement until three days later.

Not surprisingly, there is plenty of joy in Mudville now that the mighty Tyson has struck out. Whether the people smiling are willing to admit it or not, you just *know* they're gloating. So allow me to gloat along with them. I'd like to sit down and drink a toast with each and every one of them.

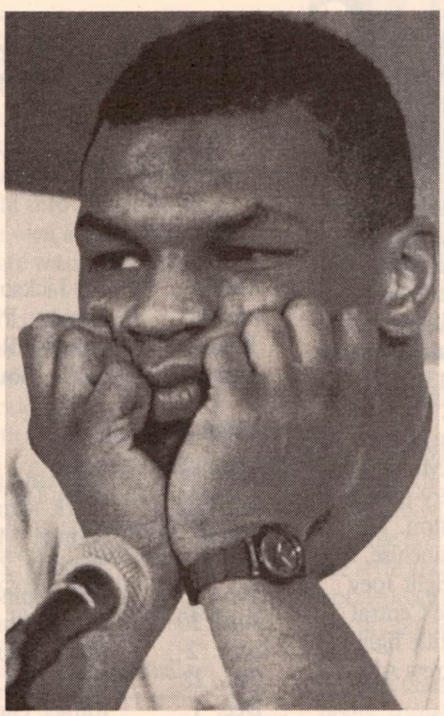
Let's start by drinking a toast with the people of the Bedford-Stuyvesant and Brownsville section of Brooklyn, specifically, the ones who were victimized by a street thug named Tyson several years ago. "I've shot at a lot of people," Tyson was quoted as saying in Jose Torres' book, *Fire & Fear: The Inside Story of Mike Tyson.* "I liked to see them run. I liked to see them beg. I'd shoot real close to them, skin them or something, make them take off their pants and then go run in the streets."

I've always found some poetic justice in the fact that so many boxers come from criminal backgrounds. That way, when they inevitably get laid out, it's kind of a mini-payback for the weak and meek that they had robbed, beat, and harrassed back before they, *ahem,* changed their lives around. Did it ever dawn on anyone that any hood can become a changed man when a manager starts stuffing thousand-dollar bills in his pocket?

How about a toast with the women students of Ohio's Central State University? Last year, the college bestowed an honorary doctorate in humane letters on the then-heavyweight champion. Dr. Tyson then stepped up to the microphone and told the graduating class, "I don't know what kind of doctor I am. But watching all these beautiful sisters here, I'm debating whether I should be a gynecologist."

No, Tyson may not have known what type of doctor he was, but one thing was certain: He was no brain surgeon.

There's got to be some time for a toast with the world's heavyweight contenders, men not blessed with Tyson's gifts of hand speed and power, but hardworking fighters who endure the same pain in training, and display the same courage in climbing into a ring as Tyson does. Then another toast for having to put up with arrogant quotes like, "How dare they challenge me with their primitive skills?" Bet you're awfully grateful that Buster Douglas' skills were so primitive, eh, Mike? Hate to think of what he might have done to you if he were actually talented.



What's up, Mike? For the press, Tyson was never a particularly accessible champion. Now that he's tasted defeat, will that change?

I clink glasses next with Tyrell Biggs, who was knocked out by Tyson in seven rounds in 1987. After the bout, Biggs praised Tyson's skills. And what did Tyson do? He made sure to tell the press that when he was delivering his body shots, he heard Biggs "screaming like a woman." (The quote, of course, drew laughter and cheering from the rocket scientists in Tyson's entourage.) It wasn't enough for Tyson to just win, he had to humiliate his foe as well.

Can't forget a toast with Robin Givens, who, if the reports are to be believed, also screamed like a woman a few times in Tyson's presence. Givens and her mother, Ruth Roper, were indeed The Witches of Bernardsville on many occasions, but it's hard to believe that Givens singlehandedly engineered the plot for *The War Of The Tysons.* If Iron Mike slapped Robin around (as Robin's sister, Stephanie Givens, insists, and Torres' book quotes Tyson as admitting), then the former Mrs. Tyson didn't strip her husband of his dignity when she appeared with him on *20/20.* Hardly. By telling Barbara Walters that Mike didn't hit her, she actually helped Tyson preserve it.

Let's have a toast with Bill Cayton and Kevin Rooney, both of whom were dumped by the sports world's foremost ingrate. Referring to his contract with Cayton, Tyson said that he was "the first modern-day slave in 100 years." Some slave. In the past three years, he's made a mere $57-million while under contract to Massa Bill. And Rooney? He was dumped for revealing his belief that Tyson's marriage was screwing up the fighter's career. What an off-the-wall observation that was.

Finally, I drink a toast with my fellow boxing writers everywhere. Some bullspit we've had to endure through the last few years, eh, guys? What a treat it's been dealing with the Tyson camp. As I don't have to tell you fellas, for most of us, covering Tyson has evolved in three stages.

Stage One was dealing with the pomposity of Jim Jacobs, Tyson's one-time co-manager. Jacobs, who could have found a way to look down his nose at the Statue of Liberty, just loved to pontificate on why we shouldn't ever tell him how to do his job. One of his pastimes however, was telling us how to do *our* jobs. Stage Two was when Jacobs and Cayton would make Tyson accessible, but with the warning, "He may give you one-word answers and he may get up and leave at any time." They were right. Stage Three was when Don King simply made Tyson unavailable to virtually every member of the media.

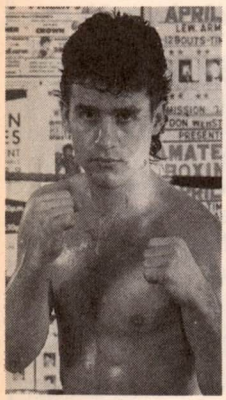
Now we've entered Stage Four. This is the stage where Mike Tyson sits dethroned and humbled, and looks at the world through a pair of sunglasses. Has some of the chip been removed from his shoulder? Will he talk to us now? Gosh, we hope so. We'd like to find out if he has Buster Douglas' phone number. □

NEW

FACES

JOEY GAMACHE

Photos by Russ Dillingham



By Jay N. Miller

Lewiston, Maine, may be a small town, but it has its very own professional sports franchise, appearing before record-breaking crowds, dominating the sports pages of the local newspaper, and weighing roughly 130 pounds.

Lewiston, of course, occupies a dubious place in boxing history: In 1965, it was the site of Muhammad Ali's one-round, mystery-punch knockout of Sonny Liston. Twice in the last year, The Franchise, undefeated junior lightweight Joey Gamache, fought at the Central Maine Youth Center, where that controversial title fight took place 25 years ago. In both bouts, he outdrew Ali-Liston.

Most young boxers can't wait to progress beyond local clubfighter status and graduate to lucrative matches in gambling meccas Atlantic City and Las Vegas. That's not the case with Gamache. With his father promoting his fights in Lewiston, Gamache has made a tidy income. In fact, he might have to take a paycut to fight in Atlantic City. It makes much more financial sense to lure contenders, and even a champion, if possible, up to Maine, where a capacity crowd is assured every time Gamache fights.

Gamache may have singlehandedly revived boxing in the Pine Tree State, but he is stil unknown to the general public. Despite an 18-0 record, he has had only one bout on Sports-Channel and two on the USA Network. His ascent has taken place out of the national limelight, so his emergence in the top 10 surprised some.

Gamache is no overnight success, though. At age 23, he has logged 13 years in the game. In 1981, Gamache was the National Police Athletic League Senior Division featherweight champion. The next year he became the National Junior Olympics lightweight champion. He also advanced to the finals of the National Golden Gloves in 1984.

At age 17 he advanced to the semifinals of the 1984 Olympic Trials before losing to Joey Belinc. At one point, Gamache was rated the top amateur lightweight in the world. His overall mark was 84-12.

Discouraged by the politics of amateur boxing, Gamache turned pro in 1987. He is technically his own manager. Tony Lampron has been training Gamache for nearly his whole career; local businessman Roland Fortin works as cutman, as well as unofficial adviser, and Joe Gamache Sr., in association with veteran matchmaker Johnny Bos, promotes his son's bouts. But Gamache Sr. takes no management cut.

"If I promote the fights," the elder Gamache noted, "and then turn around and say I want a third of your pay as manager, that's rather greedy, don't you think? Joey's the one taking the punches and drawing the people, so he

PROFESSIONAL RECORD

1987

May 1	Al Jackson, Lewiston, ME.....KO 3
May 23	Johnny Pitts, Buxport, ME.....KO 3
June 27	Johnny Redd, Lewiston..... W 6
Nov. 10	Chris Goudeux, Winter Haven.....KO 1

1988

Jan. 23	Ali Amouche, Gamaches, France....KO 3
Jan. 30	Mark Armand, Calais, France.....KO 5
March 12	Samuel Meck, Paris..... W 6
March 19	Stephan Zaffirof, Berck, France..... W 6
June 9	Sean Spinda, Virginia Beach, VA...KO 1
June 30	Benny Marquez, Lewiston..... W 8
Sept. 2	Mark Brannon, Lewiston.....KO 1
Oct. 22	Jose Soto, Salem, NH.....KO 1
Dec. 1	Rafael Gandarilla, Lewiston..... W 8

1989

Feb. 16	Felix Dubray, Lewiston.....KO 7
April 20	Roberto Rubaldino, Lewiston.....KO 7
July 3	Johnny Kalbhenn, Old Orchard Beach, ME.....W 10
Sept. 23	Richie Foster, Lewiston.....W 10

1990

Jan. 5	Irving Mitchell, Lewiston.....KO 4

RECORD:	FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KO
	18	18	0	0	11

should get as much of the money as possible."

The lack of pro boxers in northern New England had made it necessary for Gamache Sr. to split his early cards—half-pro and half-amateur action—and as Gamache's burgeoning popularity showed no sign of letting up, the Gamache-Bos promoting team began to attract more and more outside talent to Lewiston. In June 1988, Gamache got his first national exposure, when the USA Network telecast a boxing show from Lewiston. In the evening's semifinal, Gamache won an eight-round decision over journeyman Benny Marquez.

"Joey should've stopped Marquez," the elder Gamache admitted, "but he was too damm nervous about his first TV bout."

Gamache's next big step came in July 1989, when he met Canadian lightweight champion Johnny Kalbhenn in the French-Canadian vacation spot of Old Orchard Beach. With SportsChannel on hand to broadcast, it figured to be a fine showcase. Unfortunately, a clash of heads in round three produced a ghastly cut on Gamache's forehead, right between the eyes, and he had to fight through a river of blood thereafter. Though Gamache won a unanimous 10-round verdict, the 17-stitch nightmare wasn't exactly the impressive display he'd wanted.

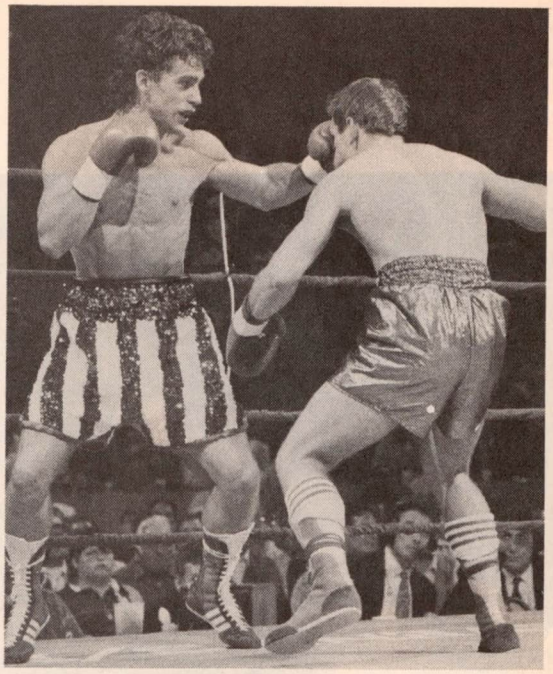
"Everybody figures that was my toughest fight," Gamache said recently, "but as good as Kalbhenn is, that was really an easy fight for me. I had to fight through adversity, but, scoring-wise, I haven't had a tough fight yet."

Last September, WBA junior lightweight champion Brian Mitchell, an expatriate South African who has difficulty finding hospitable fight locations, was lured to Lewiston to defend against perennial contender Irving Mitchell. The champion was made welcome in Lewiston, and he pounded his way to a seventh-round TKO victory. But the crowd came mostly to see Gamache, who, in the semifinal, dominated Richie Foster en route to a distance win.

Just after the start of the new year, Irving Mitchell returned to Lewiston, this time to meet Gamache. Befuddled by Gamache's speed and punished by his body attack, Mitchell pulled his parachute in the fourth round. The record-setting crowd of 5,300 produced a $100,000 gate.

Gamache attacks against one-time bantamweight contender Roberto Rubaldino, who fell in seven rounds.

Brian Mitchell was recently offered a chance to defend against Jackie Beard in Lewiston. The bout will be fought in Italy, but don't be surprised if the winner of Mitchell-Beard shows up in Maine this summer.



Against Canada's Johnny Kalbhenn, Gamache boxed well en route to a decision win. He suffered a 17-stitch cut in the 10-rounder.

"Brian Mitchell can make money here," Gamache said, "and he knows we get unbelievable crowds he's not going to get anywhere else. He's a real good fighter, but I believe his time is ended. I'd expect my toughest fight, but I have the style and too much speed and movement for him. I'm not depending on that alone—I'd be willing to meet any of the titleholders because I want a world title no matter what."

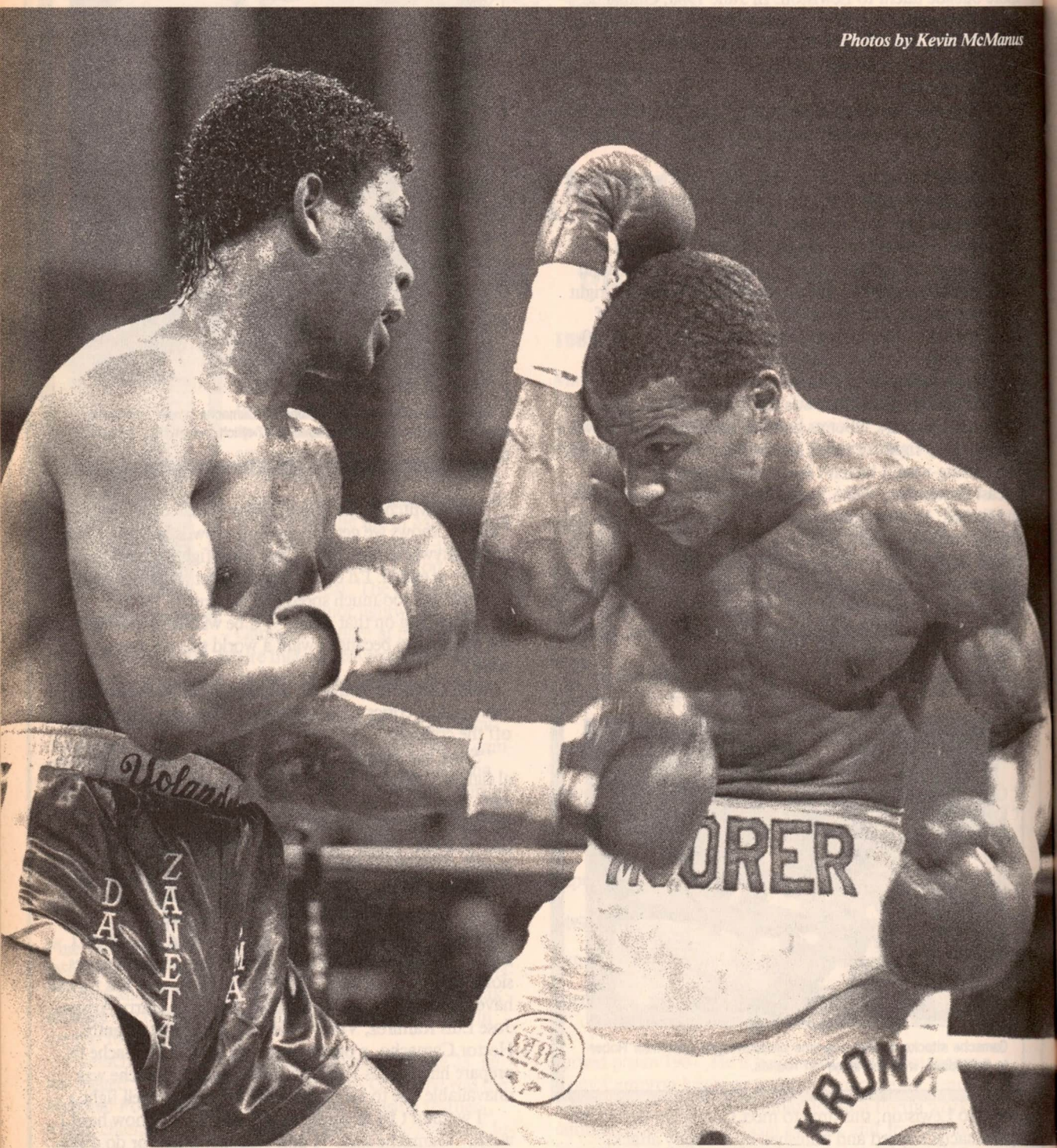
With Gamache going the distance in his three televised bouts, some critics have questioned his power. He shrugs off the criticism.

"Since my amateur days, I've become a multidimensional fighter," he explained. "I believe in making a hard fight easy, rather than an easy fight hard. I won't take you out with one shot; I'll wear you down, though, and eventually take you out. Better fighters won't take a beating from me like some of these guys have. Top world-class fighters will be a lot smarter; they'll want to get out of there when they know they can't win. Look at Irving Mitchell."

Clearly, Gamache, a cocky, good-looking kid, doesn't lack for confidence. Given his competition in sparring sessions, however, his view might be a realistic one. His travels have included sessions with Alexis Arguello, Harry Arroyo, Jose Luis Ramirez, Vinny Pazienza, and, most recently, Hector Camacho, a big booster who wanted Gamache to prepare him for his Pazienza showdown. (Gamache was unavailable due to his preparation for the Mitchell fight.)

"I wouldn't be as confident if I didn't know how hard I work," Gamache said. "I don't smoke, drink, or do drugs, and I work and train very hard. I've taken the right road to get ready for a title shot. Brian Mitchell, or whoever, will just look at me as some young kid coming up. And then, surprise!" □

Jay N. Miller is The Ring's New England-based correspondent.



Against Marcellus Allen, the violence of Michael Moorer didn't surface until the ninth round, when the southpaw struck with an attack that left his foe battered and beaten.

VIOLENCE IS GOLDEN

The Inner Rage of Michael Moorer

By Steve Farhood

In one of the curtained dressing rooms behind the stage at the massive Atlantic City Convention Center, Pernell Whitaker silently shadowboxed in front of a mirror. Whitaker is the type of stylist who knows that how he looks is probably how he'll fight. There was no music, no shouts of encouragement, no intrusive entourage. It wasn't too quiet, either, because Lou Duva was in the same room.

Two hours later, it was Hector Camacho's turn. A little-boy pout having replaced his big-boy grin, he darted left and right inside a semicircle of 20 of his followers. A lather of sweat began to build on his golden chest and shoulders. He was, it seemed, a fighter who needed to manufacture the appropriate state of mind. And his help was at hand. "What time is it?" one of the faceless kept repeating. "Macho Time!" thundered the unrehearsed chorus.

Then there was the other featured fighter on the card. Before his moment, he sat on a straight-backed chair and faced a white wall. A couple of his trainers talked softly, but only to each other. You couldn't tell if the fighter's eyes were open or closed, but his head didn't move. This was the same young man who, as a little boy, was so hyperactive that he couldn't lie still in bed at night.

Boxers prepare for fights as differently as they fight them. For Michael Moorer, violent thoughts calm the prefight butterflies.

Moorer and Mike Tyson are fighters separated by much more than 45 pounds, but they share an unabashed, perhaps even perverse, passion for man's darker side. After bludgeoning Jesse Ferguson, Tyson spoke of driving his opponent's nose bone into his brain; after crushing Mike Sedillo (*crush* is Moorer's favorite verb), Moorer spoke of wanting to throw his punches *through* his opponent's ribs.

"You're the guy knocking all those guys out," Tyson said to Moorer upon their first meeting, at Johnny Tocco's Gym in Las Vegas last December. "Let's take a picture together. We are two *bad* Mikes."

"His violence is outwardly spoken," Moorer said. "Mine I keep to myself."

If Moorer's prefight thoughts were projected onto a video screen, we'd see scenes from his favorite movies.

Roll 'em, first trailer, *Above The Law:*

" . . . he was in Vietnam and he saw bad things happening. Then he came home and became a police officer in the States. He didn't take s____ from anybody. He was always into karate, and when he'd get somebody, he'd beat the s____ out of them . . . "

Cut. Roll second trailer, *The Untouchables:*

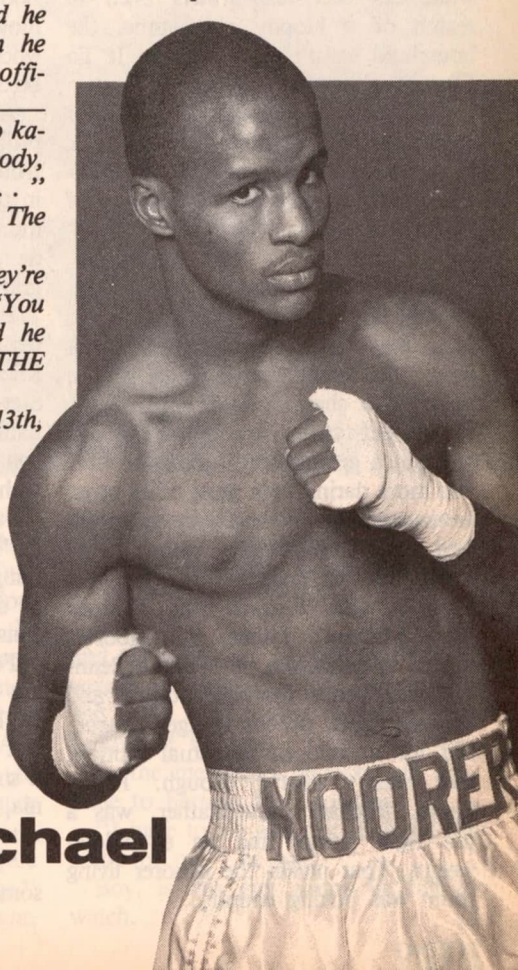
" . . . It's Al Capone, and they're shooting like crazy. One guy says 'You get him, I'll get this one.' And he shoots his man RIGHT IN THE MOUTH!"

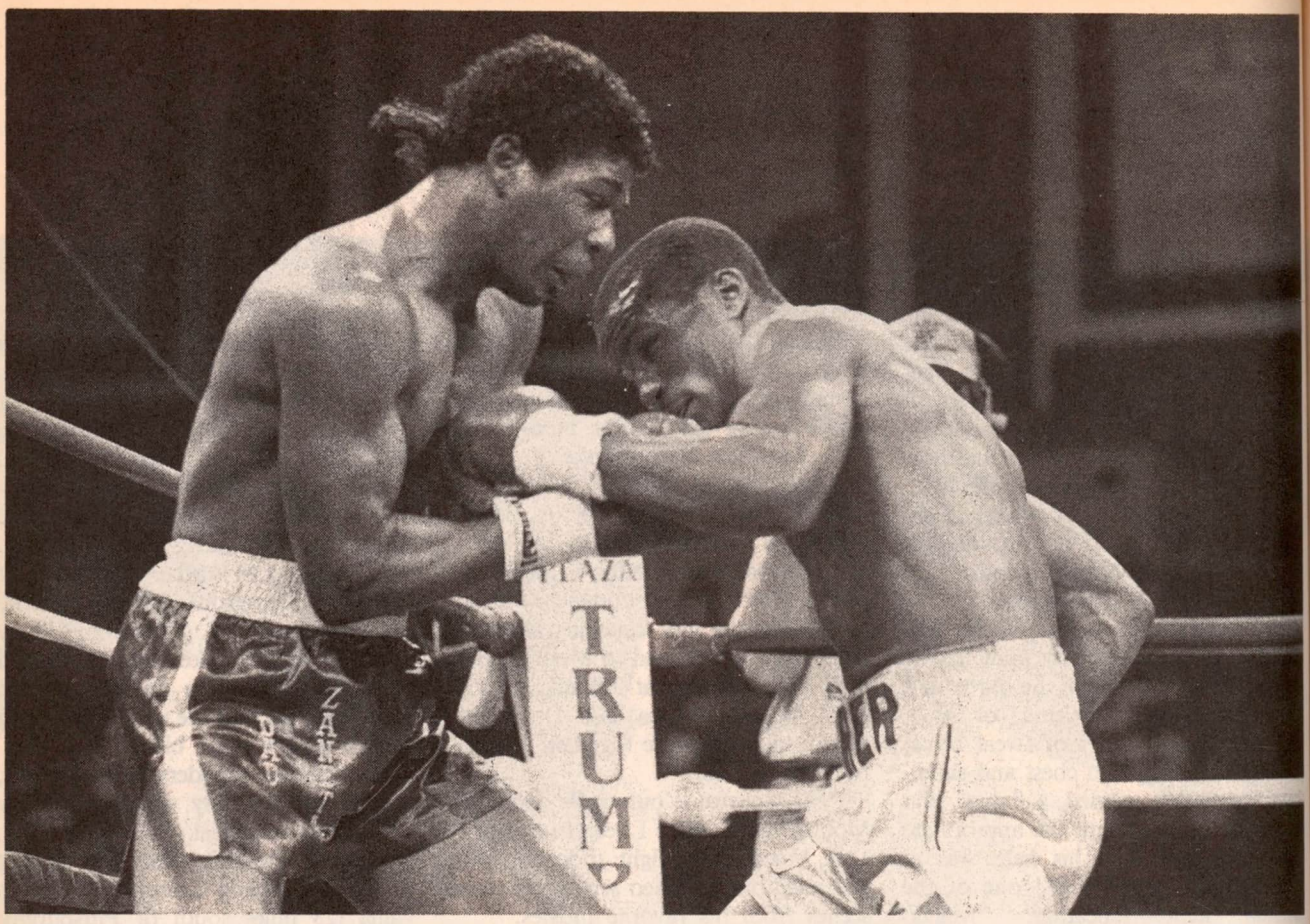
Cue up *Scarface, Friday The 13th, A Nightmare On Elm Street . . .*

By now you probably already have a vision of Moorer's childhood. Pacifiers and jelly-filled rubber rings? Not for the mouth of this babe. We're talking teething on the pins of hand grenades. Ken dolls were okay, but only for dismemberment. GI Joes . . . now those were *toys*. Breaking windows and windshields with karate chops wasn't really that dangerous, not if you wore the right kind of gloves. And why bother with that fake vampire's blood when all you had to do to enjoy the real thing was find the vein of a willing friend, take a razor blade . . .

His mother shudders at the image, though she certainly wouldn't classify her son as an angel.

Actually, Paulette Moorer, a mother of six who lives in California, Pennsylvania (25 miles south of Pittsburgh), and works as a secretary in the music and art department of California State





University, is happy to report that while her son has always been in search of a bloody good time, the household wasn't exactly Leave It To *Cleaver,* either.

"His craving violence . . . I'm his mother and it's hard for me to think in those terms," she began. "But Michael did not grow up in a family of violence. He did not do a lot of fighting growing up."

Moorer, his mom says, was an extremely hyper child, so overactive, in fact, that when Michael was about eight, she sought professional advice on how to channel his energy.

"He did typical boy things, but just at a much greater rate," she says. "He was more daring than most other boys. I was told that it would be good for him to go into a violent sport."

Moorer was born in Brooklyn, but in 1972, after Paulette was divorced from Michael's father, the Moorers moved to Monessen, in Western Pennsylvania. That's football country, and Moorer signed up for Midget League. But for a child of perpetual motion, that wasn't nearly enough. Henry Smith, Michael's grandfather, was a pro fight trainer and an ex-middleweight. That meant the Moorer living room was boxing country.

"My dad would have us on the floor, boxing, and he'd explain every move," recalled Paulette Moorer. "For Michael, I was more comfortable with boxing than football."

And boxing eventually won out, probably because Moorer found that from bell to bell during a single round in the ring, he could hit his opponent more times than from whistle to whistle during a single possession on the gridiron.

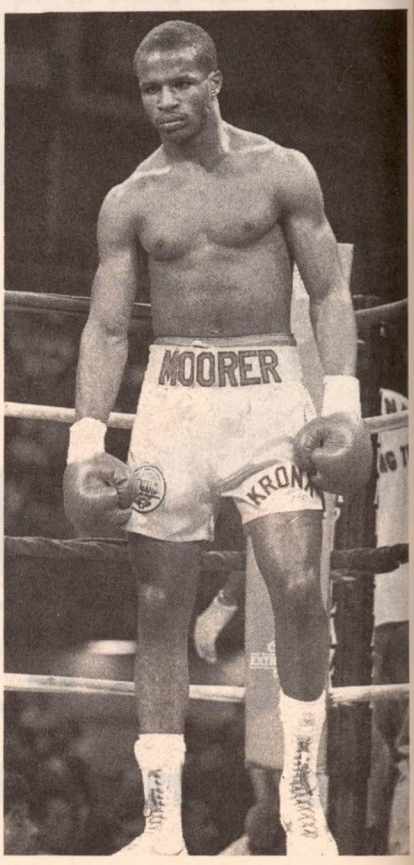
Paulette Moorer says that her son remains hyperactive. But no one—not Michael, his mother, mentor Emanuel Steward, or anyone else—has an explanation for his love of violence. Moorer continues to watch gory movies, play with BB guns, and dream of working on a SWAT team.

"He likes to watch *Scarface* and things like that," Paulette says. "But so do all my kids. And I do, too. It runs in the family."

For the most part, at least, Moorer has controlled his inclination and limited his physical activities to the ring. But in March 1989, he was involved in a street brawl in Charleroi, Pennsylvania, and charged with assault, aggravated assault, and disorderly conduct.

"As soon as a fight breaks out somewhere," says Steward, "he's go-

Against the mobile Allen (above), Moorer only occasionally flashed his kayo power. The stoic assassin (below) seems a trim light heavyweight. His future, however, is in a heavier division.



ing to be the first one to jump in."

As a result, wherever you see Moorer, you're likely to see his best buddy, John Wright. Wright's job is simple—keep the fighter out of fights.

At the Atlantic City Convention Center in February, Wright wasn't needed. Undefeated but untested light heavyweight Marcellus Allen kept Moorer from fighting by moving, turning, holding, and slipping punches. Moorer eventually scored a ninth-round stoppage, but by the fifth round, the fans were loudly booing.

Weighing as much as 181, Moorer had spent the day before the fight in a rubber suit. Steward turned on all the hot water in the bathroom of their hotel room, and Moorer began to shadowbox. The excess poundage disappeared—Moorer scaled exactly 175—but the unbeaten light heavyweight hardly resembled the expressionless assassin who had kayoed 13 of his 18 victims in two rounds or less. Every time Moorer, 19-0 (19), moved into punching range, he set himself to fire. But by the time the southpaw released his short, devastating hammers, Allen was en route to safer territory. Neither Moorer nor Steward, however, used the last-day weight loss as an excuse.

"The guy's got good reflexes," said Steward, "and [Michael] has never experienced it before. He was difficult. He was dipping down extremely low."

"I know a lotta people are pissed off at me," a sad-faced Moorer said afterward. "This was my worst performance as a professional."

Still, there were portions of Moorer-Allen that were R-rated due to violent content. At the start of the ninth round, Moorer connected with a right hook, and for the first time in the bout, Allen, 12-1 (1), weakened. A jab snapped back Allen's head, and a left-right-left combination drove him into the ropes. The punches were finally flowing. As Steward had encouraged him to do, Moorer was fighting with instinct instead of intelligence.

Moorer issued further punishment throughout the round, but Allen stood through it all. Before the 10th, with Moorer way ahead on all three cards, referee Frank Cappuccino and ringside physician Frank B. Doggett agreed that there would be no more punishment, and the fight was stopped. *No more punishment?* If the fight had been a scene in one of his favorite movies, Moorer would have answered the bell for the 10th and *crushed* Allen.

Afterward, Allen was asked how hard Moorer hits.

"Oooooh . . . " he moaned. "When Mike hit me, for a split second I lost my balance. My jaw is hurting, my eyes are hurting. I can't tell you how hard he hits, but I can tell you it *hurts*."

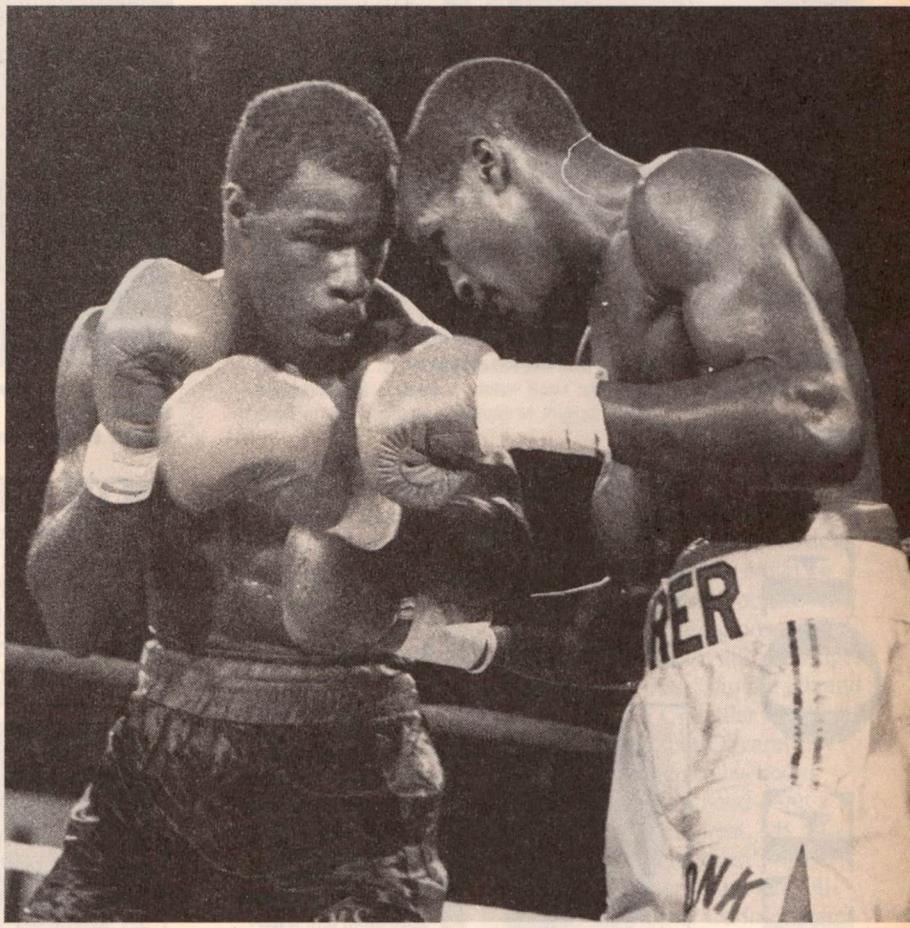
According to Steward, Moorer will soon be hurting cruiserweights, then heavyweights. Promoter Bob Arum is trying to unify the light heavyweight title, and in April he'll offer a great start: IBF champion Prince Charles Williams will clash with WBA champion Virgil Hill. Ideally, Moorer would meet the winner, or first clash with former champion Don Lalonde and then challenge the winner. But Steward has said that after September, Moorer, who rises to as much as 195 pounds—but doesn't get the least bit puffy—between fights, will vacate the division.

In his years as the wizard of the Kronk gym, Steward has had a superstar/four-time champion like Thomas Hearns, and other less notable champions, from Jimmy Paul to Dennis Andries. What he's never been able to boast of, however, is a marquee heavyweight.

"We've been talking about [the heavyweights] for about six months," Steward said before the Allen fight. "He says, 'I'm not a heavyweight.' I say it's gonna happen. Now he seriously accepts it.

"So much has happened so fast to Michael. After 24 months, the average kid is just getting 10-rounders. Michael's making his seventh defense [of the WBO 175-pound title]. I have to learn to be more patient with his development."

Moorer, Steward acknowledges, must further polish his boxing skills. The fighter keeps a high guard, but leaves an opening up the middle. He also marches forward on the heels, and not the balls, of his feet. But there's nothing incorrect about his punching technique. And should he ever advance and become an undefeated heavyweight contender, his love for violence will make him among the most marketable of fighters.



Moorer's toughest fight to date was a showdown with former light heavyweight champion Leslie Stewart last June. Moorer was outboxed until he downed Stewart in round eight.

In the meantime, Moorer will continue to harness that violence.

"I have to try and not let it get the better of me," he said.

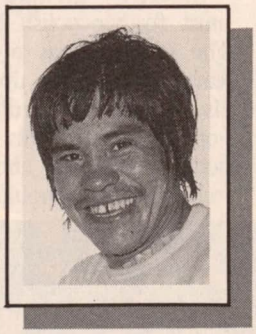
Boy, is this guy gonna be fun to watch. □

BATTLE OF THE LEGENDS

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Fight fans will forever debate the merits of champions from different ages. In "Battle Of The Legends," the editors of THE RING play matchmaker and pit two of the all-time greats against each other. Three experts serve as judges. If there are particular dream matches that you'd like to see featured, please write us

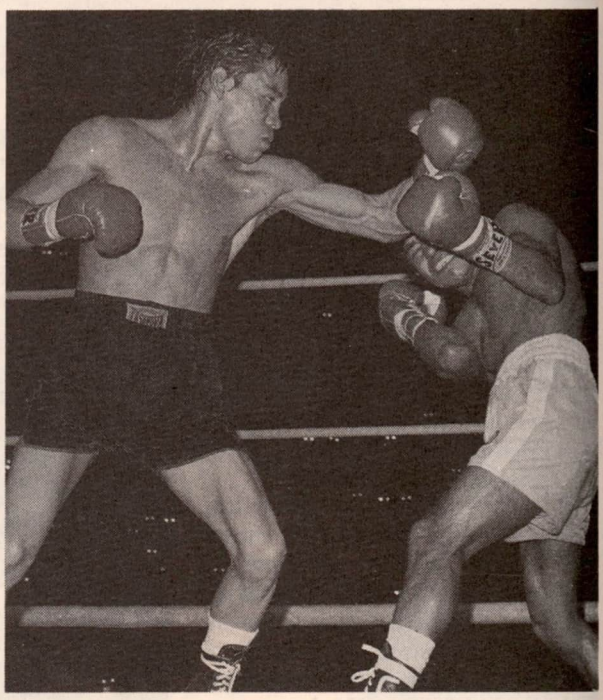
Ruben Olivares
Mexico City, Mexico
1964-1986
87-12-3 with 77 kayos



Ruben Olivares owned neither the muscle nor the reach to suggest a destructive knockout puncher. But "Rockabye Ruben," among the most charismatic and beloved fighters in Mexican ring history, kayoed 50 of his first 53 foes. By the mid '70s, fans from Mexico City to Los Angeles realized that the 5'5½" bantamweight and featherweight champion rated with the best lighter-weight punchers of all time.

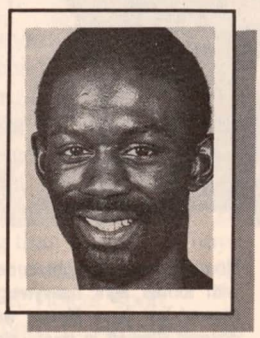
From August 1969 to September 1975, Olivares won and lost the 118- and 126-pound titles twice each. His list of foes included Alexis Arguello, Chucho Castillo, Bobby Chacon, Danny Lopez, and Eusebio Pedroza.

Even past his prime, Olivares remained a feared hooker and a fan favorite, and in February 1986, he returned at age 39 for one final appearance, a decision victory over one Roman Almaguer.



In arguably the finest performance of his career, Olivares regains the bantamweight title with a 15-round decision over archrival Chucho Castillo at the Inglewood Forum in April 1971.

Jeff Chandler
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
1976-1984
33-2-2 with 18 kayos



In the early '80s, a pipe-thin, 5'7" bantamweight named "Joltin' " Jeff Chandler told the United States what the rest of the world already knew: There was indeed a bantamweight division, and it featured some of the best fighters in boxing. Chandler became a world champion and a staple of American network TV. A master boxer with a classic jab, a dependable defense, and a sneaky right hand, Chandler seemed to improve with each title defense.

Joltin' Jeff was 23-0-1 when he kayoed Puerto Rico's Julian Solis and captured the WBA 118-pound title in November 1980. He made nine successful defenses before losing the crown to Richie Sandoval in April 1984. Chandler, age 27, never fought again.

Who would win this battle of the legends?

DON CHARGIN

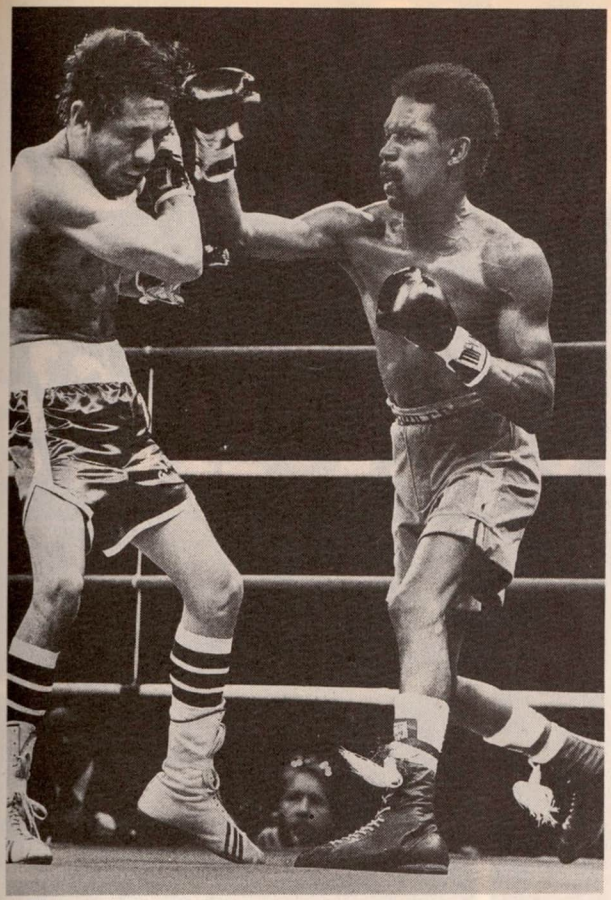
Ruben Olivares was probably the greatest of all the bantamweights, and he was certainly the best puncher. He had the ability, the charisma, and all those knockouts—he sold out place after place wherever he fought. His peak was at bantamweight, but like lots of the Mexicans, he partied too much and everything became a weight problem.

Olivares had a tremendous hook to the body, he really dug it in. It's like he invented the punch. His balance was so good that all the Mexican teachers taught the young fighters to watch the way he threw the hook. He could box and punch, and at bantamweight, he didn't get hit that much.

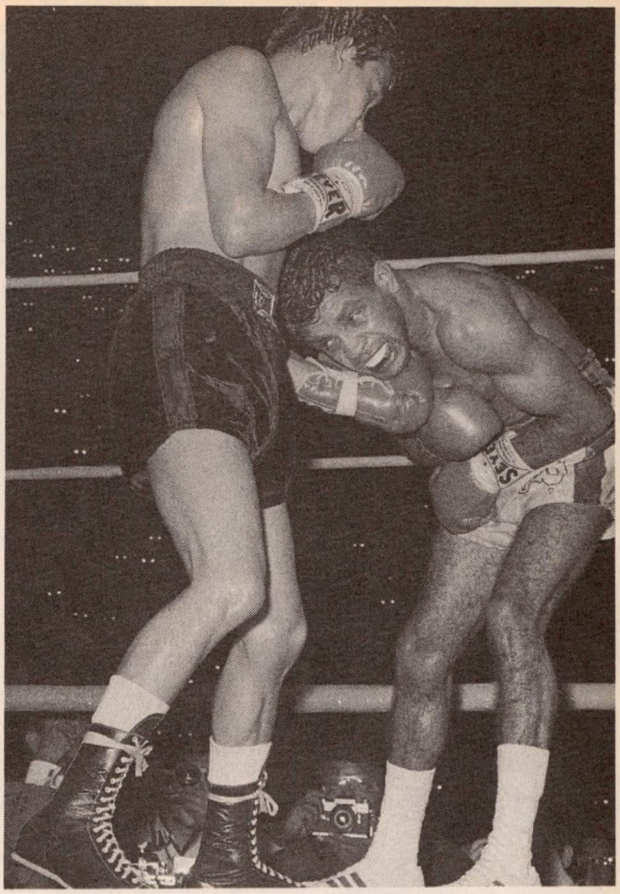
Jeff Chandler was an excellent boxer, but he wasn't durable enough for someone like Olivares. Chandler had a good left hand, and he was very quick. I had Lupe Pintor in all of his title fights, and a Chandler-Pintor matchup would've been great, but because of money, it never happened.

Olivares-Chandler would be a boxer-puncher matchup. For seven, eight rounds it would be close, with Chandler moving a bit and giving Olivares more trouble than most fighters did. But somewhere along the line, Olivares would catch up to him. Olivares by late-round kayo.

Don Chargin is a veteran promoter throughout the state of California.



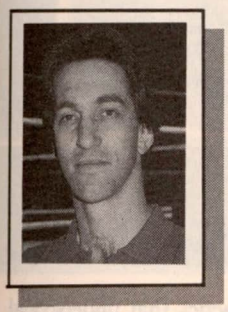
Chandler was at his best during a unanimous 15-round points win over left-hooking Texan Gaby Canizales in Atlantic City in March 1983. It was the seventh of Chandler's nine successful defenses.



Olivares, only 22, easily destroyed the growing reputation of Australian bantamweight champion Lionel Rose with a convincing fifth-round stoppage at the Inglewood Forum in August 1969.

BOB YALEN

Ruben Olivares had a small lower body, and he wasn't real big for a bantamweight. But he was a non-stop puncher who would come boring in and start firing away. He had the classic Mexican left hook and heavy hands. He wasn't the greatest defensive fighter—he took a beating in the second Chucho Castillo fight—but sometimes he took punches just to turn a fight into a brawl because he loved to hear the fans go crazy.



Jeff Chandler did nothing exceptionally well, but was technically proficient and didn't really have any weaknesses. He was good defensively and a sharper puncher than Olivares. He was the best bantamweight of his time; I think he would've frustrated and decisioned Lupe Pintor.

Olivares didn't have two ways to fight. In the early rounds he'd come right after Chandler. Chandler would box, box, box, stay out of range, try and puff Olivares up, try and cut him. Olivares didn't bleed particularly easily, but he was cut badly against Castillo.

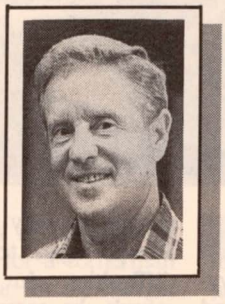
You really had to smack Olivares to make him pay attention, and I don't know if Chandler every would've gotten his respect. Olivares would eventually wear Chandler down and stop him in the later rounds.

Bob Yalen is the boxing consultant for ABC-TV.

JACKIE McCOY

Ruben Olivares was one of the greatest bantamweights of all time. He was still good at featherweight, but not as devastating. He was a little bit of a playboy, and he could've been a bit better if he had been dedicated. But you can say that about a lot of fighters. He had devastating power with that left hook to the liver. He didn't box a lot at long range, but he was hard to keep at long range. He'd slip the jab and crowd you. I don't think a guy like Jeff Chandler would've had a chance. Chandler had a good jab, but Olivares would've walked right past that and gotten to his body.

I'm not putting Chandler down—he was good—but I don't think he was great. My estimation was that he wasn't that hard of a puncher. Guys like Olivares, Lupe Pintor, Carlos Zarate . . . it was 15 rounds in those days and I don't think Chandler could've gone that long with them.

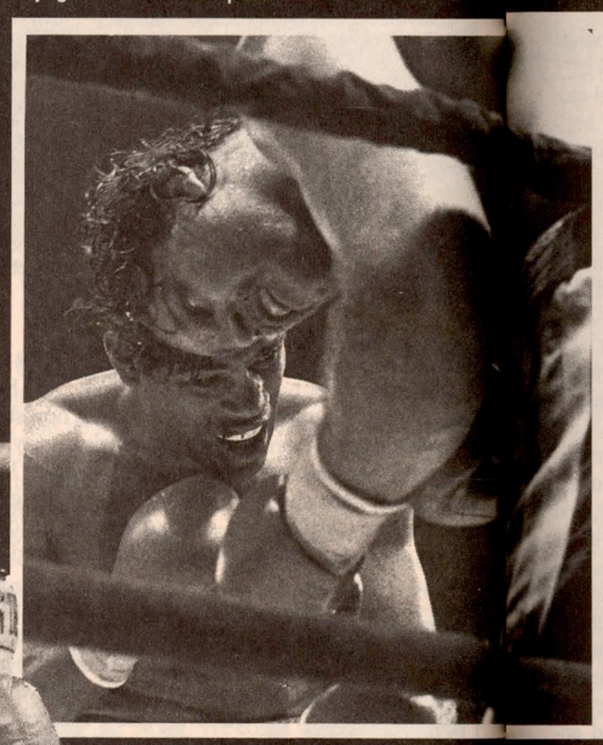


Chandler had the ability to give the guy problems, and Olivares wouldn't quickly take him apart. Chandler had a fast jab and straight right, but Olivares would wear him down, get to the body, and be too much for him. Olivares would stop him around the sixth, seventh, eighth rounds.

Jackie McCoy is one of the West Coast's leading trainers and managers.

EXCUSES, EXCUSES

Boxing's Big Lie



Gerry Cooney (right) said the press "buffaloed" him into doubting his ability to go the distance against Larry Holmes. The excuse of Johnny DuPlooy (inset, losing to Renaldo Snipes): He was trying to fetch his mouthpiece.

By Phil Berger

It was August 1988, and heavyweights Johnny DuPlooy and Renaldo "Mr." Snipes were having at it in an old smokey arena in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Through the early rounds, DuPlooy, who is from South Africa, dominated Snipes, unloading his right with enough authority for ringsiders to anticipate an easy victory. But then DuPlooy began to experience technical difficulties. In his corner between rounds, he complained of being tired, a notion that his cornerman, Lou Duva, refused to acknowledge.

"You're not tired!" Duva screamed at him, acting offended by the thought. "Let's go! Get out there and fight!"

DuPlooy fought, but now it was with borderline tactics that underscored his battle fatigue. With desperation, he pushed Snipes into the ropes and tried to coldcock him as Snipes bounced off. Forearms and elbows had become part of his arsenal.

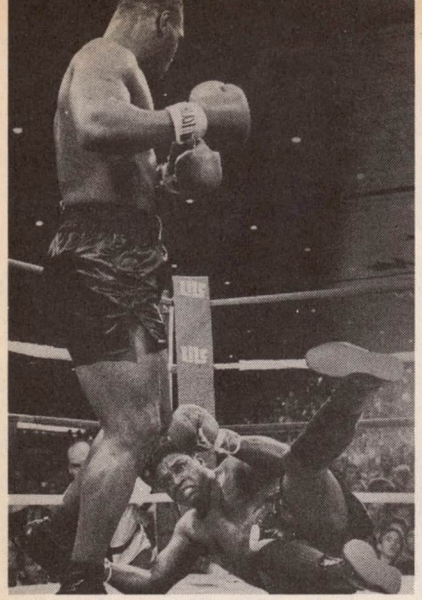
At ringside, doing color commentary for FNN-SCORE's telecast of the fight, I sensed the trouble DuPlooy was having. So it came as no surprise when, a round later, DuPlooy spit out his mouthpiece and moments later turned away from Snipes and calmly walked to his corner. DuPlooy had quit, and the referee, recognizing it, properly signaled an end to the fight.

That was when Duva came charging up the ring steps.

As Duva spun DuPlooy about, trying to get him to feign interest in Snipes, he screamed at the referee that his fighter had not quit—he merely wanted to retrieve his mouthpiece. It was commendable wit for a cornerman trying to salvage a fight for his charge. Shaking his fist and screaming, Duva was convincing. But I knew, as the referee did, that while it was first-class theater, Duva's hysterics were a cover for his fighter. On the air, I told viewers to ignore Duva's claim.

"Johnny DuPlooy bagged it," I said.

A few weeks later, when I bumped into Duva at New York's Felt Forum, he conceded with a sly grin that his harangue had been the big pretend. But DuPlooy got a story out of it, one that he told newsmen back at his hotel after the fight. DuPlooy stood in the lobby and said, sure, he was just trying to fetch his mouthpiece, and the referee had erred. But he seemed an actor with a bad script, trying out the words.



Trevor Berbick (left) is among the Mike Tyson victims who have invented original excuses for their losses. When Tyson lost to Buster Douglas, he and Don King (above) initially blamed the referee.

He was not believable—not nearly as believable as Duva had been earlier that night.

But for a prizefighter, such self-deception, it turns out, is as necessary as bob-n-weave. And most boxers are better at it than Duplooy was that night. Fighters don't usually need a cornerman to contrive an excuse. In defeat, they instinctively formulate their own, no matter how ludicrous the tale may be.

What it comes down to is this: All world-class fighters have ego. Ego is obligatory. Without it a fighter will not have the authenticity to do what he must: dominate another man by as naked a show of force as his society permits.

The other side of the proposition is that unless he wins, he stands a chance of being exposed as inferior stock—exposed in a way that is as brutally direct and unadorned as any that exists in sports.

In defeat, a fighter is forced to confront his limits, an objective exercise that clashes with a quality of soaring faith in the mortal borne along by ego. A boxer needs his illusion of supremacy to do what he does. As a consequence, rarely is a match fought for which the loser does not have an explanation for the "baffling" turn of events. In defeat there are the usual suspects: personal problems, managerial problems, injuries, I-got-thumbed, I-got-screwed. Excuses are the means to make the fighter whole again.

Boxing's big lie it is, and ever since I came on the fight beat in the mid-'80s for *The New York Times,* I've encountered it regularly. But it did not quite register as a phenomenon until I began working on a story about Mike Tyson in January 1988. The idea for this particular story was to convey to the reader a sense of what it felt like to be in there against Tyson—from the point of view of the opponents he had beaten since winning the heavyweight title in November 1986. I expected that by the cumulative details of their accounts, an impressionistic narrative would emerge that would give not only technical insights into what Tyson does so well, but also a subjective sense of his ring presence.

Wrong. The interviews with fighters like Trevor Berbick, Tyrell Biggs, Tony Tucker, and Pinklon Thomas were an object lesson in boxing's big lie. Mostly Tyson's foes were disinclined to give him credit. As they saw it, his victories were accidents.

At that time, Tyson was fresh off a convincing win over Biggs. Against an opponent some boxing experts thought had the mobility and long-armed jab to confound Tyson, the champion fought his best fight since winning the title from Berbick. He dominated Biggs completely, cutting off the ring and then pounding him with a relentless attack.

Yet, to Biggs, who suffered a seventh-round knockout, it was not quite as conclusive a victory as it appeared to the estimated 13,000 spectators at the Convention Center in Atlantic City, and the millions who watched the fight on TV.

Biggs had had a decent opening round against Tyson, but steadily deteriorated after that. As he recalled it, though, his first-round stick-and-move tactics had "exposed" the real Tyson. He regarded the lack of liveliness that struck his legs for round two on as a quirk of nature separate and apart from the thudding punches Tyson landed on him. By Biggs' account, the strange business with those legs became a kind of Bermuda Triangle mystery; his underpinnings just vanished into the night.

Tyson's other victims had elaborate tales of could-have and should-have and injuries, white lies, and bald-face lies necessary for their staying in business. Poverty makes fighters; illusion keeps them going.

Berbick claimed he had had a breathing problem aggravated by drugs ordinarily forbidden by the Nevada Athletic Commission. He charged that Tyson's managers, Jim Jacobs and Bill Cayton, had signed a document that permitted him to take the *verboten* drugs. But Chuck Minker, the executive director of the commission, said there were no agreements recorded with the commission regarding medicines Berbick was allowed to take, and there were no questionable drugs in his postfight urine sample.

Tucker claimed to have gone into his fight against Tyson with a fractured right hand. But Dr. Flip Homansky, chairman of the commission's medical advisory board, disputed that. He said that Tucker had injured his hand approximately two weeks before the August '87 bout, but it was not fractured. And Dr. Anthony Daly of Los Angeles, who days after the fight diagnosed "a fresh fracture" to the third metacarpal bone of Tucker's right hand, said, "I think he told me that it happened in the second round against Tyson."

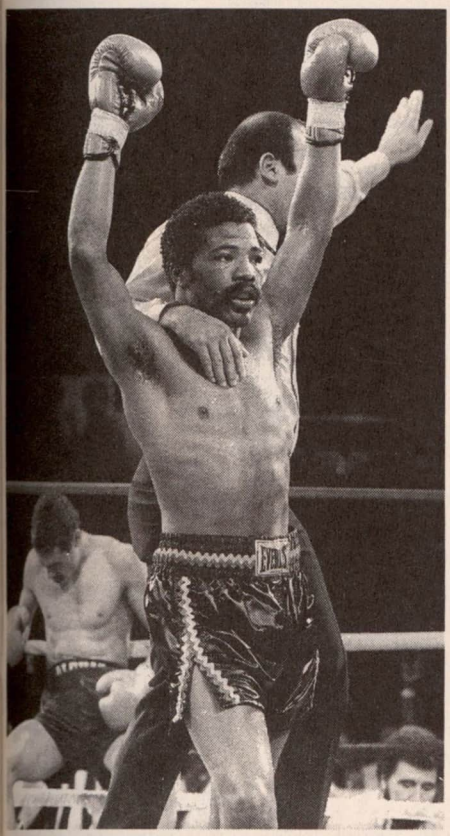
Curiously enough, when Tyson finally suffered defeat, he himself was susceptible to the same impulse for self-protective excuses. After he lost the title to Buster Douglas in February, he told newsmen that he felt he was still champion, and that he had been the

victim of a long count. That conveniently ignored the fact that Douglas had beaten and battered him handily.

"I can handle losing if I lose fairly," Tyson said.

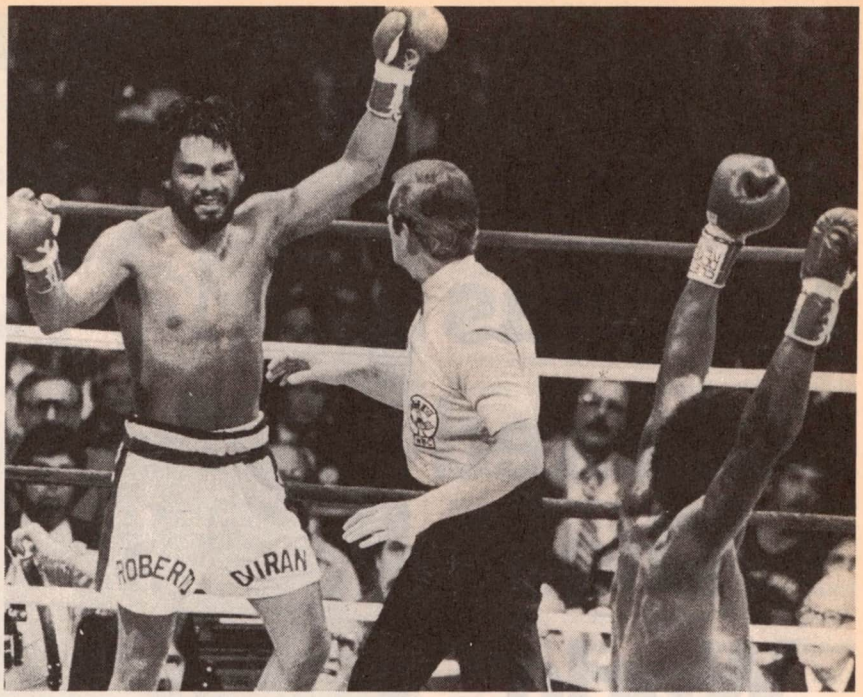
But in the days after the fight, the champion who had declared himself invincible appeared to be having a hard time coping with that long night in Tokyo.

No heavyweight in these times has been as reliant on a story to explain defeat as Gerald Anthony Paul Cooney. Not only did Cooney create an elaborate tale to account for his 13th-round knockout loss to Larry Holmes in June '82, but he told it as obsessively as The Ancient Mariner. In the years after his defeat by Holmes, Cooney's excuses became a set piece, the same words and rhythms appearing, and, in his incessant recounting, Cooney revealed just how deeply, despite denials, that night still cut him.



The story: "If I lost and he was a better man, I could have dealt with it. But I was buffaloed about going the distance. I didn't fight my fight. The distance. The distance. They put that in my head, the press."

In his constant narration of his excuse for the night against Holmes, Cooney time and again would say he had been "buffaloed" into measuring out his aggression by the press' repeated reference to the 15-round distance and its doubts about his ability to last it.



The Moby Dick of losers' rationales: Roberto Duran's *no mas* against Ray Leonard (above). Even champions as classy as Alexis Arguello (left, losing to Aaron Pryor) issue excuses. Arguello blamed his kayo loss to Pryor on venerable trainer Eddie Futch. He later apologized.

That Cooney would say that with a straight face—and mean it—suggested he was a long way from being the complete fighter the night he went for the title. For any boxer whose tactics in the ring could be influenced by the Big Cigars of the boxing press had to be a mite thin on self-awareness. And if Cooney did not know his limits and strengths by the time he came to blows with Holmes, then serious miscalculations had been made in the lead-up to that moment.

Then, when Michael Spinks battered Cooney into submission in five rounds in June '87, Cooney had a new story. He was, he said, "stretched like a rubber band," waiting for the match with Spinks to materialize. By the time the fight took place, he was mentally exhausted—he was there in body but not spirit.

The truth about Cooney was that he inflicted damage to his career by neglecting his talent. Use it or lose it was the lesson of this bewildering left-hooker.

The big lie should not be mistaken for a heavyweight phenomenon. Your self-deluded prizefighting man can be found in every weight class. Take Roberto Duran . . . please. Duran's "no mas" is the Moby Dick of losers' rationales, a classic. A stomach ache, not Ray Charles Leonard, made him up and quit, he said. Yeah. And if you have a few bucks, there's a bridge in Brooklyn you might like to buy.

What's intriguing in the case of Duran is that the machismo that made him flat-out quit against Leonard in November '80 brought a variation on the theme in this past December's Leonard-Duran fight. Make no mistake: Duran bugged out again. He saw that the only way he could beat the ever-circling Leonard was to recklessly charge in against him, a tactic that left Duran at high risk of looking the fool against slick boxer Leonard. That was more than Duran, with his macho mentality, could bear. Rather than say "no mas," he behaved it over a protracted 12 rounds. Duran moved with robotic neutrality in front of Leonard, back and forth, back and forth, refusing to take the risks that might turn the bout around for him.

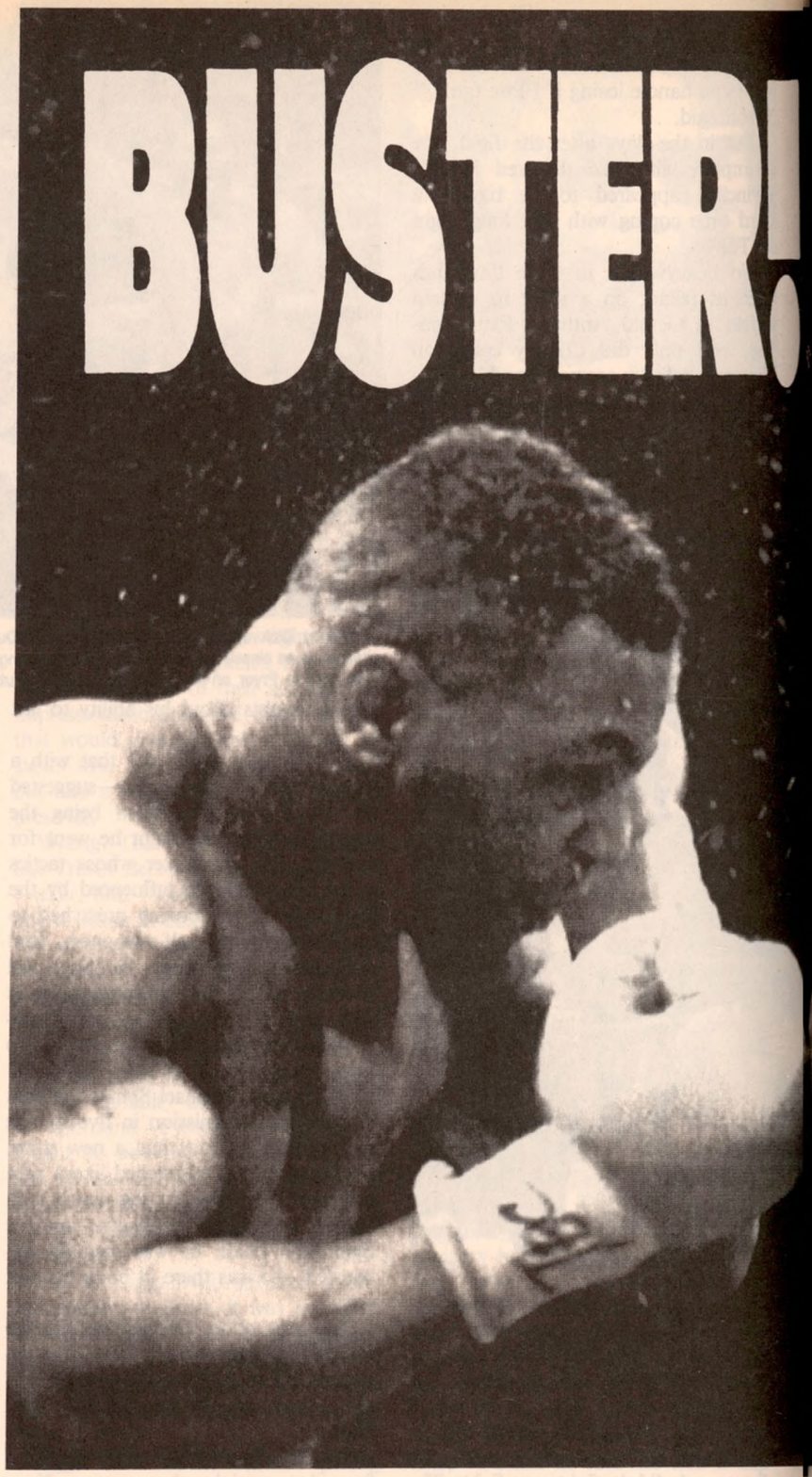
After the fight that was no fight, Duran did what the fighter must: He told himself—and the world—another boxing lie. Seems like Duran had not been pecked-and-punched to distraction by Leonard, but rather had been restrained from punching Leonard's lights out by an intrusive referee, Richard Steele. Richard Steele would not let him fight, he said.

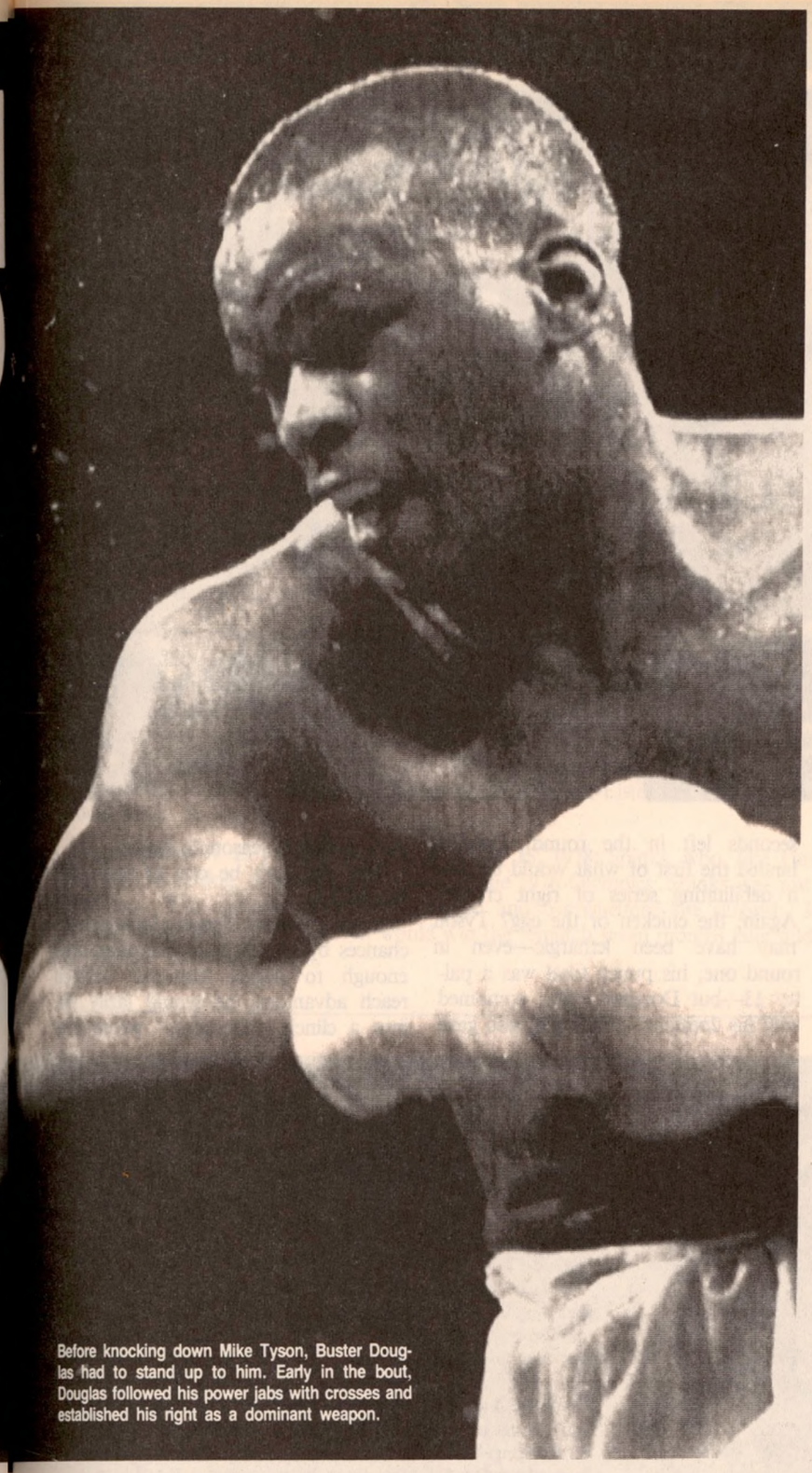
To the victor goes the spoils. To the loser, the rationale. That's the story of, the vainglory of boxing's beaten men. Remember it next time you hear the vanquished excuse himself. He can't help it. □

***Phil Berger is the boxing writer for* The New York Times.**

How James Douglas Shocked The World

"I'm not in here," Buster Douglas said as he flipped through the pages of a boxing magazine that featured the highlights of the '80s. "But I bet I'll be in the one when they look back at the '90s."





Before knocking down Mike Tyson, Buster Douglas had to stand up to him. Early in the bout, Douglas followed his power jabs with crosses and established his right as a dominant weapon.

By Steven Farhood & Joe Koizumi

The first to console the vanquished was he who tolled his demise. When Octavio Meyran hugged a battered and thoroughly beaten Mike Tyson at 1:23 of the 10th round at the Tokyo Dome on February 11, it was a terrible and wonderful sight.

What a terrible and wonderful sport.

The American Dream hasn't died, you see. Buster Douglas just had to travel a few thousand miles to realize it.

Douglas' 10th-round stoppage of defending champion Tyson was the kind of spectacular finish that justifies the slow-motion playback feature on your VCR. First came the pole of a right uppercut that distorted Tyson's features and made his eyes roll. Then a left and a right, and, finally, suspended forever, the final blow, a heavy hook that turned Tyson's head grotesquely and directed him to the cold floor.

"Pow, pow, POW!" Douglas said with *oomph* as he relived the knockout days later.

One of the truths of the fight game seems a contradiction: By taking something away from Mike Tyson, Buster Douglas gave him something he hadn't had before: the chance for greatness. The true legends, as Louis, Robinson, and Ali understood, don't fully emerge until they suffer some. Tyson wore a cloak of invincibility until it began to smother him. How can a fighter be invincible when he's never been in a fight? Another rollover knockout, then two more—first Douglas, then Holyfield, then old man Foreman—what would that all have meant? Tyson's first challenge came later instead of sooner. So now, for the first time, he has the opportunity, both figuratively and literally, to rise from the canvas and snatch what seemed his in the first place: his place among the giants.

Clearly, it's his move.

"But," warns John Johnson, the manager of the *new* champion, "there was no doubt in our minds Buster was gonna beat Mike Tyson's ass, and it's gonna be easier next time."

Of such drama are $100-million rematches made.

***

Mike Tyson arrived in Tokyo during a heavy snowstorm on January 16, almost a month before the fight. A week later, we watched incredulously as a tape of sparmate Greg Page dropping the undefeated champion with a counter right made the worldwide rounds on the satellite. The knockdown aside, Tyson wasn't in top shape. But 3 a.m. roadwork sessions brought his weight down, and in the week before the fight, he seemed ready, or at least ready enough to win.

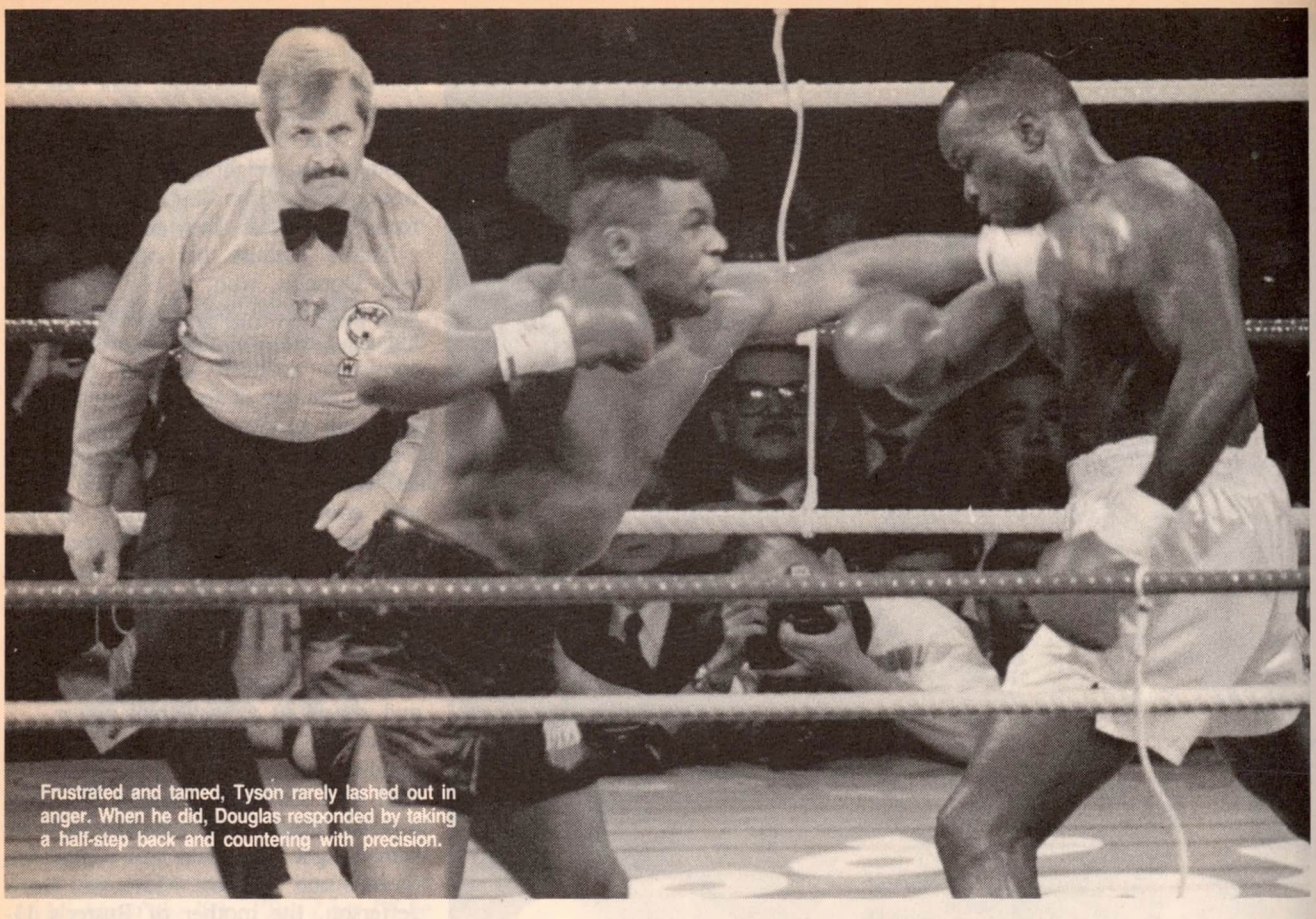
That's because his opponent was *only* Douglas, who, at 6'4" and anywhere from 230-260 pounds, was a giant of a heavyweight, but also an inconsistent sort. It seemed that big Buster, the son of former middleweight and light heavyweight contender Billy Douglas, had been genetically cheated; he was gifted with exceptional speed and coordination, but none of the fighting heart that had distinguished his father's career. Douglas had four losses and had been stopped by David Bey and, gulp, Mike "The Giant" White, a 6'10" sideshow attraction who once went to Brazil for a fight and stayed as a basketball player.

Douglas' resume was only one of his handicaps. His mother, Lula Pearl, 46, died of a stroke on January 18. "Not a person existed who wanted him to be heavyweight champion more than his mom," said Johnson. Moreover, Doris Jefferson, the mother of Buster's 11-year-old son, was suffering from leukemia. Less than a year ago, Douglas' wife of two years, Bertha, walked out on him without explanation. And, as if the challenger needed further distractions, Douglas ended preparation for Tyson by taking shots of penicillin to combat the flu.

In Nevada, where you can find odds on anything from ballgames to The Miss Carson City Sanitation Department Beauty Queen Contest, only one hotel, The Mirage in Las Vegas, offered a betting line. Tyson opened a 35-1 favorite, and after one high roller wagered $70,000 on the champion (for a potential profit of just $2,000), and a few other large Tyson bets were taken, the odds moved to *42-1*.

The greatest upset in boxing history? Ask the guy who lost the $70,000—if he's still with us.

On the other side of the world, those in Tokyo with a yen—or, more accurately, 150,000 yen—to see the fight paid the American equivalent of $1,035 for a ringside seat. What they saw probably shocked them. (We can't be sure, because Japanese fight crowds respond to action as if they're attending the opera.) It also left them asking the questions *all* fight fans were pondering: Was Douglas that good? Was Tyson that bad? Or, more precisely,



Frustrated and tamed, Tyson rarely lashed out in anger. When he did, Douglas responded by taking a half-step back and countering with precision.

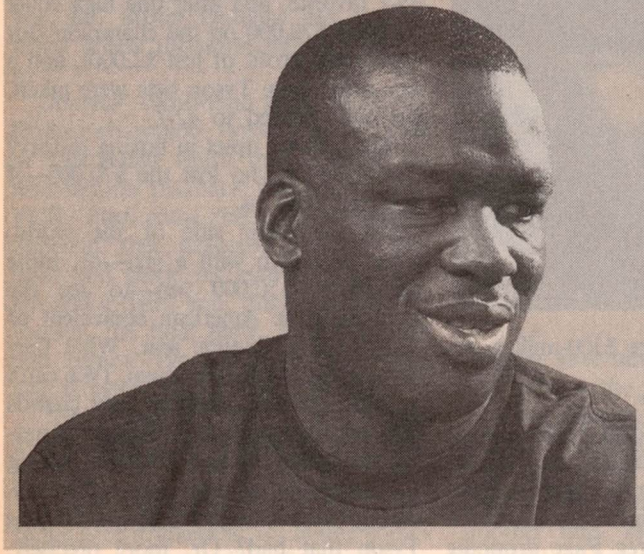
what combination of the two contributed to the fantastic result? Only a rematch can begin to provide the answers.

"I fear no man," Douglas says. He proved it in the very first round. Tyson's standard opening-round bombardment never surfaced, and with 50 seconds left in the round, Douglas landed the first of what would become a debilitating series of right crosses. Again, the chicken or the egg? Tyson may have been lethargic—even in round one, his punch total was a paltry 13—but Douglas' right, combined with his dominant power jab, also gave the champion reason to pause.

This wouldn't be one of those 90-second jobs.

In the second, Tyson damaged his chances by establishing that once close enough to negate Douglas' 12-inch reach advantage, he would lazily fall into a clinch. "Douglas," wrote *The*

Buster Douglas: A Talk With The New Champ



Three days after winning the heavyweight title by knocking out Mike Tyson, Buster Douglas flew from Columbus, Ohio, to New York City. There was the obligatory limousine and hotel suite, the appearances on Late Night With David Letterman *and* Later With Bob Costas, *the hundreds of autographs, the interviews with HBO and* Sports Illustrated *and a few dozen reporters and two or three radio programs and . . . And after breakfast . . .*

Douglas and manager John Johnson weren't able to relax until they returned to their hotel late into the night. It was in their suite that Editor-in-Chief Steve Farhood spoke with the new champion.

The Ring: **You know, of course, that your life will never be the same. What parts of the *old* Buster Douglas do you promise will never change?**

Buster Douglas: I'll continue to be the same caring, loving guy I've always been. It's just that now, the only thing that will change is that I'll be able to help more people, and be more generous than I was before. I'm not saying that I'll be walking down the street passing out money or anything like that. But people that need a little extra incentive, the ones who are trying to improve themselves, I'll be able to help them, to give the financial aid that they need to get over the hump.

The Ring: **You've just guaranteed yourself a whole lot of mon-**

THE GREATEST UPSETS IN HEAVYWEIGHT HISTORY

If you wanted to place a legal bet on the outcome of the Tyson-Douglas fight, the only gambling house willing to take your money was The Mirage in Las Vegas. Tyson opened up as a 35-1 favorite. After a $70,000 bet on Tyson, and several other large bets, the odds moved to 42-1. As far as we know, no one made a significant wager on Douglas.

Douglas-Tyson was the biggest upset in boxing history. Here are the other major upsets in heavyweight title fights.

"Gentleman" Jim Corbett KO 21 John L. Sullivan, September 7, 1892: In the 10th year of his reign, the 33-year-old undefeated Sullivan was a 5-1 favorite over Corbett. The challenger danced the entire fight, while the older, slower Sullivan continually threw wild punches that rarely landed. In the 21st round, Corbett connected with a left hook to the jaw that stunned Sullivan, then quickly followed with a flury that knocked the "Boston Strong Boy" down and out. The shocking knockout ended what remains the second-longest reign in heavyweight history.

Gene Tunney W 10 Jack Dempsey, September 23, 1926: A 5-1 favorite, Dempsey had been champion for seven years. Ex-Marine Tunney, however, was the overwhelming favorite of the crowd estimated at more than 130,000 in Philadelphia. The champion bolted from his corner in the opening round and tried to reach Tunney, a master boxer, with left hooks. After cleverly avoiding Dempsey's barrage, Tunney stepped inside another hook and nailed the champion with a right cross that buckled his legs and dazed him. The blow set the tone, and Tunney won a lopsided decision, which set up the famous "long count" rematch.

James J. Braddock W 15 Max Baer, June 13, 1935: The Madison Square Garden Bowl was half-empty; few cared to view this mismatch between 10-1 underdog Braddock and world champion Baer, who had battered the giant Primo Carnera into submission a year earlier. Braddock won the first five rounds by landing jabs and working the body and head with a strong cross while circling away from Baer's lethal right. Each man scored well the rest of the way, with Baer losing two rounds on fouls. The decision was close but unanimous. Baer would be knocked out by Joe Louis three months later; Braddock would fall victim to Louis in a title fight the next June. Neither ever fought for the title again.

Cassius Clay KO 7 Sonny Liston, February 25, 1964: Clay, a 7-1 underdog, was not intimidated by the surly Liston, who had won the title by knocking out Floyd Patterson in one round, then repeating the performance in a rematch. Clay came out flicking lightning-quick jabs while dancing away from Liston, who primarily worked the body. The defending champion took the second, fourth, and fifth rounds on most cards, but Clay landed jabs and hooks that opened a cut under Liston's left eye in the third, and caused swelling under his right eye in the fourth. Clay escalated his attack with combinations in the sixth. At the bell starting the seventh, Liston quit on his stool, claiming a separated shoulder. Boxing would never be the same.

Leon Spinks W 15 Muhammad Ali, February 15, 1978: Spinks, who, like Tunney, was an ex-Marine, entered the ring as an 8-1 underdog. A gold medal winner at the 1976 Olympics, Spinks was just 6-0-1, with a total of 31 rounds of pro experience. The spirited underdog outhustled and overwhelmed the sluggish, 36-year-old living legend and deservedly earned a split decision victory. Ali would win the rematch seven months later and become the first heavyweight in history to win the title three times.

—Ed Maloney

ey. Would you descibe yourself as a materialistic person?

BD: No. I drive a 1970 Cadillac that I think the world of. But I do want a Mercedes-Benz. I just want that for a showpiece. It's just like a piece of furniture to me. And there's a boat that I've been wanting for a while.

The Ring: **Boxing works in a funny way, and you can never be sure who's going to get a title shot. In July, on the Tyson-Williams undercard, you fought Oliver McCall, and Jose Ribalta fought Jeff Sims. Ribalta won but looked lousy and blew the title shot that you eventually got. Do you realize that if he had looked better, you might have been left out?**

BD: Well, that's a possibility. Even though I looked better than Ribalta that night, there was still doubt whether or not I'd get the shot. But I just figured that I'd keep plugging away because eventually I'd get my opportunity.

The Ring: **In preparation for Tyson, were there any signs that you were about to give the performance of your career?**

BD: I told [promoter] Peyton Sher that I felt as good as I did, or even better, than when I went into the Greg Page fight, and I was a heavy underdog. [Douglas upset Page by decision in 1986.] Peyton was really trying to figure out how I felt because I was so quiet. I'm not a gym fighter. But when I'm in the gym, I'm working hard, working on technique and other things. My mind is thinking. I toned my mind. There are some days when it all clicks.

The Ring: **Against Tyson, how did you fight differently from the Buster Douglas we had previously seen?**

BD: The old Buster would just be standing there in front of a guy, setting up shots, looking to get a big shot off. In the gym now, I do a lot of things. I move, I slip punches. I box in my sleep. I can coast through a round and just win it by boxing. With Tyson, I was boxing, planting my feet properly, and getting leverage. Excellent leverage. Firing shots, firing shots on him. I've done it before. But it's been sporadic. One fight I'll come out and show that greatness, then turn around and come back in another fight and not be as motivated.

The Ring: **You've said that if you had been a writer picking the fight, you would have picked Tyson to win like everyone else did. What prevented you from fighting as well in your previous fights as you did against Tyson?**

BD: I attribute it to my Lord Jesus Christ. I totally turned my life over to Him. It has definitely enlightened me to the point that I am now at peace with myself. It was a great feeling when all that came about.

The Ring: **You also weren't in good shape for those fights. Being overweight, you weren't working as hard as you should have.**

BD: That contributed to the fact that I wasn't seeing things as they really were. John [Johnson] was telling me, "James, if you lose that weight, you'll feel that much better. You'll feel great." I had my doubts, thinking that I'd be weak. There was a cloud

Village Voice, "picked up what Spinks and Holmes didn't—that Tyson doesn't know diddly about fighting inside." With 20 seconds left in the round, Douglas let his fists flow for the first time. He was thudding punches against Tyson's face, and paying no price for his boldness.

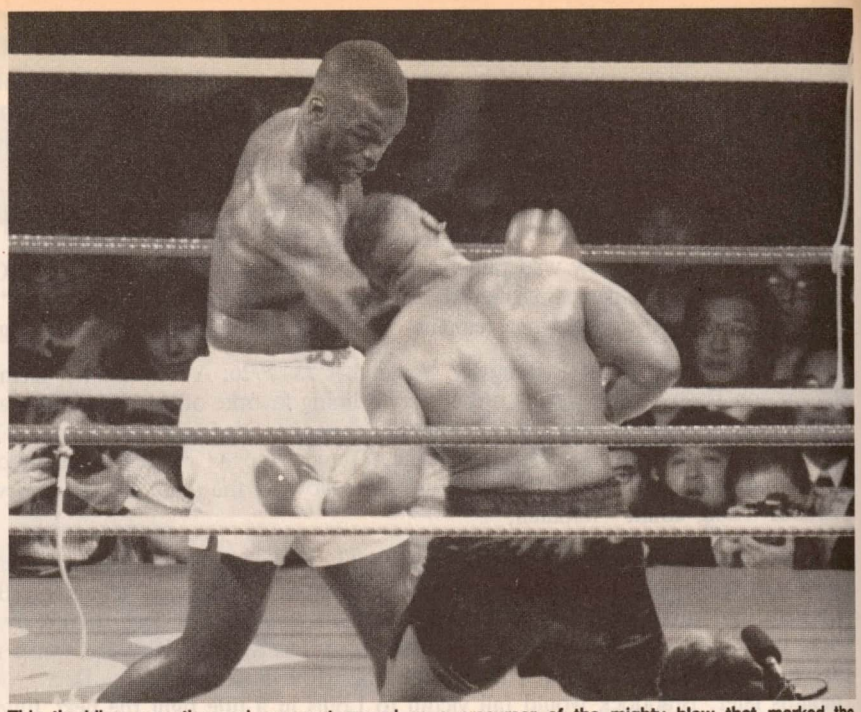
It was in round four that Douglas first exhibited the quickness of foot that would allow him to retreat a half-step, drive in a one-two, and then safely retreat another half-step. That one-two combination struck Tyson throughout the fight. Unable, or unwilling, to use sufficient head and/or upper body movement, Tyson became a ridiculously easy target. Worse yet, he was an impotent target. When the 5'10" Tyson stood erect and Douglas popped him from a comfortable and safe range, it seemed, visually at least, an unfair matchup of a light heavyweight vs. a heavyweight.

Halfway through the fifth, Douglas snapped back Tyson's head with a right-left combination. The champion, more meek than miffed, returned to his corner with a partially closed left eye at the end of the round.

"So what?" Tyson said afterward. "If one eye closes, you've got another one, so use it. My heart was beating. That's all that mattered, so I kept on fighting."

"It's your fight, it's your show," Douglas was told between the sixth and seventh rounds. "This guy's f____in' scared to death!"

In the opposite corner, Tyson seconds Aaron Snowell and Jay Bright were much less vocal. Snowell whispered in his fighter's ear—given the circumstances, something more *forceful* might have been more appropriate—and Bright applied an icebag, and not the far more effective Enswell device, to the champion's swollen eye. Tyson was suffering through a career-worst performance, and his cornermen were providing little physical or emotional help.



This thudding seventh-round uppercut served as a precursor of the mighty blow that marked the beginning of the end in round 10. Struggling with a partially closed left eye, Tyson was unable to properly defend himself against Douglas' dangerous crosses and right uppercuts.

"His mind wasn't there," said Kevin Rooney, Tyson's former trainer. "You're either gonna fight or not. After the second or third round, he would've gotten a smack in the face (if Rooney had been working the corner.)"

"Could you imagine Buster Douglas, undisputed heavyweight champion of the world"? HBO's Jim Lampley wondered about two minutes into the eighth round. "It boggles the mind." But with five seconds remaining in a round that had been dominated by the

there, something I couldn't see.

The Ring: **At what point in the fight do you think Tyson realized that unlike some of his previous foes, you weren't scared of him?**

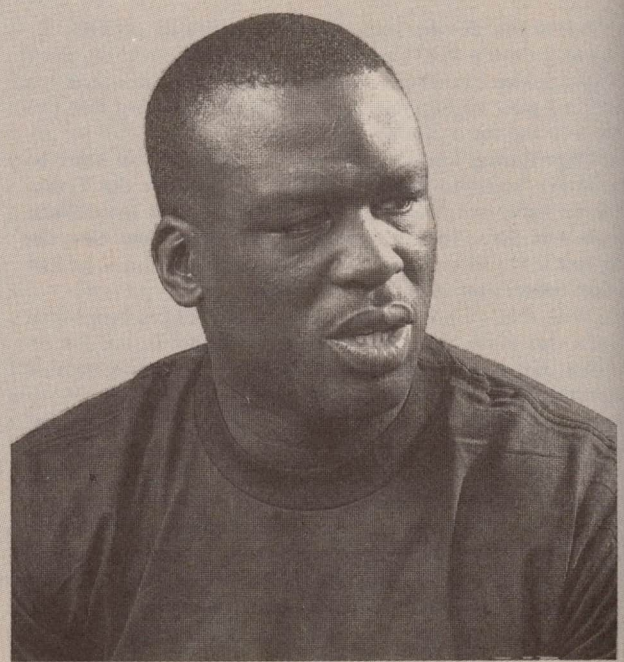
BD: I think he knew it right off. I think he felt it at the weigh-in. I looked at the way he looks at fighters beforehand, snarling and all that stuff. And they might not want to look at him. I paid no attention to him. When I did, I wondered, "What do these guys see in him?" He looked normal to me the first time I met him at the first press conference. Then two weeks later at the second one, I said, "Maybe he has horns in his head this time." But there were no horns.

The Ring: **You got off the floor and won. Evander Holyfield said after the fight that Tyson had a gut-check and didn't respond. Do you agree with that?**

BD: No. Tyson had a gut-check all through the fight. I was getting some good shots off. He's a strong guy. He's got the heart of a champion. That's for damn sure. He responded. Evander's just trying to compare the two knockdowns. I got off the canvas and Tyson didn't. If I oblige Evander like that, he won't get off the canvas either.

The Ring: **What were you saying to yourself when you returned to your corner after being dropped at the end of the eighth round?**

BD: First thing I did was tell my corner that I was all right. I



DOUGLAS - TYSON (Round by Round)

Round 1

Both fighters miss with jabs. Douglas jabs and circles to his right. Tyson is jabbing also. Tyson bulls the challenger to the ropes, and Douglas comes off with a right that misses, but sends a message that he is ready to fight. Douglas lands a jab and several left-right combinations. Douglas hits Tyson on the break. Tyson lands a left hook at the close of the round.

Larry Rozadilla 10-9 (Douglas), Ken Morita 10-10, Masakazu Uchida 10-9, (Douglas),*The Ring* 10-9 (Douglas)

Round 2

Tyson jogs out from his corner and Douglas ties him up. Douglas keeps Tyson off by doubling with his jab. They briefly trade punches, but no heavy shots land. Douglas scores with a chopping right that has Tyson looking confused.

Rozadilla 10-9 (Douglas), Morita 10-9 (Douglas), Uchida 10-9 (Douglas), *The Ring* 10-9 (Douglas)

Round 3

Both fighters are waiting for the bell at ring center, with referee Octavio Meyran standing between them. Tyson charges behind two jabs and lands a right. Douglas lands a left-right, but Tyson keeps coming. Douglas keeps him at the end of his jab. Tyson moves in and lands a left hook to the body. Douglas answers with another jab and a left-right to the head.

Rozadilla 10-9 (Douglas), Morita 10-9 (Tyson), Uchida 10-9 (Tyson), *The Ring* 10-9 (Douglas)

Round 4

Douglas throws 10 jabs in the first 20 seconds, landing half. Tyson misses with a wild right. Douglas snaps the champion's head back with a jab. Douglas lands a right uppercut, Tyson a left hook, Douglas a right hand, and Tyson a left hook. Douglas steps back and starts working the jab again.

Rozadilla 10-9 (Douglas), Morita 10-10, Uchida 10-10, *The Ring* 10-10

Round 5

Douglas is scoring with the jab. Tyson tries to burrow underneath, but can't. Tyson then tries to trade jabs, but the left of Douglas is too long and too fast. Douglas lands left-rights easily. Tyson's left eye begins to swell. Douglas appears very relaxed.

Rozadilla 10-9 (Douglas), Morita 10-9 (Douglas), Uchida 10-9 (Douglas), *The Ring* 10-9 (Douglas)

Round 6

Tyson lands a right uppercut and misses with a wide left hook. Douglas ties him up. Douglas moves away and jabs. Tyson, bending more, ducks in to land a jab. The champion misses with a leaping left hook. Tyson lands two more jabs.

Rozadilla 10-9 (Douglas), Morita 10-10, Uchida 10-9 (Tyson), *The Ring* 10-9 (Tyson)

Round 7

Douglas lands a solid right, then scores again with a left-right combination. Tyson lands a short uppercut, but his punches seem flat. Douglas lands a right uppercut. Tyson scores with a left hook. Douglas lands two more jabs.

Rozadilla 10-10, Morita 10-9 (Tyson), Uchida 10-10, *The Ring* 10-9 (Douglas)

Round 8

Douglas lands a left-right. Tyson throws a right to the body and a left hook to the head that is partially blocked. Douglas begins to double up with his jab. Douglas wobbles Tyson with a right and follows with a left-right that sends Tyson to the ropes. Tyson holds on. Tyson awkwardly leans back against the ropes. Douglas misses with a jab, and Tyson lands a vicious right uppercut that drops Douglas on his back with four seconds left. Douglas appears not to be seriously hurt. He pounds the canvas, annoyed that he was knocked down, then picks up Meyran's count, rising at nine.

Rozadilla 10-8 (Tyson), Morita 10-8 (Tyson), Uchida 10-8 (Tyson), *The Ring* 10-8 (Tyson)

Round 9

Tyson comes out fast with a jab and left hook. But he doesn't sustain the attack, landing only a few lazy left hooks. Douglas fires nine unanswered punches, landing only four, but proves he has sufficiently recovered from the knockdown. Both fighters are tired. A left-right wobbles Tyson, and he backs to the ropes. Tyson fires a looping left hook that misses. Douglas answers with a straight right. Tyson's left eye is nearly shut.

Rozadilla 10-8 (Douglas), Morita 10-9 (Douglas), Uchida 10-9 (Douglas), *The Ring* 10-9 (Douglas)

Round 10

Douglas comes out jabbing. Tyson holds. Douglas throws a right and a jab. The fighters clinch. Douglas lands five straight jabs and then a jolting right uppercut that staggers Tyson. Douglas follows with a left-right-left hook that drops Tyson for the first time in his pro career. The champion gets to his hands and knees at the count of five. Tyson picks up his mouthpiece and puts it in upside down. He is very wobbly, but manages to rise at the count of nine. Meyran waves the fight off and hugs the beaten loser.

SCORING AT THE TIME OF THE STOPPAGE: Rozadilla: 88-82 (Douglas), Morita: 87-86 (Tyson), Uchida: 86-86, *The Ring:* 87-84 (Douglas)

was coherent, listening to my instructions. Then I went out in the ninth round and won it big!

***The Ring:* If you had somehow been suspended above the ring and had been able to witness the knockout ending like a fan, how do you think you would have reacted?**

BD: I would have been excited. I would've reacted just the way I did. I felt good inside. I showed some emotion, but I keep a lot of my emotions to myself. I was doing cartwheels inside. I internalized.

***The Ring:* Did the postfight controversy upset you?**

BD: Well, it kinda pissed me off. I was walking around with one belt and I wanted three belts. It kinda took away from it. It did in one sense, but didn't in another. I knew I was heavyweight champion of the world. I spanked him in front of the world. So if the sanctioning bodies wouldn't recognize me, I knew that in the eyes of the world I'd be the champion. I knew it was a power move. That Don King is a clever guy. You just don't know about him. But that's not my concern. That's for my manager.

***The Ring:* You have a sense of boxing history. How do you put what you did in perspective? Did you accomplish something great?**

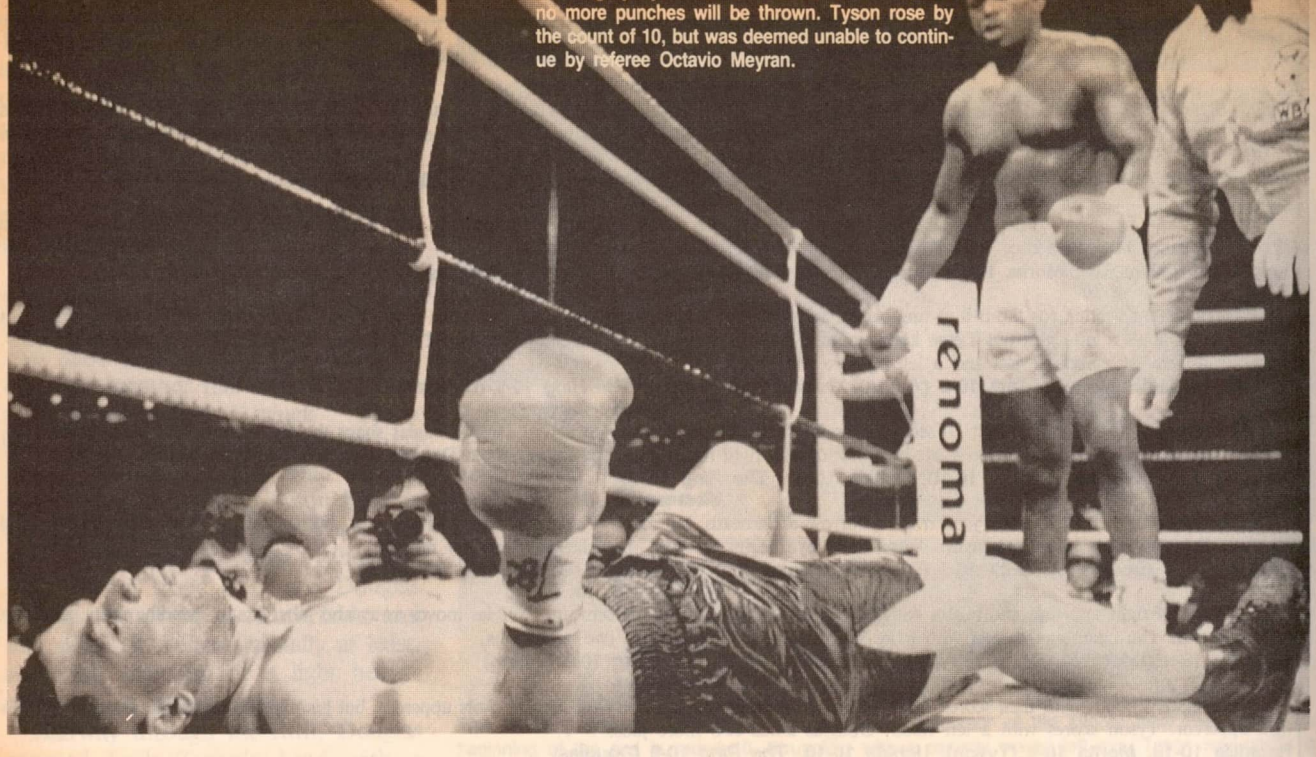
BD: Yes, only because people tell me it was great. I feel I accomplished something by winning the heavyweight championship. The greatness part kicks in when people talk about the man I beat.

***The Ring:* What are your goals as heavyweight champion?**

BD: I want to be a champion in the ring and out of it. I want to be a law-abiding citizen and totally respect people. Never feel like I'm above someone. I feel great about myself. I feel great about me, about my accomplishments, but that's as far as it goes. I can talk to a teenager and say, "You can be anything you want to be. Look at me. I haven't had an exceptional or elaborate life. I wasn't raised in money. I come from the streets, just like you did. But I set out to do something." I'm not saying I sat down when I was five years old and said, "I want to be heavyweight champion of the world." I went down a lot of different avenues. One thing, though, I never stopped trying to find a way to succeed. That's one thing you've got to remember. You can never stop trying.

***The Ring:* John Johnson said you're looking for only two more fights before retiring. Why only two more?**

BD: Because there's nothing else out there for James Douglas. In this game, you have to be motivated. I don't want to fight just for the money. I didn't get into boxing for the money. The money is part of it, the success, the glamour, signing autographs, people acknowledging you, and all that stuff. The only reason I got into boxing was to be a great fighter, to be a champion, to make history and leave something behind in this world. I've accomplished that, and I tell you, if I die tomorrow, I'll be happy.



no more punches will be thrown. Tyson rose by the count of 10, but was deemed unable to continue by referee Octavio Meyran.

challenger, Douglas fell into a thunderous right uppercut. The challenger crashed, then skidded. Those who had settled into the rhythm of the pending upset were jolted upright. A miracle punch had brought back a familiar scenario: Tyson punching with bad intentions, and bigger heavyweights falling at his feet.

Timekeeper Riichi Hirano, appointed by the Japanese Boxing Commission, began a count at 2:57 of the round. But referee Meyran failed to make eye contact with the local official, who will forever be remembered as the man in the white gloves. Meyran counted "one" as Hirano fingered "three," and, in the eyes of Don King, at least, a controversy was born.

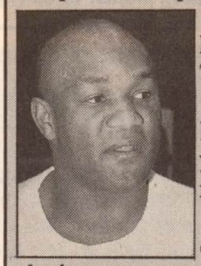
"That's the first thing you learn when you get knocked down," said Douglas. "That's to pick up the referee's count. If you study the films, you see I got up strong."

Douglas rose at Meyran's count of nine, though it appeared he could have regained his feet at any point after five. (The challenger was down for a total of 13.25 seconds.) Then came another potentially disastrous abuse of precious seconds: The bell, which should have sounded during Meyran's count, rang with Douglas standing and the heavyweights ready to resume combat. The length of the round was 3:14.

Douglas, shaken but not dizzy, easily survived the first 30 seconds of round nine, his most critical juncture of the battle. A pair of stinging left-rights sucked the spirit from Tyson, and, just like that, control was Buster's again. Tyson's moment of hope had vanished because Douglas, billed as a heavyweight with little stamina and less heart, had managed to gather himself during the gut-check of a lifetime. With a minute to go, Douglas pinned Tyson against the ropes and poured in

BIG GEORGE: LOSING WHAT HE NEVER HAD

While Buster Douglas was throwing the five-punch combination that drove the strength from boxing's beast incarnate, Rev. George Foreman was halfway across the world in Houston, Texas, sweeping the aisles of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. Earlier that evening he had delivered a stirring sermon to his congregation about the evils of materialism. That, Big George said, was why he wasn't upset by the news that Douglas had hammered Tyson, thereby dashing the preacher's plans for a possible multimillion-dollar bout.



"I don't think you can ever lose something you never had," Foreman said when asked about the possibility that a Tyson-Foreman bout might never occur.

After knocking out Gerry Cooney in January, Foreman had positioned himself to fight Tyson, probably later this year. According to early optimistic projections, a Tyson-Foreman title fight could have generated upward of $100-million.

But just before the Tyson-Douglas bout, Al Braverman, the director of boxing for Don King Productions, made a prophetic statement to *The Ring* about Tyson vs. Foreman. Said Braverman: "Keep in mind that Mike has two other fights first—Buster Douglas and Evander Holyfield. Anything can happen. Nobody thought Schmeling would beat Louis."

And only Douglas thought he could beat Tyson.

Foreman said Douglas-Tyson reminded him of his loss to Ali on October 30, 1974, when "The Greatest" knocked out the world heavyweight champion and destroyed the myth that Big George was the baddest man on the planet. Shortly thereafter, Foreman went into a funk.

"No matter what I said to sportswriters," Foreman said, "they'd listen, yes, but after I finished talking, it was always, 'Let's go talk to *the champ* and see what *he* has to say.' Losing the stature of world heavyweight champion is tough to take. But if Tyson gets back to training for a rematch—and soon—he won't have time to sink into a depression like I did.

"Look, all the greats have a loss on their ledger. There's no shame in that. Some come back. And now we must wait and see if Tyson can do the same."

—Joseph C. Tintle

punches. The unimaginable was unfolding, and Mike Tyson was near-helpless.

The signs were jumping out at us, but no matter; when the violent 10th-round ending came, introduced by that payback right uppercut, it hit like an electric shock. *Tyson with glazed eyes; Tyson on all fours; Tyson struggling to shove his gumshield back into his mouth; Tyson standing—barely—but deemed by Meyran to be unable to fight on;* ***Buster Douglas the heavyweight champion of the world!***

"This is a dream, this is truly a dream," the new titlist said. "I did what I did—whupped his ass."

But because of Don King's protest regarding Meyran's count during the eighth-round knockdown, Douglas had to wait about 36 hours before becom-

With his gumshield dangling from his mouth, a helpless Tyson is rescued by referee Meyran at 1:23 of the 10th round.

ing *undisputed* champion. Bob Lee, president of the IBF, quickly dismissed King's protest, but Jose Sulaiman and Gilberto Mendoza, the presidents of the WBC and WBA, respectively, kept the title in limbo before succumbing to mounting pressure.

"[Sulaiman] felt he had made a terrible mistake, and was embarrassed by it," said Duane Ford, a WBC official, speaking on behalf of the president.

King, of course, wins even when he loses. He has five options on Douglas' future fights, which will presumably include a Tyson rematch. If Johnson is satisfied with King's offer—somewhere between $15- and $20-million should suffice—that rematch could surface as a pay-per-view event in September. If not, Douglas will face number-one contender Evander Holyfield, who had been signed to challenge Tyson on June 12.

"Don King is no longer calling the shots," Johnson said.

In the months ahead, Douglas will be given the time to enjoy his new status. How Tyson accepts *his* new status will determine the future of Douglas, the division, and a suddenly vulnerable career.

"I just want to get in [the ring]," Tyson said. "He's just a temporary resident. I love the title, so that means more than the money. Losing is part of this business."

A part that we never thought Mike Tyson would have to accept. □

Joe Koizumi, who was ringside at Douglas-Tyson, is *The Ring's* correspondent in Asia.

For the first time in his career, Buster Douglas is the center of attention. But even after his incredible upset victory, many of the ringside photographers seem focused on Tyson.

That's Entertainment!?!

Pazienza, fighting through a mask of blood, extended Camacho and forced a pace that thrilled the fans.

By Jeff Ryan

Really, now, what did we expect from a promotion whose logo was graffiti spray-painted on a brick wall? The Lincoln-Douglas debates? You put Hector Camacho and Vinny Pazienza together and you get taunting with a tutu, press conference punchouts, a sanitary napkin used as a weapon, a strip show, a discussion of hemorrhoids, some gay activist backlash, and the burp heard 'round the world. Leave it to Macho and Paz to make us yearn for the days when you could go to Atlantic City and be treated to normal entertainment, like a horse diving off a pier and a guy dressed like a giant peanut shaking hands on the Boardwalk.

That "The Macho Man" and "The Pazmanian Devil" actually managed to squeeze in a fairly entertaining fight—won by Camacho via unanimous 12-round decision—amid all the burlesque is either a testimony to their stamina or evidence that they must have really started to take that back-alley street-fight TV commercial seriously.

For most of the days leading up to "Put Up Or Shut Up," Paz actually played the role of straight man, which ought to tell you something about the ozone layer in which Camacho was residing. The last time Paz wasn't the central shtick figure before a fight was probably way back when he was duking it out during kindergarten recess. It wasn't until third grade, presumably, that he started gluing sequins on his lunchbox.

Of course, Paz did have his moments. He presented the dance master with a pink tutu at one stop of the eight-city publicity tour that kicked off an exhausting (for the public) five months of hype. It was Camacho, though, who made headlines, first by slapping Pazienza's trainer, Kevin Rooney, at a press conference (in the scuffle, Paz' promoter, Dan Duva, suffered a knee injury that required surgery), then by throwing a sanitary napkin at Paz after calling him "a bleeder."

Funny, though, how some guys never manage to get into trouble. It was *Pazienza* who got his pointed devil's tail in hot water for *his* prefight actions, namely telling Camacho at the end of the TV commercial to leave his "sissy clothes" at home.

"Some gay activists called to complain about that," Paz explained. And, naturally, when a guy who calls himself The Devil sees a fire, he fans the flames. "At the next press conference I said, 'I got nothing against gay people. If I offended anybody *[his voice turns girlish]*, oh, I'm very very sorry.' "

Pazienza made no such attempt to go out of his way to rile the hyperactive Camacho. He didn't have to.

"This whole thing was a phony grudge to begin with," Camacho said a few days before battle. "I didn't know Pazienza at all. But now, I'm getting mad, because Rooney and Duva are trying to promote Pazienza as the better fighter. Who's he ever beat? Pazienza is a Macho Camacho wanna-be."

"He's a stupid little schizophrenic sucker," countered Paz, ever the mas-

CAMACHO, PAZ, AND ALL THAT JAZZ

ter of understatement.

On fight night, the tension was so thick you could cut it with a switchblade. The mood was pure Ringling Brothers, with aging Convention Hall jammed with a crazed legion of Pazmaniacs, many of whom made the trip from Rhode Island. That went a long way toward explaining the defeaning cheers that greeted Paz' every punch. It also went a long way toward explaining the two-beer maximum at Convention Hall's concession stands.

Camacho actually inflamed passions an hour before the fight, breaking with convention (and how many times did he do that before, during, and after this bout?) by climbing into the ring between *preliminaries.* Decked out in a long black coat and the three world title belts he has accumulated during his career, he paraded from corner to corner while the Pazmaniacs booed unmercifully.

After a few moments, Camacho appeared ready to retreat to the acoustically safer confines of his dressing room. But just then, ring announcer Michael Buffer walked over and handed him the microphone, proving that, Pazienza's courage on this night notwithstanding, Buffer may have been the bravest guy in the building.

"It's Macho Time!" Camacho screamed. "It's Macho Time!"

No it's not, the roughly 12,000 fans in attendance were probably thinking simultaneously. *It's already 10:45. Is the main event gonna start before midnight?!*

It would, but just barely. At 11:30, Pazienza, led out of his dressing room by a guy carrying a gorilla doll on the end of a long stick (this night got weirder by the minute), finally came into view. Paz' ring attire was strangely subdued, or at least subdued for a guy who had previously worn a robe illuminated with dozens of Christmas tree lights, and once had a devil's tail dangling from the back of his trunks. For this bout, he wore plain black and white, though he did have the words "Kick Ass" embroidered in a big red heart on his trunks and robe.

Camacho scored a kayo in the sartorial showdown, then outslicked Paz during the fight.

Ah, the Valentine's Day touch.

Camacho war-danced his way into the ring in buckskin trunks, fringed moccasins, and an Indian headdress, the intention being to ruffle his own feathers, instead of someone else's, for a change. Actually, the Indian motif had been established the day before, when Macho made like Running Bare at the weigh-in. After proclaiming his greatness to anyone who'd listen, and spouting off in his usual stream of semiconsciousness and broken sentences, Camacho then shocked everyone by climbing on the scale and dangling more than just a participle.

"I've got a surprise," he said, announcing his intention to weigh in buck-naked, and warning the women in attendance that they could either turn their heads or experience a real treat. While Duva and Camacho's friend and confidant, Patrick Flannery, scrambled for a jacket to hold in front of the scale, Camacho dropped his pants and giggled. Suffice to say, it was the strongest fashion statement of his career.

(Oh, in case you're wondering, Paz showed up for the weigh-in in your basic skull-and-crossbones boxer shorts. "Christmas gift from my sister," he explained sheepishly.)

As for Camacho's *ring* statement, that was his strongest in four years, or since that fateful night in 1986 when an Edwin Rosario left hook turned Camacho from one of boxing's most exciting performers into one of its dullest. "Put Up Or Shut Up" was, after all, expected to be the fancy dancer against the brawling bleeder, kind of like Paula Abdul meets Abdullah The Butcher. Before the bout, Pazienza told reporters that he'd hired Carl Lewis and Florence Griffith-Joyner as sparring partners, and in the wake of Camacho's dreadful track meets against Cornelius Boza-Edwards, Reyes Cruz, and Ray Mancini, we weren't so sure that he was kidding.

Once the opening bell sounded, however, an odd thing happened: Camacho stood flatfooted and fought. (Quick, somebody check the boy's pulse!) Against the straight-ahead charges of Pazienza, it was the ideal strategy. Driving home a crisp, straight left each time Paz lunged in, Camacho controlled the first three rounds, even wobbling his granite-jawed foe in the second. By the end of round three, Paz' nose was dripping blood.

But Pazienza, no Devil dog, never stopped coming forward. In the fourth, he decided to turn what had

been a boxing match into the kind of back-alley brawl those TV commercials had promised. Paz scored with both hands to the body, crashed a right to the head, and took every opportunity to bodyblock the New Yorker against a turnbuckle. Camacho rebounded to win the sixth, but Paz turned mugger again in the seventh, and after the round, he screamed and raised his arms overhead in triumph.

The momentum alternated in the final five rounds, but by then the fight had turned about as sloppy and dirty as a battle with gloves and a rulebook could be. Referee Tony Perez allowed Pazienza to toss elbows and low blows with abandon, and permitted Camacho to grab his rival around the neck and hold his head down whenever Paz got close.

Said the always-eloquent Paz, "The referee absolutely sucked."

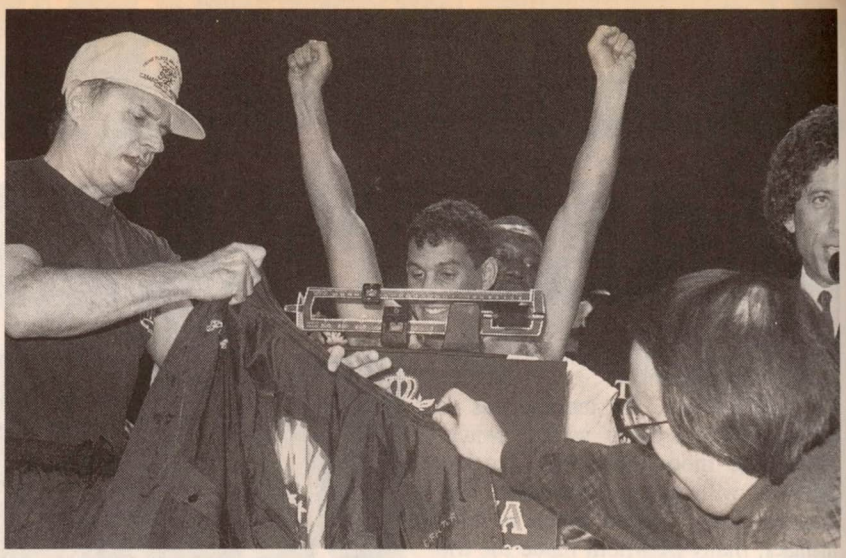
A slashing Camacho right cross opened a cut above Pazienza's left eye in the ninth, but to his discredit, the Macho Man failed to take the offensive and seek a stoppage. Instead, Running Bare developed injun trouble, and spent most of the last three rounds jabbing and retreating to the ropes. Paz charged in repeatedly, ripping punches to the body, and sending the crowd into a frenzy.

Though behind on the cards (he'd also had a point deducted in round 11 for butting Camacho on the ropes), a fired-up Paz actually pounded himself in the face midway through the final round. The combination scored points (for whom, we don't know), and no, wiseguys, Paz didn't get cut.

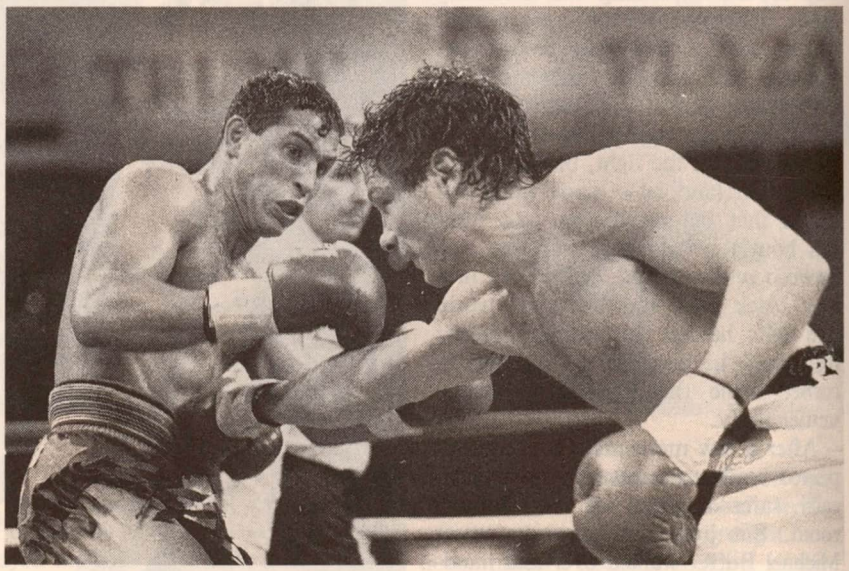
The decision was unanimous, but not surprisingly, there was a disparity in the scoring. Richard Murry had Camacho ahead 119-109, John Rupert had it 115-112, and Jose Antonio Salsedo tabbed it a 117-116 squeeker. *The Ring* scored for Camacho, 115-113.

"I'm not all the way back, but this is the best I've looked in a long, long time," Camacho said afterward. "I'm at the peak again, but I've got to fight consistent. I'm very proud of my performance. I did everything right."

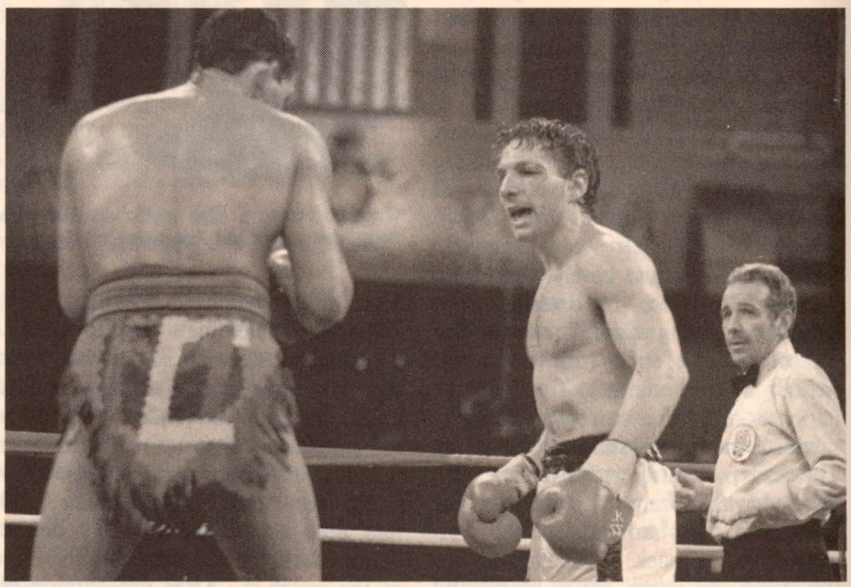
Never one to lull a crowd of reporters into a stupor with a cliche-ridden diatribe, Camacho instead provided some enlightening information on his methods of making the 140-pound limit. "I took so many suppositories that I thought I was gonna get hemorrhoids," he said. He then turned the microphone over to Flannery, a self-proclaimed "actor, bon vivant, stunt-



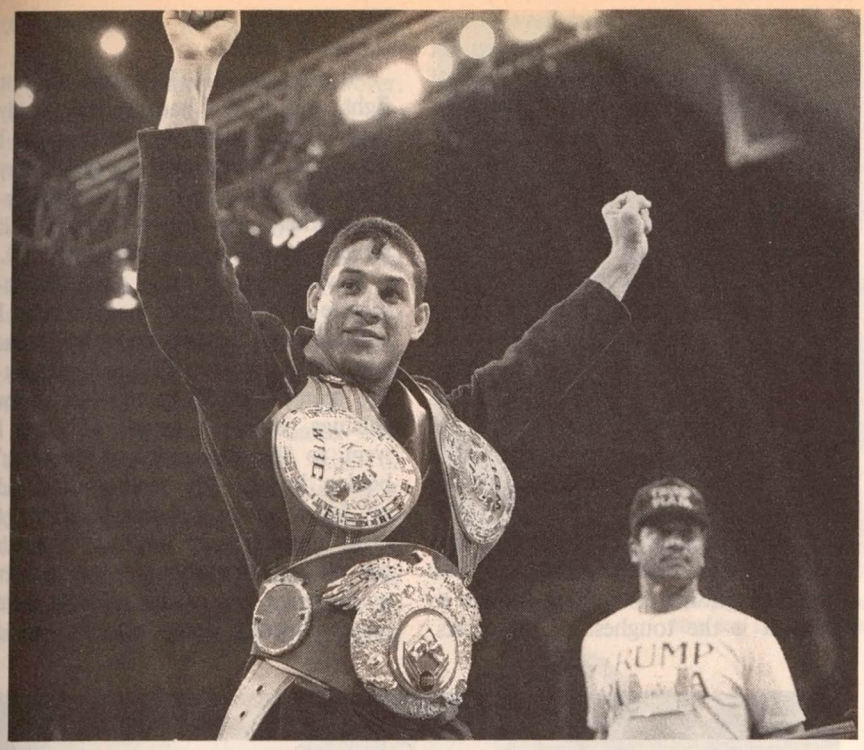
The never-bashful Camacho stripped naked before making weight, prompting adviser Patrick Flannery (wearing the hat) and promoter Dan Duva to join in a coverup.



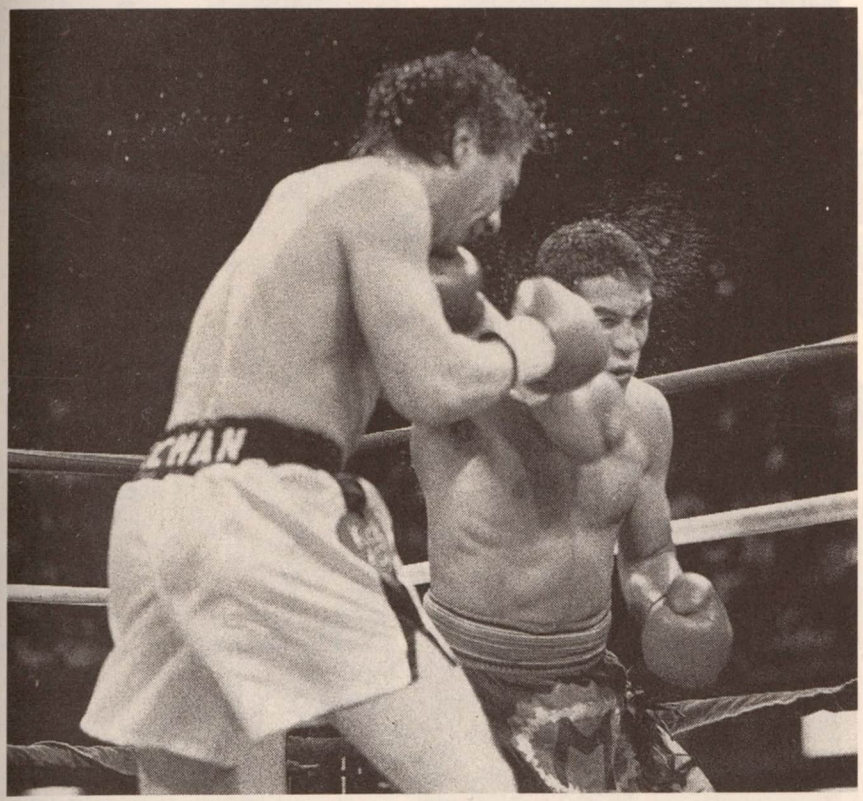
Faced with a quick and energetic opponent, Camacho remained focused for all 12 rounds. "The Macho Man" counterpunched with precision. It was his best performance in almost three years.



Bleeding and behind on points, Paz psyched himself up by challenging Camacho, hitting himself with both fists, and releasing war cries. His late-rounds rally fell short.



Camacho worked the crowd by entering the ring during the prelims and strutting his stuff (above). During the brawl (below), Camacho's stuff was more than enough.



man, raconteur, and philosopher," and the only character in Macho's camp who can challenge the boss in the Excess Verbiage Sweepstakes.

"All the credit in the world goes to Hector's trainer, Rudy Mata," Flannery said, while nearly hyperventilating. "Where's Rudy? Is he here? Hi-ho, Silver! RUDY MATA! I told my wife if I ever quit her, I'm going with Rudy . . . The Pazienza family, oh, they're beautiful people. Did you ever see an Italian who couldn't fight? Vinny's so tough—God, if I had that toughness, *ooooh,* I could rule the world!" Easy there, Patrick.

Camacho then took back the microphone and announced, "I wanna go get laid." But before he left, he brought up the possibility of a rematch with Pazienza. He also brought up the likeliness of a mismatch with admitted drug user Aaron Pryor, who has undergone surgery for various eye problems. And he even brought up the idea of facing Mancini again. Then, he brought up his dinner.

"I got something for all the critics," he declared, before leaning forward and belching into the microphone. "See you later."

With that, the victor was gone, denying the press the one final moment it had been hoping for: Camacho, Rooney, and Lou Duva reunited on the podium again. At one point during the prefight hype, Camacho concluded that Duva, Pazienza's manager, bore a strong resemblance to Fred Flintstone, and that Rooney could pass for Barney Rubble. Macho thus took to yelling, "Yabba dabba doo" whenever he was in their presence.

"And you," Fred, uh, Lou finally countered one day, "fight like Wilma."

Though the Fred, Barney, and Wilma trio would have no doubt made for some colorful postfight verbal sparring, most of the postfight attention focused on Dino—the Duva, not the dinosaur. In yet one more bizarre sidelight to one of the most bizarre boxing events in many years, Dino, Lou's son, was led away in handcuffs by police when he became embroiled in a dressing room battle. This main event featured Rooney and two process servers who tried to issue the trainer a summons while he tended to the vanquished Pazienza.

Rooney later explained that he owed some money to the IRS and had a gambling debt at Atlantic City's Trump Plaza hotel. "I blame Kevin Rooney, first and foremost," he said. After Trump officials interceded, Dino was released from the cuffs. But Rooney's lawyer, Margaret Stanton, remained incensed at the insensitive timing of the serving of the papers, the equivalent of approaching John Elway after the Super Bowl and asking if he'd like to do a public service ad demonstrating the Heimlich manuever.

"These things are done very discreetly," Stanton said. "It doesn't have to be done in a circus atmosphere."

That's true. It could have been done at some moment either before, during, or after Paz-Camacho, when there *wasn't* a circus atmosphere surrounding the participants. Just one thing, though, Margaret. Do you remember one? □

Editor's note: This poignant essay was written by former heavyweight contender Tommy Farr more than 30 years ago. It is included in a new book, **Thus Farr,** *edited by Gary Farr (the fighter's son) and scheduled to be released in England this month. The Welshman, who died in February 1987 at age 72, fought from 1926 to 1940, and then again from 1950 to 1953. He was perhaps best known for the courage he exhibited in a 15-round points loss to world heavyweight champion Joe Louis in August 1937.*

THE FARR SIDE

By Tommy Farr

I have fought for my living from an age when most kids would have blubbered if they had been spanked, until an age when I should have known better.

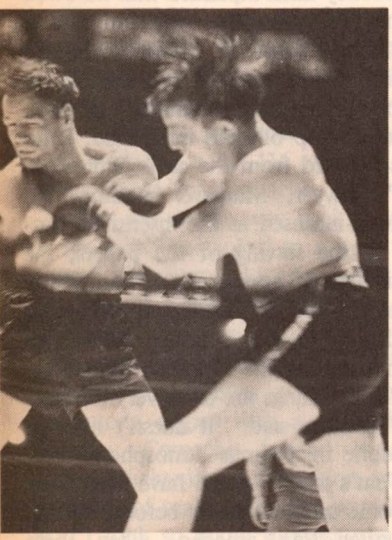
The only sense I may have shown during the 30-odd years a clenched fist and an open palm were my ways of life, was to become a boxing writer, when the ring could no longer take revenge upon me.

The prizefighter, for I scorn the class distinction that is sometimes made between the bare-knuckle fighter and the gloved pugilist, is the most vulgarly gazed upon of men. The public allows him no normality of human conduct, and there is no escape from the snippety and arbitrary verdicts of scolds and gossips and critics.

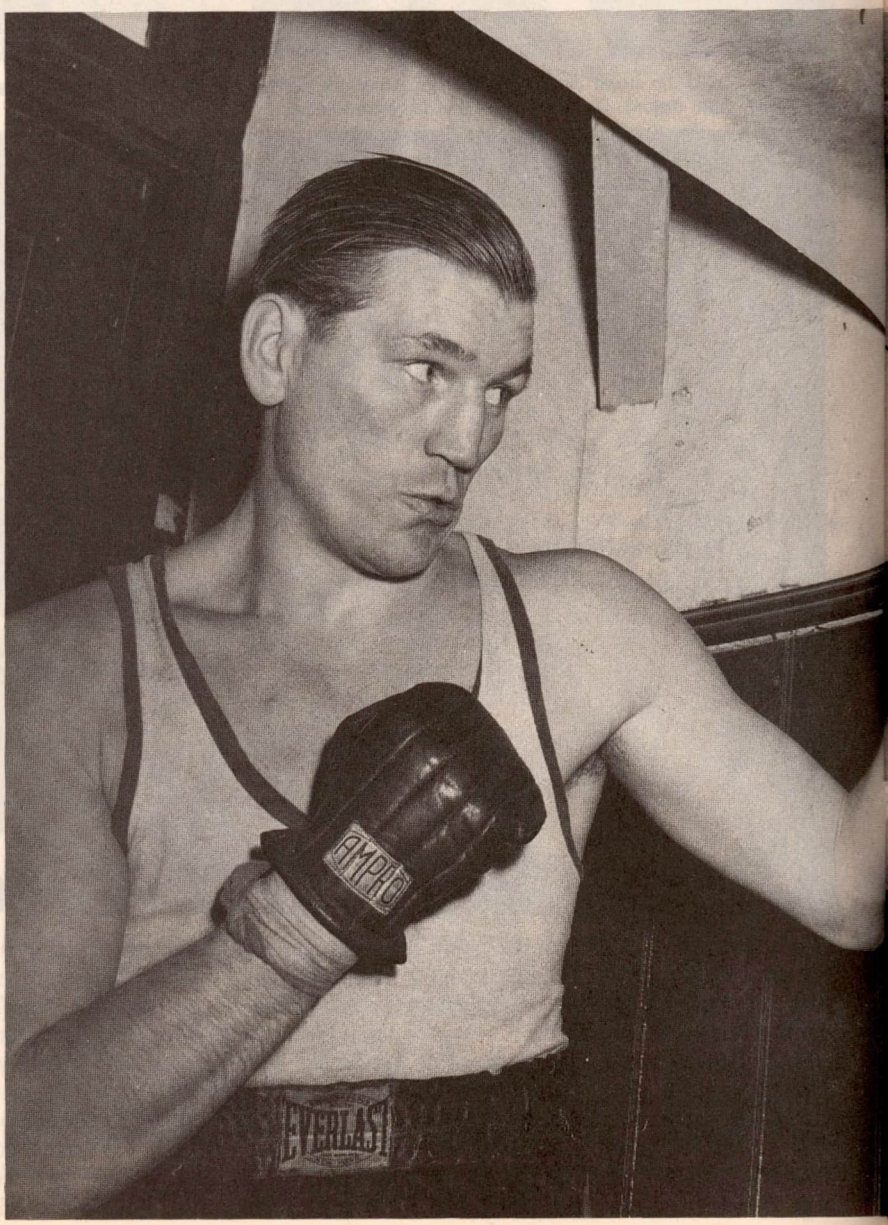
So, while I give none in return that is worthwhile, I am content at writing around that ropey cage where men have fought, some have won, many have lost, and a few, unhappily, have died. I languished there long enough to know it is the toughest of all sports. Yet I never tried to escape. Why should I have?

At the age of 12, I had my first fight, and at 40 I had my last. At any time I could have quit the ring, but I never did. They threw me in and they threw me out and in all the years between there was never a whimper. It served me well and it served me right.

If you want to know what the conscience of my generation did for me, I will tell you. Do you know how I was educated? It was in 17 fights, nine lasting more than 10 rounds, for a few shillings, before I turned 16. Then I went to the University of Joe Gess' boxing booth. My mother dead and my father so stricken that he could not drag himself from his bed to thrash me. Yes, at an early age I took honors in the great humanities. I could recite curses fluently long before I could



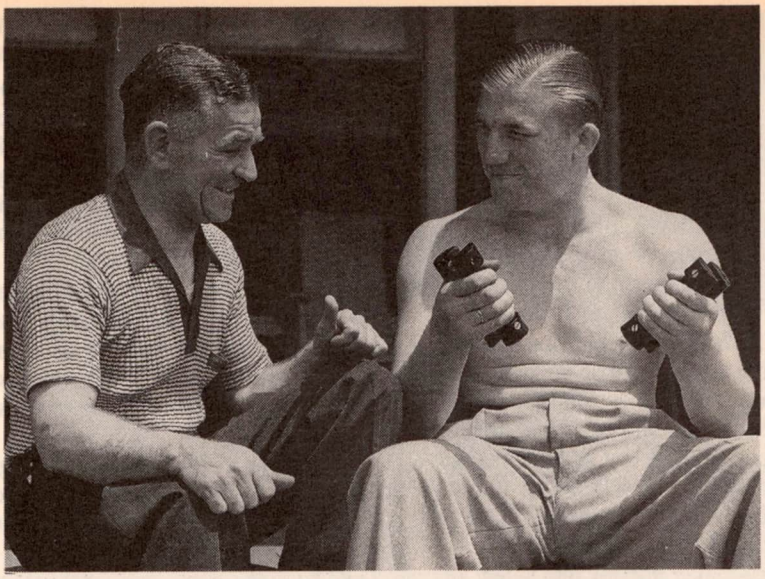
Tommy Farr was unsuccessful whenever he crossed the Atlantic to fight in America. In January 1939, Farr (right) was outpointed by Clarence Burman.



stumble through the words of *Abide With Me.*

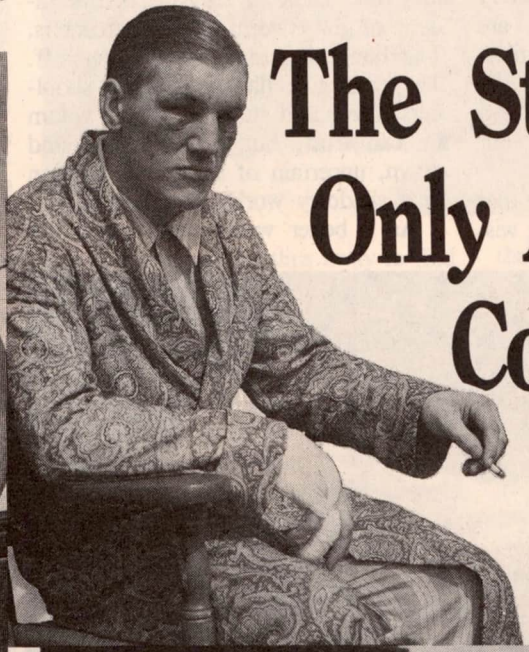
This much I have learned, however. It takes courage to be a pug. It demands the courage of a meaner kind, uncommonly developed, making a man not caring for an ordinary life stand upon his feet to earn with his fists the prize money subscribed by those with no courage of their own. If a pug is a coward he suffers more than a beating. He is scoffed and sneered at and the whispers of "He's got a yellow streak in him" soon shout in his ear.

Most of the men and women who sit around the ring seem to think of the pug's courage only when they see it ebbing. Then they jeer. They care for nothing but The Punch, The Slam, The Blood, and the Fierceness of The Fight. For the countless thousands who mutter, "I'd get in the ring if they paid



Farr prepares for his August 1937 title try against heavyweight king Joe Louis. Looking on is manager Ted Broadrib.

The Story Only A Fighter Could Tell



It's a heavyweight convention in Farr's Long Branch, New Jersey, training camp. Offering advice, from left: Max Baer, Jim Braddock, Farr, and Harry Wills.

me 10,000 pounds," there are only a few who ever have the courage to do so. Then the sitters-out make sport of them.

Sometimes it happens that the roar of the crowd brings admiration and hero-worship, stirring a whole nation. These are hollow tributes, floating away like bubbles when the conqueror becomes the vanquished.

Today's champion is tomorrow's has-been. The tide of the ring washes in and it washes up. The flotsam and jetsam are all that is left of brave, desperate youths who sail this stormy sea of sport. Did I say sport? Professional boxing is a business, as are so many of the big-time sports. It is a long gamble for the boxer and a meager money-maker for all but a few of the men who promote it.

The millions of pounds that, every year and throughout the world, are paid at the box office, seem to vanish. The ring mysteriously squanders the fortunes it gathers in. It is like a bog. Some men grow corn upon it, but many sink beneath.

The pug knows all this, and that knowledge brings him a pride and wisdom all of its own. It dawns upon him in those hours of exquisite fitness of the body and self-discipline of the mind that the ring requires. And in those moments he knows, and is entitled to say, that he is more than a pug. He is a man. His skill and strength, his own driving purpose and zest to win, are his contributions to success.

Opposed to him is The Other Man, thinking, hoping, and fearing the same. That is the moment, too, when courage takes the place of dread and when self-control abates the wildest instincts.

There must be fighting and hurting, but it must be fair and according to rules. That is the only conscience in the sport of boxing, but it is enough.

The contest over, the pug steps down. As he goes, there jostles around him the "Didn't I tell you?" camaraderie of go-betweens and 25 percenters. The hangers-on and the brushers-off. They dart like flies around his shoulders. Here and there are those whom he can trust, but they bob up and down, uncertain of their own position in a shadowy world of suspicion.

As a boxer wearily and cautiously stretches aching limbs upon the dressing room table, the air is saturated with smoke and smell and the small-talk of little men. Cramp lurks in muscles that have done their task. Bandage and tape are plucked away, releasing, suddenly and painfully, hands swollen by imprisoned endeavor.

A turn of the head to catch some smart-aleck judgment like "Why in Pete's name did you not use that right?" brings back the swirl of hurt from near-forgotten blows. The dry tongue runs over the rough ridges of a cut inside the tender mouth, magnifying it a hundred times. There is a sadistic yearning to see in a mirror that bruise on the temple that throbs and throbs.

The figures around him blur and distort. At first slowly, then with a rush, comes detailed memory of the fight. There was that punch in the third round that sank wrist-deep into his middle and drenched him with fear. Perhaps it was trivial after all, for the crisis had passed and the fight went on.

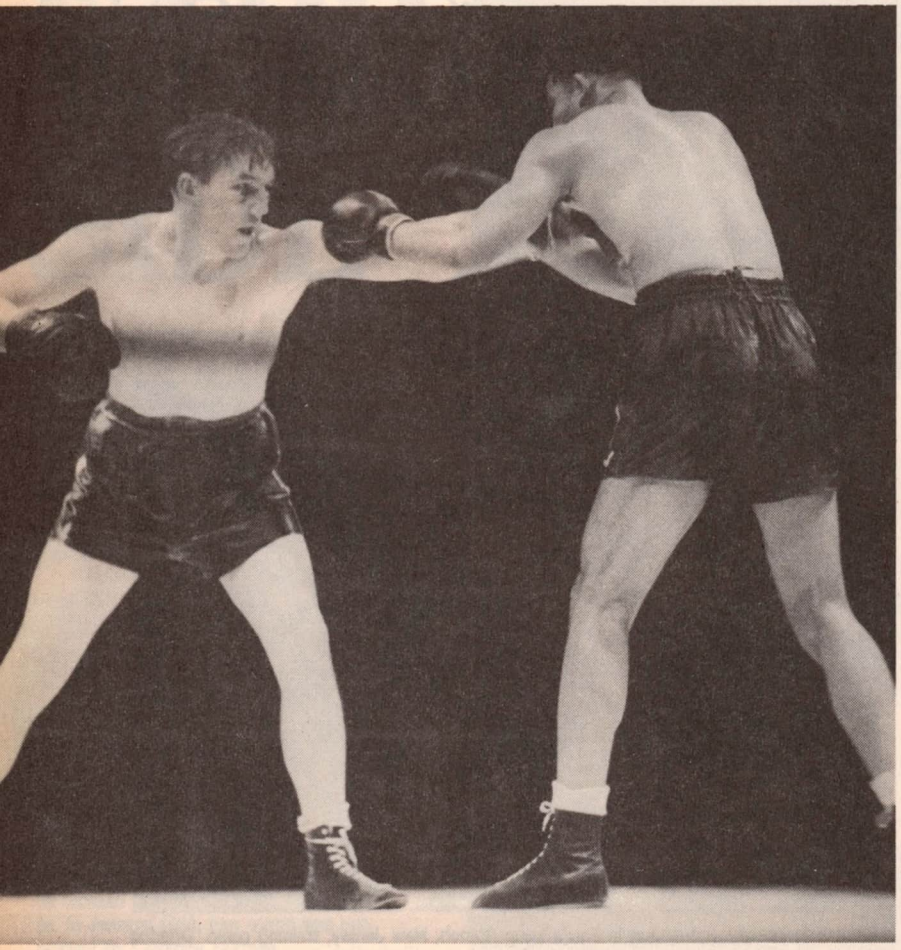
The punch became a commonplace occurrence, but this must have been only because he was winning. He could remember, now, the look of helplessness, the fear of not wanting to be afraid, which crept over the face of his opponent. Soon the fight became one of feet as well as fists. So they were right. Skill and quick thinking, too, played their part.

But how those men talked. Why didn't they shut up and go away? Anyone would have thought that *they* had been doing all the fighting . . . "I've never seen a better left hand" . . . "He must have gone crazy to have swapped punches" . . . "Who's he going to take next?" . . . "Did you see his kid wife at the ringside? I thought she was going to pass out" . . . "Those rights to the heart must have half-killed him" . . . "Boy, were you slick to stop that gash under his eye" . . . "He'll murder that so-and-so next show, if he fights like he did tonight."

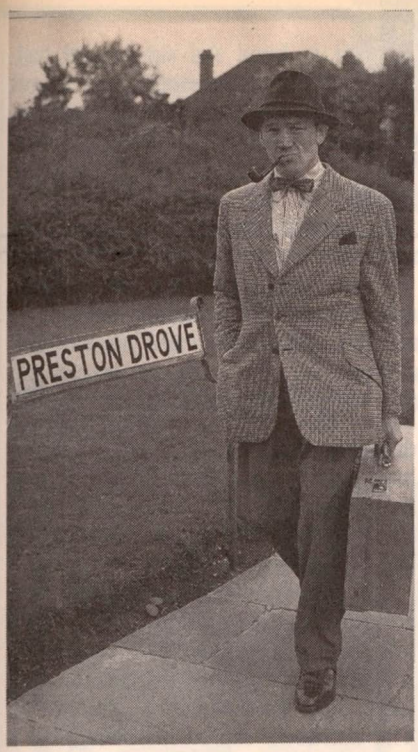
The chorus of know-alls dins out of tune, but then a hand is slapped on his shoulder. His eyelids are raised, and a finger that feels like a sword traces the outline of a jagged cut beneath his eye. A man looks at him quizzically, then charitably says, "He'll be as right as rain after a good night's sleep. Well done."

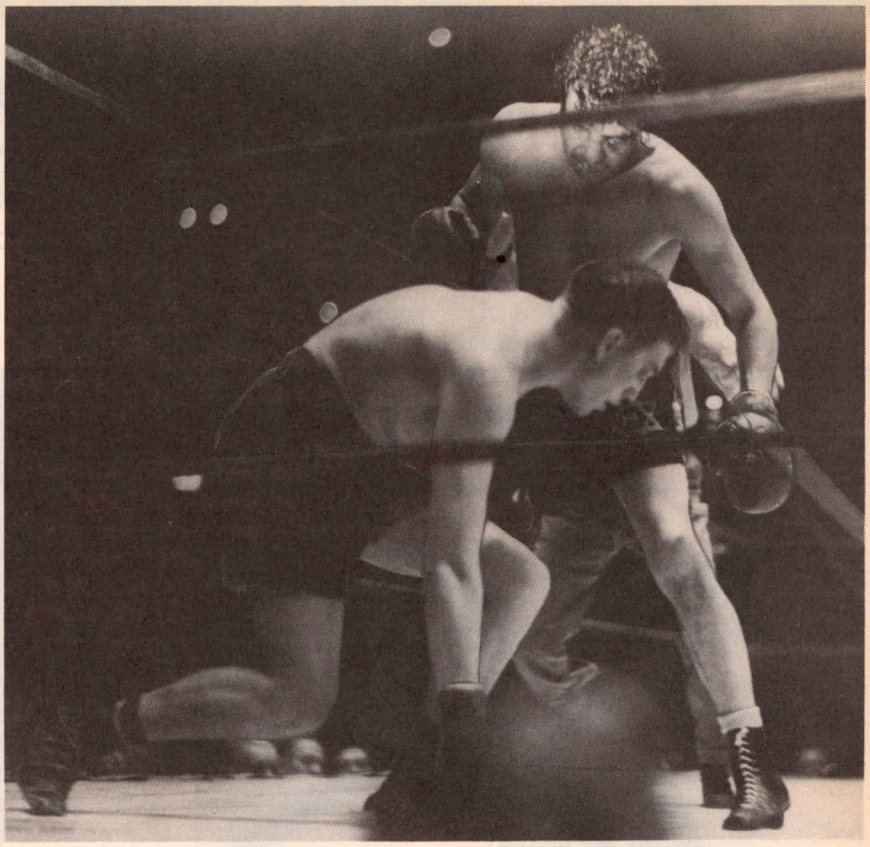
It was the doctor. He had gone, leaving behind his reassurance.

So everything was all right. Why



One of the most courageous performances in heavyweight history was given by Farr during his challenge of Joe Louis. Farr went the distance; Louis kayoed his next seven title-fight foes.





At age 36, a dapper Farr starts on the comeback trail (above). Baer stands over Farr during their 15-round clash in March 1938 (right). Baer won a close and controversial decision.

not? It was only a fight, and it has lasted barely an hour. Go home to sleep. Yes, that's it . . . Sleep and sleep and sleep.

So the boxer plunges on, taking a kindness and a friend wherever he can find them. In the end, after years of this giddy round, and when his usefulness is consumed, he slips away to find peace and quiet. He may be richer or poorer. It is all the same. He has only what he has been able to take and keep away from the others. He retires with his memories and scars.

Perhaps popularity still comforts him in its lap. Perhaps the forgetful throng blessedly deserts him when he no longer wants them nor they he. Yet the itch to fight tantalizes him.

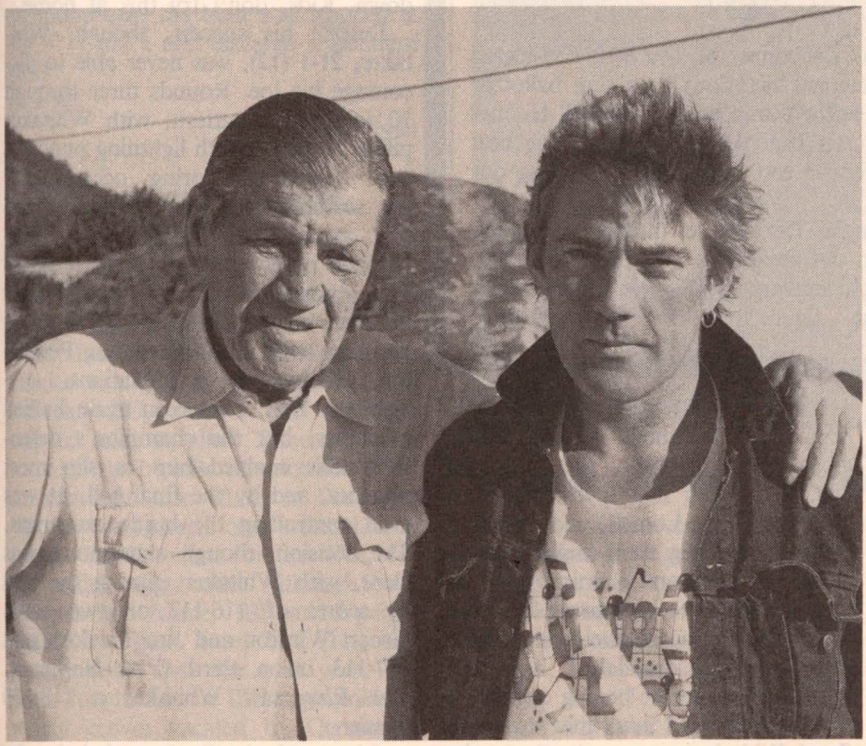
Every fighter he sees challenges his conceit. He could still lick them all, he thinks, and his boasting overcomes his discretion. He must return to the ring. This time, however, it will be different. He is experienced now. He knows the game inside and out. He won't be kidded by anything, except, poor sap, the illusion of age.

He goes only to be swept off his feet by the tyranny he thought he could defy. Those who cheered his decision now shake their heads. The friends are fewer and the enemies multiplied.

The pug, knowing he is beaten at last, goes home to stay.

All this I have had happen to me. Now, as I write, I am 40-ish and ox-shouldered, with a big-headed top to a six-foot frame. I am narrowly but clearly eyed, with a man-made ugliness of nose and ear. I am soft of voice, but still hard of fist. For one glorious hour of triumph, but not of victory, fame lifted me upon the shoulders of men.

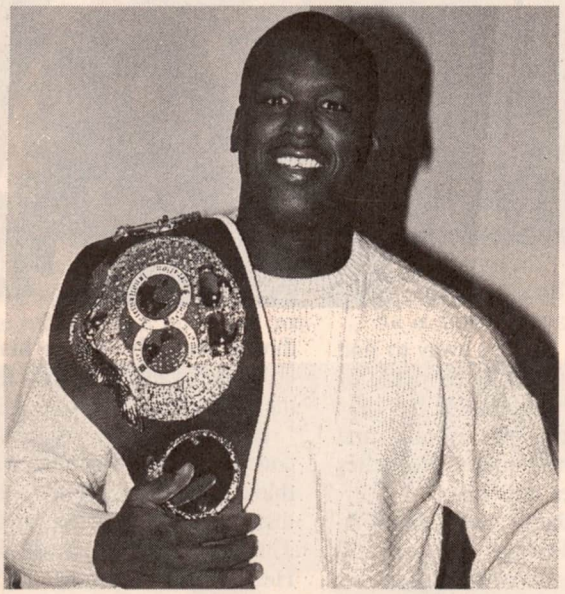
To those who have you believe that boxing is the "Devil's Isle of all entertainment," I'd say that I am delighted that I was once an inmate of that island. Furthermore, I'd have you know that I enjoyed every second of my boxing life. □



Tommy Farr with son Gary. A book of Farr's essays, edited by his son, is scheduled to be released this month in England. Farr, who became a sportswriter after retiring from the ring, died in February 1987.

RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH: Buster Douglas



You think the voting was close? You think the editors of *The Ring* considered the month's major winners, and Douglas emerged victorious by a slim ballot or two? Hell, it was a pretty good month for Hector Camacho, and Lindell Holmes and Sung Kil Moon, too. But somehow Buster beat them all. In fact, he beat them easily. Here's hoping that we don't receive too much mail protesting our choice.

You can read about Buster, and the Douglas-Tyson upset (note it's Douglas-Tyson, and not Tyson-Douglas) elsewhere in this issue. For this space, suffice to say that the Fighter of the Month just might end up the Fighter of the Year.

And the voting for *that* distinction doesn't figure to be very close, either.

PERNELL WHITAKER-FRED PENDLETON

ATLANTIC CITY—As Mike Tyson getting his socks knocked *on* by Buster Douglas proved, a fighter shouldn't be labeled "the best in boxing" until, well, at least until he fights someone who hits back. While Whitaker no doubt feels that a grueling shootout with the hard-hitting Pendleton was the last thing he needed to kick off 1990, the truth is, it might have been exactly what his *reputation* needed.

It's about time, after all, that *somebody* tried to knock "Sweet Pea's" giblets off. In 1989, the WBC-IBF lightweight king had toyed with Greg Haugen, Louie Lomeli, and Jose Luis Ramirez, winning every single round of action. Haugen and Ramirez were too intimidated to even throw punches, and when the aggressive Lomeli fired, he was quickly dispatched.

But just when the boxing cognoscenti were starting to think that the quick-fisted Whitaker was so dominant that *no* 135-pounder could seriously challenge him, along came Pendleton, dragging his 24-16-3 career mark behind him like a ball and chain. It may have been the most misleading record since the Minnesota Twins won the World Series after going 85-77.

The southpaw Whitaker, 134, started quickly, establishing a crisp right jab in the opening moments. But before the first round was over, the challenger had wrestled him to the canvas. The takedown scored no points, but it let Whitaker know that Pendleton, 135, hadn't come to Atlantic City just to sample the saltwater taffy and play a little blackjack.

Pendleton scored with a sizzling right—his best weapon—in the second, but Whitaker controlled the action with more sharp jabs and several chopping lefts. Pendleton was in constant pursuit, but Whitaker escaped damage continually, slipping several punches while moving backward with his hands down. Kids, don't try this at home.

Despite his success, though, Whitaker, 21-1 (12), was never able to discourage his foe. Rounds three through 10 followed a pattern, with Whitaker piling up points with lightning punches, and Pendleton scoring occasionally, but searching for the one right hand that could erase 16 losses in an eyeblink. It nearly came at the start of the 11th, when Whitaker's knees were buckled, but within seconds, Sweet Pea had recovered and was rattling Pendleton with his own combinations.

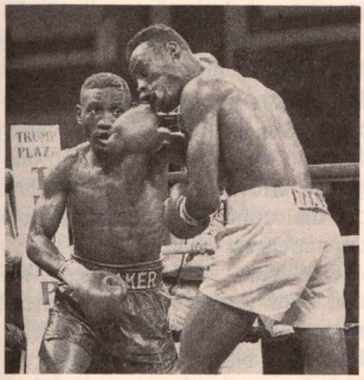
In the 12th, Pendleton again bullied Whitaker, but the champion's defensive skills enabled him to slip most punches, and by the final bell, he was even controlling the inside exchanges. The decision, though unanimous, was close, with Whitaker earning the nod by scores of 116-112 on two cards (Stuart Winston and Jim Traylor), and 117-113 on a third (Phil Newman). *The Ring* saw Whitaker a 118-110 winner.

Afterward, the Pea revealed that he

had injured his left hand in the fifth round, but conceded, "He's a tough cookie. He connected with some right hands, I caught maybe four or five of 'em."

Pendleton called for a rematch, promising a different strategy next time. "I would buy some tacks and hammer his feet down," he said.

On the undercard, Chicago light heavyweight Mark Randazzo, 176, ran his record to 5-0-1 (4) by stopping Odessa, Texas' David Bates, 9-9-1, at 2:22 of the fifth round.



Whitaker unloads

World-rated Australian super middleweight Rod Carr, 11-1-2, made a disappointing American debut against Atlantic City's Ralph Ward, 14-2-1. After Carr, 164, suffered a cut forehead from an accidental clash of heads in round one, the bout was stopped at the 1:11 mark and declared a technical draw.
(2-3-90)

Jeff Ryan

LINDELL HOLMES-FRANK TATE

NEW ORLEANS—After being a number-one rated middleweight and super middleweight for more than a year, Lindell Holmes finally got a chance to fight for a world title. In February '89, Holmes, 168, willingly stepped aside to allow Roberto Duran to challenge Iran Barkley for the WBC middleweight title. Then, in December '89, he was passed over when Duran fought Ray Leonard for the WBC super middleweight title. Although both Holmes and former IBF middeweight champion Frank Tate, 24-2 (13), had been inactive over the past year, this bout, fought for the IBF super middleweight crown vacated by Germany's Graciano Rocchigiani, was considered a good matchup. Both fighters were perennial contenders, and they knew each other well, having sparred together while training at the Kronk gym in the mid-'80s.

Holmes, 40-5-1 (35), was able to dominate the early rounds by sticking to a very basic game plan: work the jab and apply pressure, and aim for the body and head with his strong right hand. Surprisingly, he outjabbed Tate, who enjoyed a four-inch reach advantage. Tate, 166, never gave the impression that he was fighting for a world title; he continually backed away, even while throwing punches.

Holmes, a 3-1 underdog, picked up the pace and won rounds four through eight by bodypunching and mixing in left hooks with his right. Although Tate showed no serious effect from Holmes' punches, he did little fighting of his own.

Holmes rested in the 10th, and Tate surprisingly took advantage, landing some good left-rights to the head. Having gained some confidence, Tate started to land combinations early in the 11th, but his lack of aggression diminished the potency of the punches. Holmes answered by scoring with his best punch of the fight, an overhand right to the chin. He also continued to outjab his opponent.

Holmes stuck to his game plan during the 12th, pounding Tate's body with his right and outjabbing the jabber. As the bell sounded ending the 12th, both fighters raised their hands—Tate must have been starting his warmdown after his 12-round road workout.

Judge Frank Garza scored 116-112, Holmes; Peter Giarrusso scored 119-112, Holmes; Ronnie Ralston scored 114-114. The majority decision—and the title—went to the underdog. *The Ring* scored 118-112, Holmes.

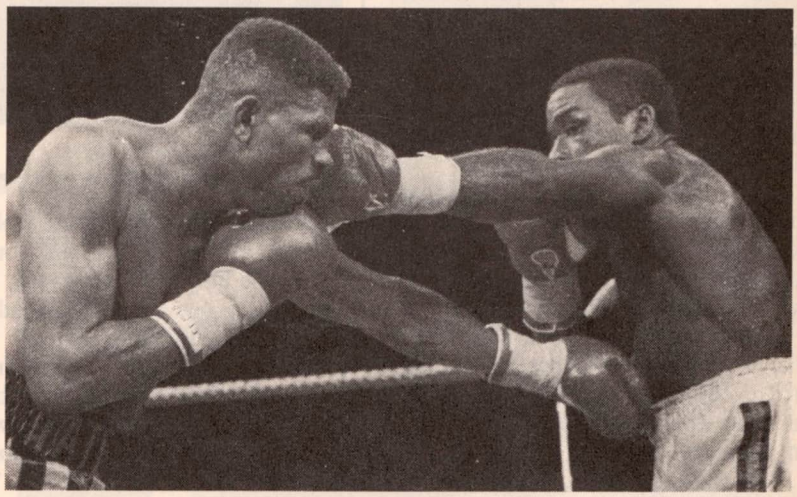
On the undercard, Paul Whittaker TKO'd Nicky Walker at 1:52 of the ninth round to retain the NABF super middleweight crown. Whittaker opened a cut over Walker's eye in the fourth, causing bleeding that could not be controlled. Although there was frequent toe-to-toe action, Whittaker totally dominated the fight.

Les Boulware, 7-0, kayoed Wayne Corbett in the fourth round of their middleweight fight.

Rusty Dereon, 15-0, knocked out William Fork in one round.

Hot lightweight prospect Chad Broussard, 11-0, Lafayette, stopped Antonio Carter in the fifth round.

Middleweight Thomas Tate, Frank Tate's younger brother, scored a second-round knockout over Randy Williams.



Holmes consistently outjabbed Tate

By this point, even Tate's corner knew the former Olympic gold medalist needed a knockout to win. But to the bewilderment of ringsiders, Tate ignored the exortations of trainer Jesse Reid and, over the last two rounds, continued his ill-concieved tactic of jabbing lightly and landing ineffective combinations.

Robert Giepert, Terrytown, 9-1, earned a unanimous decision over Gerald Francis.
(1-27-90)

MIKE McCALLUM-STEVE COLLINS

BOSTON—In the end, lionhearted determintion was not enough to win

the middleweight title. Mike McCallum's superior skill, experience, and guile enabled him to defend the championship with a 12-round unanimous decision over Steve Collins, before a roaring, sellout crowd of 3,700 Collins fans at the Hynes Convention Center.

Collins, 160, Brockton, came into the match with a 16-0 record and a buzzsaw style that seemed at odds with his meager knockout rate (six kayos). When a broken nose sidelined British contender Michael Watson in November, the Dublin-born Collins eagerly accepted the shot at McCallum's belt.

McCallum, 159, Bronx, New York, entered his first middleweight defense at 36-1 (32). McCallum, 33, was installed as a 7-2 favorite before the fight, in spite of Collins' USBA crown and number-five world ranking. The champion's huge advantage in world-class competition ultimately proved to be a decisive factor, but Collins' tenacity won him scores of new fans, some of them in McCallum's corner.

Predictably, pandemonium greeted Collins' entrance amid a parade of Irish flags and U2's "With Or Without You" as a soundtrack. McCallum's lonely Jamaican flag and Bob Marley theme music, prompted boos and good-natured jeers.

Collins' camp hoped to duplicate Sumbu Kalambay's hit-and-run tactics, which had produced McCallum's sole defeat.

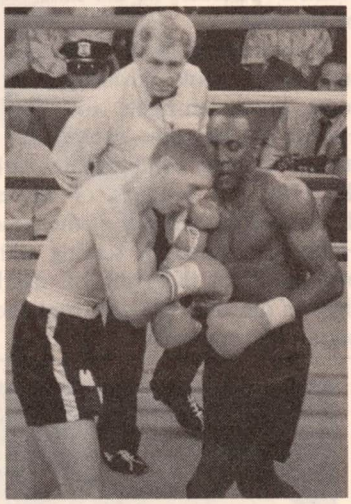
"We've watched that Kalambay tape so many times we're going blind," manager Pat Petronelli confided a couple days before the bout.

But Collins was never the stylist that strategy demanded. Despite his lack of power, his success has come from unceasing aggression and an ability to outmuscle his foes inside.

Collins seemed a bundle of nervous energy in the first round. He moved around the ring quickly, but he didn't get close enough to McCallum to land any punches..

The challenger settled down a bit in the second round and even slipped inside to land a left hook, but McCallum replied with a trio of his own left hooks. McCallum's counterpunches stung Collins throughout, but a late leaping left hook connected with the champion's head. Collins seemed to be finding his groove in the third, when his blows landed as he rushed in, and his wrestling smothered McCallum in tight. During these early rounds, Collins strode straight in on McCallum, landing with some effectiveness, but also playing into the veteran's counterpunching strength. Collins' left eye began dripping blood in the fourth, and McCallum tried to turn the bout into a slugfest in the fifth. Collins retreated behind a left jab, and managed to wrestle well enough to survive the onslaught. The champion appeared to be huffing and puffing at the bell.

About this time, the Collins corner decided that outboxing McCallum was not going to work, and sent him out to rough up the champion. McCallum at this point had not lost a round on the official cards, although *The Ring* card showed Collins stealing the third. But as Collins shifted tactics for an all-out assault, McCallum's corner also changed direction.



Collins charges inside

"Some rounds it looked like Collins might go, and Mike went all out," trainer Eddie Futch said afterward, "so I'd send him out the next round to box if he looked a little weary."

Collins backed up McCallum from the opening bell in the sixth, manhandling the vaunted champion, showing no respect whatsoever, and landing a startling number of left hooks. The pursuit continued in the seventh, with McCallum's jab a paltry defense, and the Collins pressure constant. In the eighth, McCallum began standing and fighting back occasionally, but Collins' confidence was sky-high, and he pummeled the champion at every opportunity, even in clinches. By this time, the Hynes Auditorium was an emotional cauldron, as a monumental upset seemed to be materializing.

But Collins hit the wall in the ninth, and McCallum calmly resumed command. The spark was gone from Collins' attack, and for the first time all afternoon, the champion was chasing him. Visibly tired, Collins fought back more effectively in the 10th frame, but the pace of the bout had exhausted both fighters, and the action became sloppy. Collins doggedly resumed his attacking posture in the 11th, but McCallum was picking him apart with counters. Late in the round, blood splashed along the side of McCallum's head, evidence of a long gash beneath his right eyebrow.

Certain their man was well in front, McCallum's braintrust of Futch and Hedgemon Lewis told him to stay out of trouble in the final round and protect the cut. Collins gave it one last gallant effort, charging ahead throughout the round and raining left hooks at the retreating champion.

Canadian judge Charles Williams and New Jersey's Lynne Carter both scored 117-111 for McCallum, with Panama's Nick Drake seeing it at 118-110. Later on, the press noted apparent mistakes in the cards of Williams and Drake. They had scored the first round, and in Williams' case, the second round as well, as even, while adding them as McCallum rounds. The WBA denied any actual errors, and the adjusted scores would have still been 118-111 (Drake) and 117-113 (Williams). *The Ring* scorecard was 116-114 for McCallum.

While TV people swarmed McCallum in the dressing room, Futch stood to one side, mopping his brow.

"I knew Mike would be able to outbox Collins," he said, sighing, "but what we hadn't expected was this guy's toughness. He stood up to some shots to the body and head that 32 other guys were not able to withstand. This kid was definitely up to the rigors of the game."

"I thought the scoring was correct," Futch added, "but it didn't reflect the quality of this fight. Steve Collins' game plan was to box Mike, but when he tired a bit he couldn't do it consistently, and Mike was able to go in and unload."

"In a 15-round fight we would be raising the hand of a new champion," said Collins' trainer, Goody Petronelli. "McCallum spent himself totally, and he's the best champion out there."

"I learned a few things today," Col-

lins admitted. "My heart, my spirit's not broken. The crowd was terrific today, and I'm sorry if I let some people down, but I don't think I did. Don't give up on me—I'm only 25—I'll be back."

McCallum earned $300,000, while Collins took home $75,000. Promoter Bob Arum was so pleased with the event that he promised future Collins bouts would be brought back to the Hynes. More than anything else, McCallum-Collins proved that Boston could once again be a profitable and hospitable site for big fights.

A lengthy undercard was topped by a regional matchup pitting New England lightweight titlist Dave Rivello, 138, Attleboro, against Lowell's hard-punching Micky Ward, 138. On paper it was a good match, but in reality, Ward is a full-fledged junior welterweight who starved to make the agreed-upon 138-limit, and his experience has come against much better caliber fighters than young Rivello's.

The eventual split decision was a joke—the only split in the press section was whether or not it was a whitewash. Judges Bob McCoy (98-94) and Don O'Neil (99-92) had wide margins for Ward, but referee Dick Flaherty came up with a 96-95 Rivello tally. *The Ring* card scored for Ward, 100-92.

"If they'd given him the decision, I'd have dropped my robe and trunks right there and said 'forget it,' " Ward said later. "He hit me with some quick punches, but they were amateur punches. But he's the gamest kid I ever fought."

Rivello fell to 14-2, while Ward improved to 21-3, and swore to never again fight below 140 pounds.

A six-round opener ended quickly, as New England featherweight champion Mike Cappiello, 128, West Bridgewater, overwhelmed Felix "The Cat" Cortez, 130, Hartford, Connecticut, stopping him at 2:55 of round one. Cappiello improved to 11-1 (5).

Brian Powers, 150, Holbrook, dominated all four rounds to win an easy decision over Jose Torres, 154, Hartford.

A pair of walkout four-rounders completed the card. Jose Arias, 142½, Providence, won by unanimous decision over Jose DeJesus, 140, San Juan.

A heavyweight clash saw Tim Tsopanides, 203, Norwalk, Connecticut, go to 5-1-1 by stopping Montreal's Daniel DesRochers, 186, in the second round.

Bernie Soto of Miami refereed the title bout, with Dick Flaherty and Gerry Leone handling the other matches. Tom Higgins was official timekeeper. Top Rank promoted the card in association with Boston's Goodwin A.C., headed by Al Valenti. The sellout crowd of 3,700 produced a gate of $125,000.
(2-3-90)

Jay N. Miller

JORGE PAEZ-TROY DORSEY

LAS VEGAS—There may come a time when Jorge Paez reflects about Las Vegas as his lucky city. If he doesn't, the 24-year-old national hero from Mexicali, Mexico, is an ingrate.

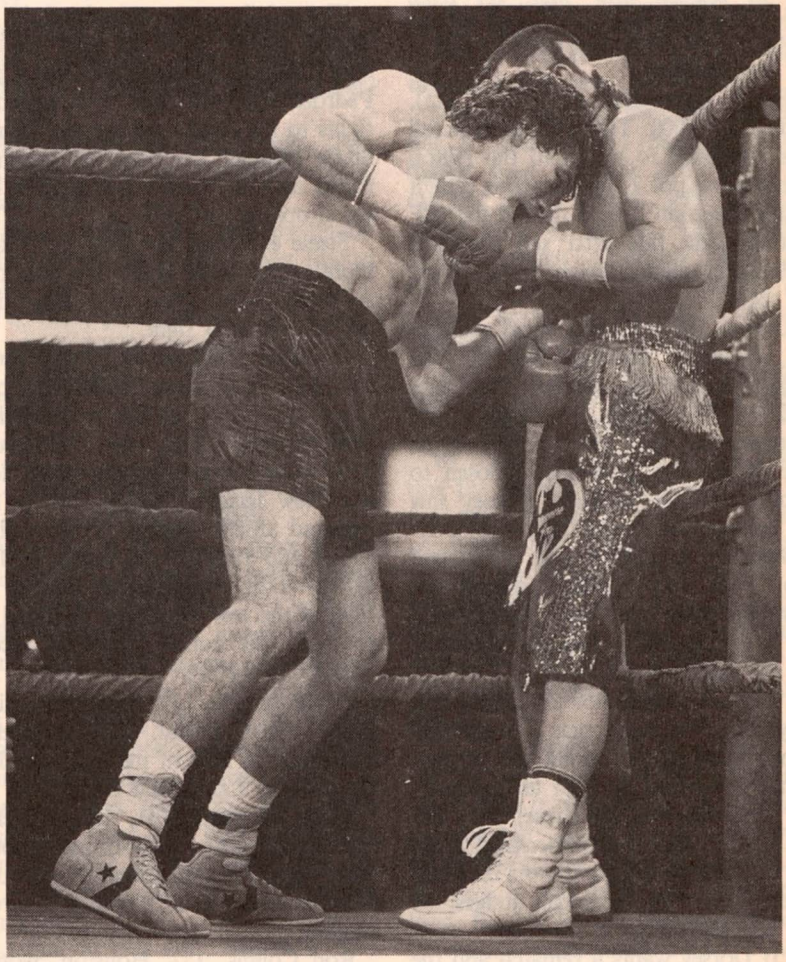
Paez is still the IBF featherweight champion, but if he deserved the 12-round split decision over Troy Dorsey at the Las Vegas Hilton, Pancho Villa will rise from the dead.

Admittedly, Paez struggled on fight eve to shed 2½ pounds to reach the division's 126-pound limit. A week before his Vegas debut, in fact, Paez announced he would seek the comfort of the junior lightweight class next time out. The champion was also slowed by diarrhea two days before fight day.

It was definitely a weakened Paez making his sixth title defense, and he offered only token break-dancing before the fight and no backflips or moonwalks.

The unsung Dorsey, Dallas, was a pressuring buzzsaw from the opening bell right down to the final 60 seconds, when Paez and his tormentor traded punches with furious abandon in hand-to-hand combat along the ropes. A bipartisan assembly of 4,260 began to rise with roaring approval.

Dorsey, the IBF's sixth-rated challenger, followed a game plan where he'd rush out at the bell to punch or shoulder Paez into a corner, which was



Dorsey digs to Paez' body

the dominant territory for most of the action. Paez used a crab-like defense with his arms to block some of the shots, but Dorsey was still able to connect consistently with combinations to the body.

Midway through the second round, Paez briefly looked like a 4-1 favorite when he decked Dorsey with a hard left-right-left. The aggressive Texan was more startled than hurt and was up so quickly that referee Carlos Padilla hardly had time to start a count. It might have been the champion's best round of the fight.

Despite the second-round knockdown, Dorsey made the fight by keeping Paez pinned in corners and whacking him with hooks to the body and sometimes going upstairs with overhand rights. Dorsey couldn't match Paez' power, but his unchecked flurries did score points.

In the official voting, judges Juan Jose Ramirez, Mexico, and Robert Byrd, Los Angeles, both saw it 114-113 for Paez, while Dave Moretti, Las Vegas, more accurately wrote 115-113 for Dorsey. *The Ring* also scored 115-113 for the challenger.

Paez, improving to 34-2-2 (25), earned $100,000. The madcap Mexicali was scheduled to return to the Hilton Center on April 7, but at prerss time it is still uncertain if he'd defend the IBF featherweight title after the problems endured in making weight for the Dorsey fight.

Dorsey, 27, a former world champion kickboxer, collected $45,000, the largest purse of his career. If Paez does abdicate the crown, manager Dave Gorman's protege seems certain to be one of the two contenders chosen to fight to fill the vacancy. Dorsey saw his record begrudingly dip to 11-3-1.

Wearing sunglasses and a baseball cap, Paez was subdued during the postfight press conference, hardly acting like a champion who was confident he still had the title.

"I'm not accustomed to fighting this way, but I've been sick a week and didn't want to disappoint the promotion," Paez said through an interpreter. "Diarrhea was the cause, but I did my best. I hope you understand I did my best and they gave me the decision. There were two American judges, so it's not my fault.

"If Dorsey wants a rematch and the money is right, he can have it, but this was my last fight at 126. I want [IBF junior lightweight champion] John-John Molina. If I don't win the junior lightweight title this year, I'm going back to the circus."

Dorsey, puffy under the eyes but otherwise unmarked, admitted he was "stunned on the knockdown, but I got up and we went right back at it. I figure I outpunched Paez four to one. And I know I hurt him in the ninth and 12th rounds with left hooks to the body. I'm really disappointed with the decision because I was all-out on offense every round. I don't know what you have to do to win a fight in Las Vegas."

On the undercard, Engels Pedroza, 147, Las Vegas, had too much accurate artillery for Darryl Lattimore, 145, Suitlend, Maryland, hammering out a TKO at 1:10 of the second round in a scheduled 12-rounder.

Pedroza, 23, immediately established his mean intentions in the opening round. The contender, 27-2 (26), never let Lattimore get set, moving him about the ring with booming combinations to the head and body.

The mission was completed in the second round, when a salvo of left-rights drove Lattimore into the ropes. Pedroza followed with two smashing rights to the head, and referee Richard Steele stopped the bout as Lattimore reeled into the ropes. Lattimore's ledger drops to 14-2 (7).

Steele explained his decision: "Lattimore's eyes were gone. He was out. Anybody who grabs me that tight doesn't want to fight."

In another 12-rounder, Reggie Johnson, 160, Long Beach, California, captured the vacant USBA middleweight championship with an 11th-round TKO over Ismael Negron, 158, Newark, New Jersey. Johnson, 22-1-1 (15), knocked down Negron in the ninth round and finished the action at 1:03 of the 11th, when Steele halted the fight as the new champion pounded his foe into the ropes. Negron's record falls to 15-6-1 (9).

David Sample, 135, Las Vegas, eliminated Byron Medal, 135, Pasadena, California, at 2:52 of the first round in a scheduled four-round bout.

Vince Durham, 161, Los Angeles, recovered from a first-round knockdown to score a unanimous six-round decision over Abel Asinamaldi, 164, Atlanta.

Ron Collins, 157, Houston, won a unanimous six-round verdict over Juan Villa, 157, Los Angeles.

David Dixon, 220, Las Vegas, chilled Norman Eason, 220, San Diego, at 2:25 of the second round in a slated four-rounder.

Jack Welsh

RAUL PEREZ-GABY CANIZALES

INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA—Raul Perez had no trouble in defending the WBC bantamweight title for the fourth time, decisioning former champion Gaby Canizalez at the Great Western Forum. As usual, the 22-year-old champion enjoyed tremendous height (5½ inches) and reach (10 inches) advantages, and he used them to control the pace and tempo of the fight throughout the 12-round bout.

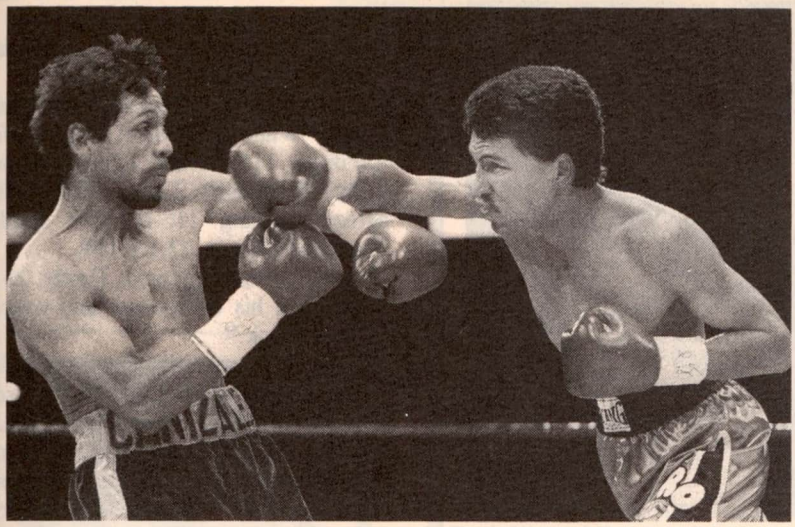
The scoring was 119-109, 116-112, and 117-109. Perez improved to 45-1 (28), while Canizales dropped to 44-7 (36).

Perez experienced major problems in passing California's controversial neurological examination, which is supposed to test the well-being of fighters ready to wage war *(see "Round One" on page 10)*. Since Perez, a third-grade dropout, is unable to read and write and comes from abject poverty, it must have come as a great relief to the Forum when the champion finally mustered up enough points three hours before fight time to finally pass the test after failing twice.

Perez, 117½, passed his ring test with ease. Canizales, with the all-powerful Kronk team in his corner, came out looking sharp and ready, and took the first two rounds against the towering champion. Perez kept Canizales at bay with his left jab, and by the fourth he began peppering him with left and right hooks. A powerful right from Perez in the sixth slowed Canizales for a moment, and the champion followed up in the seventh with more big right hooks.

By the ninth, Perez was looking to end the fight, and he continued to punish Canizales, 116¼, with short, chopping left and right hands that kept piling up points. By this time, Kronk wizard Emanuel Steward realized all was lost and told his bantamweight to come out banging with overhand rights. Canizales responded, momentarily waking the crowd, but the champion retaliated quickly with solid and accurate combinations.

Referee Vince Delgado had to separate the fighters in the 11th, after a nasty-looking clash of heads, but con-



Perez tees off on Gaby

sidering how clean the fight was, it must have been the referee's easiest bout in years. The closing round was the best of the fight, with both bantamweights banging away. The crowd responded favorably through the final seconds.

Off this showing, "Jibaro" Perez (Jibaro means "the skinny one") might be a world champion for some time. He is just too tall and awkward to hit cleanly. For the Mexican, a rise in weight to super bantamweight is the logical move. A clash with WBC 122-pound titlist Daniel Zaragoza would be a crowd-pleasing fight that the Forum would love to stage.

In the main supporting bout, the first in the Forum's new $225,000 junior middleweight tournament, Tomas Perez and Armando Rodriguez fought to a 10- round majority draw . . . well, almost. The judges had it 95-94 Perez, 94-94, and 95-95. However, about an hour after the fight, in yet another embarrassing situation for the commission, it was discovered that Rudy Jordan had actually scored 95-94 for Perez, and not 95-95, as announced. The bottom line was that Perez advanced in the tournament, while Rodriguez, hailing from Caracas, Venezuela, left disappointed.

Rodriguez floored Perez with a left-right combination in the fourth, and was generally the busier fighter throughout the all-action fight. Perez even lost a point for a clash of heads, and in the crowd's opinion, as well as *The Ring's,* the result was a travesty. Perez, 153, Santa Ana, improved to 22-4 (14), while the unfortunate Rodriguez dropped to 18-1-1 (15).

In a 10-round flyweight bout, Isais Zamudio, 112¾, scored a unanimous decision over Jose Luis Herrera, 111½.

At light heavyweight, the Kronk's Frank Liles, 173, won a unanimous six-round decision over Martin Amarilla, 172½.

At welterweight, Joe Varella, 146, and Celio Olivar, 147, fought to a five-round draw.

Jaime Castillo, 133, won by unanimous four-round decision over Miguel Reyes, 136.

The card, promoted by Forum Boxing, drew 5,979. Antonio Curtis was the matchmaker.
(1-22-90)

Michael Hepworth

JOHN-JOHN MOLINA-LUPE SUAREZ

ATLANTIC CITY—If there is one thing that has made John-John Molina the champion he is today, it's been his abillty to avenge past losses. Case in point: Two years ago he was knocked out by Lupe Suarez in nine rounds. It was the first kayo loss of his professional and amateur careers. But he came back to kayo Suarez at 2:43 of round six and retain the IBF junior lightweight title. And how had Suarez won the title? By stopping Tony Lopez, who had also previously beaten him.

Molina is 21-2 (15); Suarez is 28-3 (23).

"I owe it to Pernell Whitaker," Molina would later say about his dominating performance. "He's one of the very best southpaws in the world, and he taught me a few tricks while I was training for this fight. So fighting a southpaw wasn't that difficult."

"I just couldn't get going," said Suarez, who was ranked third by the IBF and WBC, and 10th by the WBA. "John-John did everything he wanted to do to me. I just couldn't counter."

Molina, 130, had indeed worked Suarez over. He closed out the first round by doubling and even tripling up on right hands. A final hard right to the face sent the southpaw Suarez, 130, tottering on the ropes, and down he went. The challenger took an eight-count from referee Steve Smoger, and then took another one moments later from a right to the face. Suarez was never the same after that disastrous first round.

Suarez was a rusty fighter, not having fought in six months. He claimed that fights his manager Angelo Dundee had tried to make in recent months had fallen through. As a result, he entered his fight with Molina having fought only 13 rounds during the preceding 18 months. But when a boxer is offered a title shot, he takes it.

Molina, making his first defense, was a stronger and more confident fighter than in their last fight. He snapped back Suarez' head to open round two. A minute later, Molina gained another advantage when the fighters banged heads, and a cut opened below Suarez' right eyebrow. The butt was ruled unintentional.

In rounds three and four, Molina attacked the body while Suarez wiped blood from his eyes.

By round five, Suarez was only stirring the air with his punches. And the few times he tried to attack, Molina countered his punches easily. Soon Suarez' legs betrayed him, as did his coagulant when Molina landed successive left jabs to the right eye. Smoger then halted the fight momentarily so Dr. Frank Doggett could examine the injury.

"At that point," Doggett said, "the cut eye was only an inch long. But what made it so bad was that it was a slashing cut. And, as the fight wore on, it was getting longer and longer. In the end, it was more than two inches long. But we let him continue because it was a championship bout."

Molina threw lefts to the injured eye during the final round, backing Suarez to the ropes, where he overwhelmed him with lefts and rights. And when

the cut exploded in a sea of blood, referee Smoger stopped the bout at 2:43 of the round.

"I wanted to get Lupe back," Molina said, "because I know I'm a much better fighter than I was before. I'm maturing and I made some changes."

Said Duva, "Now, we want to send a message to the clown of Mexico, Jorge Paez. That's the guy we want."

In a six-round bout, Ed Hopson, 128¼, St. Louis, TKO'd Pablo Ramos, 126½, Laredo, Texas, at 2:31 of round two. Hopson is 6-0 (3); Ramos is 22-5-1 (16).

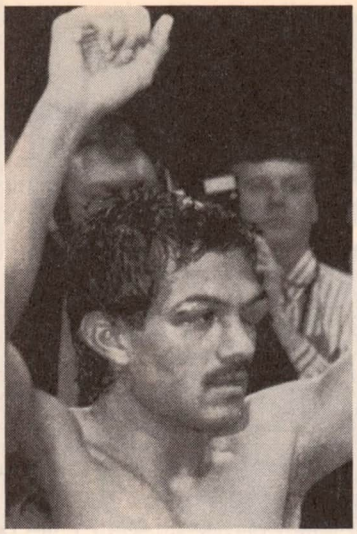
Mike Robinson, 232, Saratoga, New York, knocked out Hakan Brock, 224¼, Lund, Sweden, in 30 seconds of round one with a devastating overhand right that sent the 6'7", 230-pound hulk thudding to the canvas. The fight was scheduled for six rounds. Robinson is 6-5; Brock is 6-1 (5).

In four-round action, Ferris Christian, 161½, Bronx, New York, earned a majority decision over Calvin Prather, 157, Catskill, New York. Judges Jean Williams and Al DeVito had it 39-37 for Christian, while Richard Murry scored it a draw at 38-38.

The card, attended by approximately 600 people, was promoted by Main Events.

(1-28-90)

Joseph C. Tintle



A victorious Canizales

ORLANDO CANIZALES-BILLY HARDY

CROWTREE, ENGLAND—Despite the fact that both of Orlando Canizales' eyes were closed by the malevolent fists of challenger and local favorite Billy Hardy during round nine, the IBF bantamweight champion held on to win a split decision. It was his third defense.

After the final bell, Hardy and his cornermen walked around the ring at the Crowtree Leisure Centre as if they had won. But the judges declared a split decision that stunned the partisan crowd.

American judge Richard Murry and Italy's Walter Cavalieri scored for Canizales, 115-113 and 115-114, respectively. England's Davis Parris disagreed, scoring 116-113 for Hardy. The champion is 23-1-1 (19).

Although disappointed, Hardy, 22-5-1, retained his composure and vowed, "I'll be back."

Canizales opened round one by landing a potent right hook. Hardy regained his balance and struck back with left-right combinations. In round two, Hardy continued his combination-punching and drilled the champion with two rights and a left. He clearly won the round.

Canizales, Laredo, Texas, stepped up the pace during round three. Rights, lefts, uppercuts, and hooks all found the mark. But the blows hardly shook the lanky Hardy, who fired back with jolting jabs. Canizales won that round and the fourth as well.

Round five seemed even. The sixth, however, was more eventful. A right hook opened a gash above Hardy's left eye. The champion moved in, but Hardy greeted him with a left that cut Canizales above his right eye. Both bantamweights returned to their corners with potentially dangerous wounds.

During the seventh and eighth rounds, the fighters attacked with furious punches. Canizales gained the edge and went into round nine with renewed confidence. With both eyes badly swollen, the champion delivered a crunching shot to Hardy's ribs, and the Englishman dropped to one knee.

It was the first knockdown of Hardy's five-year career. He wisely took the eight-count, then finished out the round.

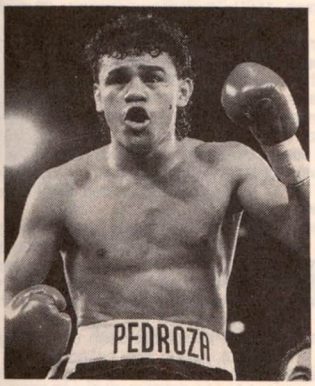
Spectators who had jammed the fight hall stood and cheered as the fighters slugged with all their remaining energy during round 12. As it turned out, the spirited effort of Hardy, a major underdog, wasn't enough.

"Although it hurts me to say it," summed up Englishman Glenn McCrory, the IBF cruiserweight champion who worked the fight as an analyst for the BBC, "I think it was the right result. Sure Billy won rounds, but not in the commanding way that Canizales did."

(1-24-90) □

John-John retains the title

WORLDWIDE RESULTS



Engels Pedroza

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Buster Douglas KO 10 Mike Tyson
(Wins World Title)
Michael Dokes KO 11 Jorge Dascola
Renaldo Snipes KO 4 Tim Adams
Ken Lakusta W 10 Eddie Gonzales
Henry Tillman KO 2 Rocky Valero
Henry Tillman W 10 Lee Daniels
Michael Greer KO 3 Mike Russell
Lennox Lewis KO 2 Noel Quarless

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Carlos DeLeon D 12 Johnny Nelson
(Retains WBC Title)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Michael Moorer KO 9 Marcellus Allen
Dennis Andries KO 7 Clarismundo Silva
Eric Nicoletta W 12 Pedro Van Raamsdonk
David Vedder W 12 Uriah Grant
Freddie Delgado KO 6 Melvin Ricks
Sakkie Horn KO 11 Howard Mpepesi
Danny Stonewalker W 12 Dave Fiddler
Andrew Maynard KO 3 Kemper Morton
Anthony Hembrick W 6 Donald Stephens

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Lindell Holmes W 12 Frank Tate
(Wins Vacant IBF Title)
In Chul Baek KO 7 Yoshiaki Tajima
(Retains WBA Title)
Antoine Byrd W Disq. 5 Paul McPeak
Rod Carr Tech. Draw 1 Ralph Ward

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Mike McCallum W 12 Steve Collins
(Retains WBA Title)
Sumbu Kalambay KO 9 Francesco Dell'Aquilla
Reggie Johnson KO 11 Ismael Negron
Tony Thornton W 10 Ralph Ward
Chris Eubank KO 2 Denys Cronin

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Art Serwano W 12 Gilbert Baptist
Elio Diaz W 10 Derrick Kelly
Gilbert Dele W 10 Lorenzo Garcia
Tomas Perez W 10 Armando Rodriguez

WELTERWEIGHTS
Buddy McGirt KO 2 Miguel Santana
Aaron Davis KO 3 Reese Smith
Yungkil Chung KO 3 Dae Hyon Yang
Engels Pedroza KO 2 Daryl Lattimore
Saoul Mamby KO 7 Robert Dixon

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Meldrick Taylor KO 1 Ramon Flores
(Non-Title Bout)
Hector Camacho W 12 Vinny Pazienza
Roger Mayweather KO 5 Joe Rivera
Louie Lomeli W 10 Courtney Hooper
Loreto Garza KO 5 Rosenberg Rosas
Terrence Alli W 10 Santos Cardona
Rodney Moore KO 5 Victorio Belcher
Harold Brazier KO 6 Lalo Velazquez
Mickey Ward W 10 David Rivello

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Pernell Whitaker W 12 Freddie Pendleton
(Retains WBC & IBF Titles)
Iwao Otomo KO 9 Thongverm Vongianyai

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
John-John Molina KO 6 Lupe Suarez
(Retains IBF Title)
Bernard Taylor KO 11 Calvin Grove
Harold Rhodes KO 2 Sean Simmons

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Jorge Paez W 12 Troy Dorsey
(Retains IBF Title)
Ricardo Cepeda KO 4 Jose Parrilla
Jerome Coffee KO 9 Freddie Santos

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Tracy Patterson KO 8 George Garcia
Jemal Hinton KO 6 Hector Diaz
Pedro Decima KO 6 Hugo Villarruel
Jesse Benavides W 10 Jose Soto
Orlando Fernandez KO 9 Julio Gervacio
Porfirio Hernandez KO 4 Carlos Salinas

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Orlando Canizales W 12 Billy Hardy
(Retains IBF Title)
Raul Perez W 12 Gaby Canizales
(Retains WBC Title)
Pepillo Valdez KO 8 Prudencio Cardona
Eddie Rangel D 12 Diego Avila

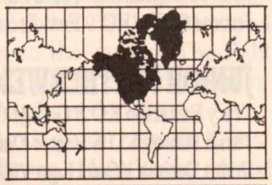
JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Moon Sung Kil Tech. Dec. 9 Nana Konadu
(Wins WBC Title)

FLYWEIGHTS
Sot Chitalada W 12 Ric Siodoro
(Retains WBC Title)
Javier Lucas KO 7 Javier Leon
Pat Clinton KO 6 David Afan-Jones
Willy Salazar W 10 Eduardo Ramirez

LIGHT FLYWEIGHTS
Yuh Myung Woo KO 7 Hisashi Tokushima
(Retains WBA Title)
Muangshai Kittikasem KO 3 Lee Jong Jae
(Retains IBF Title)
Muangshai Kittikasem W 10 Ippo Gala
(Non-Title Bout)

STRAWWEIGHTS
Hideyuki Ohashi KO 9 Choi Jum Hwan
(Wins WBC Title)
Kim Bong Jun KO 4 Petthai Chuvatana
(Retains WBA Title)
Napa Kiatwanchai W 10 Rolando Velasco

The RING AROUND THE WORLD



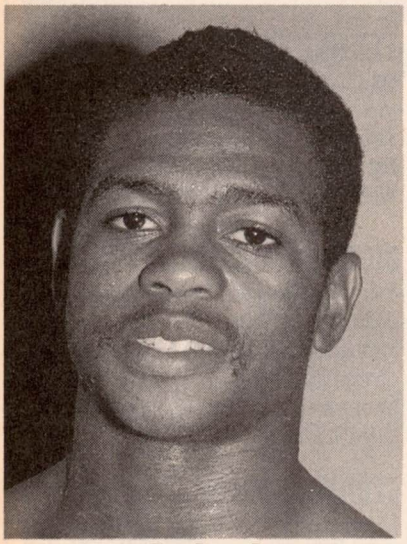
NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES

ALABAMA

MOBILE—Ever since Kid Cain consigned Sugar Ray Abel into oblivion, a lot of folks this side of Paradise have been replaying that scenario. "Never would of happened if Abel had had a different manager . . . Now this here Adam's okay, but not as manager for his son . . . There's a conflict of interest. Doesn't work, never will . . . "

Centuries later, they're saying things like, "Now this Marvis Frazier has a lot of potential, but with his dad as his manager . . . "Now this Sean O'Grady . . . this Mike Rossman . . . what's that guy in San Antonio, Tony Ayala . . . " Yea, it never works.



Roy Jones Jr.

When the Mobile Fair Grounds showcased the fistic prowess and entertainment talents of silver medalist **Roy Jones Jr.**, we saw another father-son combo in operation, and again with a delicate balance. But there's also a "Ma," in this case Square Ring, a consortium of Pensacola backers who appear sometimes in the corner but mostly behind the scenes. To hear their president, Stanley Levin, explain it: "Big Roy is the boss; he's the boss of all 15 fighters in the stable and little Roy just happens to be one of them. All we do is stay out of the way, maybe give a little legal advice here, pick up a tab there, nothing else."

But nothing succeeds like success, and this rising young middleweight scored a second-round knockout over West Virginia's **Joe Edens**. It was his fifth straight win. Edens dropped to 13-9. Every one of the 2,500 fans knew that this was a *tour de force* for the local fighter to demonstrate his prowess against a rugged opponent, an opponent who had been in against top contenders (like Frankie Randall), but whose best days were beyond recall and didn't have a chance. But they liked what they saw.

One thing they did not see was the left hook that ended the fight. Neither did Edens. The hook had traveled only six inches.

"Give Roy another six-to-12 months and I can't see anybody beating him in the middleweight division. He's championship material," said Edens.

According to the senior member of the Jones family, "We expect to fight again in another month, possibly in Mobile. After all, my boy had 57 amateur bouts in Mobile and only two in Pensacola. It won't be the semi-final this time, but the main event."

In the official main event, another protege of Roy Jones Sr. triumphed. With blood dripping in his eye from a head butt sustained in the third round, Griffin "Spiderman" Goldman, 13-3, scored a unanimous 10-round decision over southpaw Larry Nichols, 12-4. Although basically a boxer, the shrimper turned welter reminded some observers of toughies like Mickey Walker and Jimmy McLarnin.

Judging from snatches of conversation one picks up while waiting for peanuts or a Lite, the Spiderman was the big hit of the night, both to oldtimers who remembered him when he was the number-one amateur leather-pusher in the country, and also to the newcomers.

Bill Thomas, Pensacola, won a four-round decision over Sam Macho.

Robert Johnson, Mobile, knocked out Johnny Simmons, Memphis.

Billy Lewis, Pensacola, scored a first-round kayo over David Times, Memphis.

Rocko Goldman (brother of Spiderman), Bayou LaBatre, lost a split decision to Darren Dale, Pensacola.

Jesse James Hughes, 16-4, scored his 13th knockout in the third round over Glen Brown, Shreveport.

John Smith, Mobile, scored a fourth-round knockout over Curtis Johnson, Hattiesburg.

(1-8-90)

Dr. Laurence Francis McNamee

ARIZONA

TUCSON—John David Jackson introduced himself to his new hometown crowd and barely broke a sweat in stopping **Ruben Villamen** at 1:36 of the second round. Jackson recently moved to the desert from Detroit. He signed on as a last-minute added attraction to Southwest Boxing's Friday night series. Jackson demonstrated almost effortless skills in his brief "get acquainted" display.

The first round was slow, with Jackson jabbing from a crablike posture. The ritual progressed in the second, until Jackson pounced with a flurry highlighted by a spearing right hand. Villamen sagged to the floor and pawed his eye as referee Bobby Ferrara waved it over.

Jackson, waiting for a fight date in France to be finalized, wants to keep busy.

"I've had a lot of inactivity, my career was stalled," he said. "I need these type of fights, they keep you sharp."

Neither Jackson nor the replay camera could illuminate the fateful punch (it was a hummingbird blur). But Jackson summed it up well. "I saw that by giving him a couple feints, I could get closer range for the big shot," he said. "In the second, that materialized. He wasn't willing to mix it up, jumping in then back out. I figured why waste energy, he was trying to play a cat and mouse game."

It's nice to be the cat.

Jackson, 158½, a southpaw, goes to 20-0 with a pair of the fastest hands in boxing.

Villamen, Mexico, 158, is listed at 24-13.

A featured bout was the scrap of the card, but not without controversy. Local Javier Suazo, 148½, 24-5, took a unanimous decision over surprising Celedonio Luna, 147¾, Blythe, California, 10-5.

Suazo started the 10-rounder well, dropping Luna on the seat of his trunks with a left hook in the first. Luna was up at two without danger, and in the next frame he let loose and connected with his own sweeping punches.

In the fifth, a right almost put Luna down again. Suazo really went to work, but Luna survived quite well and swayed some of the hometown crowd in the sixth. By the eighth, it was all good action, with both fighters seeming to realize the final three frames would probably be the difference.

In the ninth, an accidental clash of heads gave Suazo a nasty cut. Action was halted twice so the ringside physician could examine it, and there was an extended delay in Suazo's corner. Suazo managed to win the last round, but the question remained whether treatment he received during the doctor's check was proper. In the meantime, Luna's camp filed a protest, and state commission representative Carl Bedford took the issue into review.

Suazo seemed ahead by at least a couple of points, but it was a much closer fight than two of the judges saw it. Scoring: Bobby Ferrera and Joe Garcia, 99-90, and Nicky Perez 95-93. *The Ring* saw it 97-95 for the winner.

The card started off with a bang as Everett Berry walloped Mark Valdez. The taller Berry seemed too high for Valdez to reach. Berry dropped Valdez with right hands twice in the first round. Berry stayed calm, while Valdez stayed brave.

In the second, another right floored Valdez again, and he told referee Ferrara he'd had enough. The official result was a TKO at 29 seconds of the second round in a scheduled four. Berry, 127¾, Mesa, is 2-1. Valdez, 126¼, Tucson, fell to 0-2.

Felix Garcia, 9-2, 175, Tucson, banged his way to a unanimous decision over another slugger, George Moreno, 2-1-1, 183, Baja. Garcia landed the heavier hands throughout the four-rounder, but Moreno was throwing right back until the end. Scoring: Bobby Ferrara and Joe Garcia agreed again at 39-37, and Nicky Perez saw it 39-35. *The Ring* tabbed it 40-37 for Garcia.

Scott Walker, "The Pink Cat," outperformed his nickname and stopped Jerry Booth, 153¾, Phoenix, at 2:14 in the last of four scheduled rounds. Walker dropped Booth in a neutral corner. Booth was up at eight, but referee Ferrara wisely waved it off. Walker, 148½, Mesa, is 1-1. Booth dropped to 1-2.

Rudy Holguin, 128, Lordsburg, caught Augustine Soberanes, 131, Tijuana, with a sweeping right hand and abbreviated their encounter at 2:28 of the opening round in a scheduled six. Holguin is 2-2. Soberanes is 3-3.

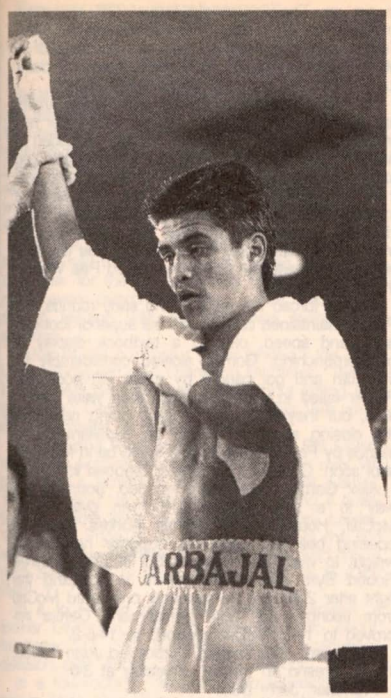
Promoters Craig Simmons and Flora Gonzales have established a fine clubfight series that seems destined for expansion.

The timekeeper was George Griffith. The attendance was 525 (estimated).

(12-1-89)

PHOENIX—Michael Carbajal boxed his first 10-round main event with exactly the result his camp desired. The night's exercise was against **Pedro Feliciano**, 108½, Santurce, Puerto Rico, 12-5. Though rated third by the USBA, Feliciano, 5'0", was the perfect diminutive foe for a showcase.

Carbajal didn't lose a round and got practice for the steeper challenges expected in the near future. Action was rare in the first five frames. Feliciano was a small, darting target and fought a slick fight, with smooth and evasive bouncing around the ring.



Michael Carbajal

Carbajal swept the scorecards by virtue of scarce jabs, many of which missed.

If Carbajal were frustrated during the fight's first half, he didn't show it, occasionally working the body and scoring when he could. Carbajal picked up the action during the sixth, finding some openings, but only for single shots. The 1988 Olympian had a much better time in the ninth and 10th, after Feliciano decided it was at last time to fight. Feliciano finally landed some shots of his own, but also got a bloody nose for his switch in strategy. For the winner, it was a fairly simple unanimous decision.

Afterwards, Carbajal, 10-0, sat unmarked and fresh in one of the mobile homes set up as temporary dressing rooms behind the arena. A travelling theme was appropriate, as reporters crammed in, and it became apparent that brother Danny and the folks at Top Rank had charted the cruise up the 108-pound ladder on a smooth course.

"This is just what we wanted," said Michael. "I felt real strong at the end of 10. I'm satisfied as long as I win. He was short, so when I got inside, I couldn't land some of the body shots I wanted. He only fought back when he had to."

Related only by blood-brother bravery, a couple of Hernandezes staged one of the most exciting fights seen in the desert in a long time. The result was local Eric Hernandez stopping Jorge "Yaqui" Hernandez, Calexico. Both weighed 149. There was boxing galore, but it was still a brutal fight that had the assembled swarm going crazy.

Eric maintained an edge behind fine rights, but Yaqui made a war of it all the way. Both Eric and Yaqui were cut, down, and wounded. A couple of times it looked like heart alone would pull Yaqui through, but then the stronger Hernandez would apply savage swats of leather. Yaqui was checked for damage (as if you couldn't see it from the hot dog stands) early in the fifth, and when he was allowed to continue, you couldn't tell if the loud ovation was for the fighters or the doctor.

Yaqui stood his ground, but wisely didn't come out for the sixth. There was no disgrace, and fans cheered for both fighters, with many chants of "Yaqui."

Yaqui has a deceiving 9-6 slate. Eric Hernandez, Arizona welterweight champion, is approximately 15-2-1.

Impressive Johnny Tapia, 114½, found little resistance from Prudencio DeJesus, National City, California, as Tapia got his eighth kayo in a 13-0-1 log. DeJesus seemed hurt from the introductions, making his 10-4 listing suspect at best. Tapia came out fast and found that he could land at will. A chopping right to the body took away whatever fight there was in DeJesus. Referee Nicky Perez saw the obvious and signaled the end.

Johnny "The Torch" Vasquez continued his progress, stopping Memo Villanueva, 128, Colton, California, 9-3. Vasquez immediately put things into fistic perspective, dropping Villaneuva twice in the opening frame. The first knockdown looked like a shove, but there was no question about the second one, and no doubt that Villaneuva was in deep trouble. Vasquez flamed on right after the next bell. A body shot crumpled Villaneuva, causing referee Perez to signal the TKO at 1:11 in the second round of a scheduled six. Vasquez, 128, Phoenix, is 7-0 (5).

The evening's preliminaries began with Sergio Vela, 137¾, from the Las Vegas Gloves, hammering sturdy Bernable Ramirez, 135½, Los Angeles. The fight was even for most of the first two rounds, but Vela managed to pin Ramirez on the ropes for a slight edge.

Early action took a heavy toll on each man's face, especially around the eyes of Ramirez. Vela upped the ante in the third by trading. With severe damage to Ramirez' right eye, referee Roger Yanez properly stopped it for a TKO at 1:42 in the third round of a scheduled four. Vela is 4-0; Ramirez dropped to 1-1.

The walkout encounter featured heavyweights, and heavy leather was traded between Tony Perea, 216, 15-1-1, and Tom Trimm, 22-17-1. This mauling affair was a Texas shootout in a neighboring desert, with Trimm from Houston and Perea from El Paso. Awkward bombs by each landed from the start. By the fourth, a weary Trimm had a bloody nose and looked the worse of the two. From that point on, Perea teed off until Trimm went down in a corner for a kayo at 51 seconds in the final round of a scheduled six.

The promotion was staged by Steve Eisner and Top Rank, and televised on the Telemundo cable network. Matchmaker was Bruce Trampler. Attendance was a full house at 2,850.
(11-17-89)

PHOENIX—The largest swarm in Arizona or live ESPN boxing history (14,500 fans) turned what might have been a series of mismatches into a wild fireworks display perfect for its location at a packed State Fair. For five bucks general admission, a horde of newfound fans got a glimpse of the future with Top Rank's "Gold to Glory" tour. Tonight featured the first two '88 Olympians to secure recognized rankings, and a white hope who may get the nickname "Cayton's Revenge."

Michael Carbajal, 108, had the hometown advantage and raised twice as many decibels as his heavyweight co-stars. Carbajal responded with a noisy knockout, meaning disaster for **Jose Manuel Diaz**, Mexico, at 1:50 of the third round, scheduled for 10.

Carbajal looks more composed with every fight. He took the first two rounds patiently with jabs that led to an increasing series of straight rights. He also focused on a body attack. The crowd, chanting his name throughout the fight, approved.

Diaz tried to work his way in behind a few solid shots, but soon felt an arrow below his heart. Carbajal buried a glove under the rib cage and Diaz sank with his breath knocked out as much as he was.

"That's what I do best, go to the body," said Carbajal afterward. "This guy was made for me. He was holding my left hand with both of his hands and my right hand was loose. When I hit him, he grabbed my arm tighter until he fell down."

Carbajal, 9-0 (7), has promoter Bob Arum cooing.

"My great goal with Michael is for him to be the first guy at his weight with a million-dollar purse," Arum said. "I'm building a sports franchise in Michael [in Phoenix] like the football team [the NFL Cardinals], but, hopefully we'll do a lot better than them."

"Merciless" Ray Mercer, 216, Essex County, New Jersey, performed the obligatory creaming of experienced Eddie Richardson, 225½, Dallas, with the end coming at 2:16 of the opening stanza. Richardson has fought as many top contenders as Mike Tyson (who, as a rising contender, stopped him in one round), but with opposite results.

Mercer entered the ring a la "Iron Mike," without socks or a robe, but one could sense that he'll play good guy when he meets Tyson. Mercer also displayed Tyson's fast-paced stalking techniques, and secured similar results.

Though Richardson gave Mercer the first taste of his own blood as a pro by splitting the heavyweight's lip, Mercer had an easy time throughout.

Mercer scored immediately with a left, and Richardson's heart seemed gone from that first blow. Mercer threw hard punches that thumped a message loud and clear. A right sat Richardson into his corner, where he waited for the count and precious seconds. Richardson rose and walked into the storm again, this time a left putting him into the

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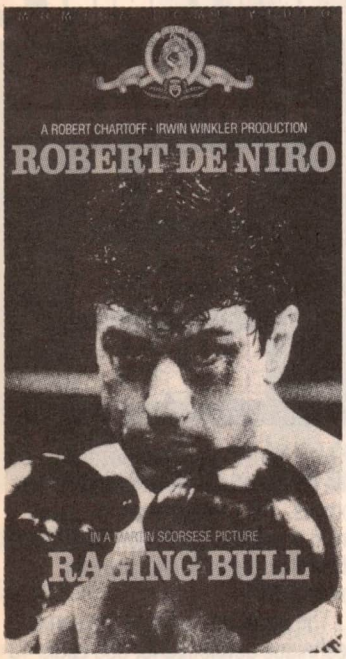

In what is still considered the performance of his career, Robert DeNiro won the Best Actor Oscar for his searing portrayal of former middleweight king Jake LaMotta. Martin Scorcese's flawless direction and Michael Chapman's gritty cinematography vividly capture the blood and brutality of the fight world—and the dark landscape of the human soul.

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ropes and down. He waited on one knee, apparently resting again as referee Roger Yanez waved it over. The conclusion was not popular, but inevitable.

In the evening's opener, Tommy "The Duke" Morrison, 215, Kansas City, 18-0 (16), blitzed Harry Terrell, 227½, Cleveland, 16-13-1. The heavyweights were evenly proportioned, but it was soon evident where the power was. Terrell started with consistent jabs, while Morrison waited to unload his left. He didn't have to wait long. A left plopped Terrell down and bloodied his nose. Terrell was up immediately, but wobbling and in trouble. He tried to clinch, but Morrison thumped away behind a right uppercut, bludgeoning Terrell into position. Morrison threw an overhand right like a baseball pitch and splattered Terrell down again. Terrell got up, but referee Al Munoz wisely called a halt at 2:59 of the first.

Much hype has come from Morrison's distant relationship (nephew) to "Duke" Wayne, and Morrison shares much of his namesake's celluloid punching techniques. He also has his share of fans, and cries of "Duke" are loud at all his fights. At least when Morrison's "bad guys" fly, it's for real.

The best scrap of the card saw Johnny Tapia, 12-0-1, 115, Albuquerque, gain a unanimous nod over talented John Michael Johnson, 115½, San Antonio, 7-4. After the heavyweight blowouts, the crowd was pleased by a good fight. This was a close eight-rounder. Tapia charged out with solid shots up and down, while Johnson jabbed back. Tapia kept saying "Come on," but he shouldn't have wanted to get hit as much as he did.

Johnson was willing to trade from the second round on. The scoring: Greg Highes, 78-74, Bob Cox, 79-75, and Aaron Kizer, 78-75. *The Ring* also saw it 78-75. Add a little defense and Tapia is a prospect to watch.

Up-and-coming local Johnny "The Torch" Vasquez stopped Chilo Guzman, Tucson, in a featherweight contest. Vasquez, 126¼, 5-0 (4), overwhelmed Guzman with solid body shots. Guzman fired back but succumbed at 43 seconds of round four. Guzman falls to 5-5, and Vasquez gets closer to being a hot property.

The walkout bout played to a still-full house, and the fans were glad they stuck around to watch Donald "The Ultimate" Stephens slug it out with Tom Covington. The sixth and final round was an even slugfst, but the rest of the way it appeared that Stephens worked his way in enough to win. He seemed to cement victory with a final barrage. But the cards produced an unpopular split draw, with every fan polled favoring Stephens. Scoring: Dr. Mike Munoz, 58-56 Covington, Aaron Kizer, 58-57 Stephens, and, judging her first pro bout, Tommie Fuller, 57-57. *The Ring* scored for Stephens, 59-55.

Stephens, 183, Las Vegas, is 5-2-2. Covington, 177, Phoenix, is 5-14-1, having reportedly lost a 10-round decision four nights earlier.

Promoter Steve Eisner and Top Rank gave a great boost to local fan support with a card that kept a large mob happy with every fight.

The timekeeper was Tim Ackerman, the doctor Charles Howard. Attendance was announced at more than 16,000, but a few hundred less was probably more accurate.
(10-17-89)

Phil Woolever

CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES—Heavyweight **Tony Tucker** continued his comeback against moderate opposition when he stopped journeyman **Calvin Jones**, 243½, Bristol, Tennessee, in the fifth round. Tucker, 242½, Las Vegas, has a new promoter in flamboyant nightclub owner Ed Bell, and he is anxious to avenge the only loss in his pro career, which came at the hands of Mike Tyson.

The crowd at the Great Western Forum was anticipating an early knockout when Tucker floored Jones with a straight right hand in the first round. Jones survived and came out punching in the second, and his awkward but effective overhand rights caught Tucker by surprise. Jones went down near the end of the round complaining of a low blow, but referee Dr. James Jen Kin did not caution Tucker.

The pace slowed in the third, with Jones going down again from a definite low blow. He needed the full two minutes allowed him to recover, and a point was deducted from Tucker's scorecard. Same story again in the fourth round, with Jones going down for a third time from a blow just below the border. This seemed to infuriate Tucker, who tried to end the fight with a vengeance.

The night finally ended for Jones after 2:09 of the fifth, when a flurry of short punches, including a perfect left hook, floored Jones, who made no effort to get up. The 31-year-old former IBF champion improved to 36-1 (30), while Jones fell to 14-4. Tucker appears ready to take on the likes of a Michael Dokes or an Orlin Norris to press his claim for a return engagement in 1991 with Tyson.

The co-headliner was for the vacant WBA Americas featherweight title. Ed "Pee Wee" Parker has made a good living at the Forum, and he added to his bank balance and trophy cabinet by outpointing tough Abe Gomez over 12 rounds. The scoring was 117-111, 116-113, and 118-107, but it appeared a lot closer than the numbers suggested. Parker, 125, Houston, generally outhustled the aggresive Gomez, Arleta, California, 125¼, to take the title in a non-stop contest that further endeared Pee Wee to the Forum crowd.

Gomez forced the pace in the early rounds, but Parker maintained control with his superior footwork and hand speed, offering a textbook display of counterpunching. Gomez slowed considerably by the 10th and got caught by a big left hook, but Parker failed to capitalize. Both men were getting tired, but they managed to keep going right until the closing seconds. It was an excellent performance by Parker (20-3-2), who could be in for a title shot soon. Gomez, a clubfighter dropped to 15-4-1.

Alex Garcia, 219, San Fernando, pounded his way to a second-round TKO win over Andre McCall, Houston, 211. Garcia worked from the opening bell and used his superior height and weight to overpower and control McCall. Referee Robert Byrd seemed premature in stopping the fight after 2:40, but he probably prevented McCall from taking a lot more punishment. Garcia improved to 14-1; McCall dropped to 14-5-2.

Sal Lopez, 128, Oxnard, outpointed Juan Torres, 126¼, Fresno, to remain unbeaten at 3-0.

Promoter: Jerry Buss
Matchmaker: Antonio Curtis
Ring Announcer: Jimmy Lennon Jr.
Attendance: 5,566
(1-8-90)

RESEDA—Heavyweight **Henry Tillman** returned to the ring after a long absence and stopped **Rocky Valero**, Tijuana, Mexico, in the second round of a scheduled 10-rounder at the Reseda Country Club. Tillman, 214, Los Angeles, was just too quick and agile for the heavy-footed Mexican, who weighed 234. After feeling Valero out in the first round, Tillman floored the "Mexican Stallion" with only a few seconds left. Although Valero got up instantly, he was fortunate to survive the round.

Tillman came out in the second and began chasing Valero. With both fighters brawling like drunks in a bar, Tillman dropped Valero with a solid combination. This time the Mexican needed a full nine-count to regain his senses. Tillman went in for the finish and completely swarmed over his unfortunate victim. The referee stepped in and stopped the slaughter after 1:07, upping Tillman's record to 19-4 (13). Valero dropped to 24-8 (23). Tillman, the 1984 Olympic gold medal winner, will continue to keep busy, and is likely to promote the fact that he is the last fighter to have beaten Mike Tyson, which he did in the 1984 Olympic Trials.

Jose Martinez, 128, Hanford, had little trouble in stopping Francisco Pascasio, 127, Phoenix, in the fifth round of their scheduled six-rounder. Martinez had the measure of the much smaller Pascasio, who has become a Country Club favorite because of his gutsy performances. Unfortunately, his skills are somewhat lacking, and the younger and much quicker Martinez was way ahead when he floored Pascasio in the fourth round. Referee Gwen Adair pulled the plug on Pascasio in the fifth, when it became obvious that he was only soaking up punishment. Martinez improved to 8-3-1 (14), while Pascasio fell to 8-6 (5).

Lightweight John Roby, 135½, Long Beach, fought a tough five-rounder against Art Blackmore, 135½, Phoenix, but got the decision thanks to a stirring finish. Roby improved to 6-1 (3), while Blackmore slipped to 4-3 (2).

African import Steve Mwema, 118½, Los Angeles, was the most impressive fighter on the card, stopping Ramon Magana, 119½, Tijuana, in the second round. With ex-world champion Albert Davila urging him on in the corner, Mwema displayed some slick moves, combined with some lethal body-punching. After dropping the Mexican in the second round, Mwema tried for the finish like a seasoned veteran. The referee had no alternative but to put an end to the one-sided contest. Mwema, who is a young fighter to watch, marched on to 4-0 (1), while Magana dropped to 5-3.

John Powell, 146, San Diego, beat newcomer Dan Williams via third-round stoppage. Powell is 2-0.

Matchmaker: Thomas Brown
Promoter: Al Goossen

Ring Announcer: Jimmy Lennon Jr.
Physician: Robert Karns
(1-30-90)

Michael Hepworth

SAN FRANCISCO—At the Civic Auditorium, junior featherweight **Jerome "Kid" Coffee** scored a TKO over **Freddie Santos** in the ninth round of the scheduled 10-round main event. Coffee, a skilled boxer, originally from Nashville, landed punches at will throughout the fight. It was one-sided all the way. Santos, Mexico, claimed to have a record of 43-9-2 (19).

After the nine round, ringside physician Smith Ketchum had the bout stopped. Coffee, a one-time contender for the bantamweight title, was landing nearly every punch he threw. Santos, two inches shorter, leading with his face, was swinging at shadows.

"Most of the punches I threw landed," the 1977 United States amateur champion said later. "I knew I could beat him, just box him, without letting him get inside." Coffee is 36-3. Santos is his 16th opponent that failed to go the distance.

In a rousing semi-main event, "Irish" Pat Lawlor scored an eight-round unanimous decision over Virgil Green, a substitute who came to fight. Lawlor, 154, outgutted his opponent despite taking a questionable knockdown in the second round. Lawlor, 13-1, "The Pride of the Sunset," drew in the lion share of the customers. The scorecards read: 78-74 (Bob Smith), 77-74 (Rudy Ortega), and 78-75 (Dick Rall).

In a four-round preliminary, Henry Martinez, a former Olympian, made a successful pro debut. Martinez, 114, San Francisco, won a unanimous decision over Angel Leal, 112½, Mexico.

In a four-rounder, featuring bantamweights Fernando Abriz, San Diego, knocked out Alex Santiago, San Francisco, in the second round.

The show was a Sosa & Keith Promotion. Despite a football game coming up, a crowd of 1,131 paying customers shelled out $25,891.
(1-26-90)

Christopher Coats

FLORIDA

MIAMI—This card, at the Omni Hotel, was for a good cause, to benefit the Children's Home Society of Florida, but as with so many of these black-tie, evening-gown affairs, the quality of the bouts was pretty poor. Most of the people in attendance knew next to nothing about the art of boxing; they were there to see lots of knockouts and lots of blood. They got both, as only one of the six fights on the card went the distance, and that one featured plenty of blood.

In the main event, **Johnny de la Rosa**, 135½, Miami, scored a dull 10-round unanimous decision win over rugged **Idabeth Rojas**, 133, Miami Beach. The scores were 100-90, 100-91, and 99-91. The action was uninspired and the only real point of interest was how many times referee Billy Yoham would allow Rojas to butt de la Rosa before taking points away from him.

De la Rosa tried to make this a good fight, but Rojas didn't seem interested in cooperating. Rojas, who at age 30 looked ancient, held and butted and occasionally landed a heavy punch that made de la Rosa hesitate. The tactics didn't win him many points with the judges, but they did frustrate the quicker de la Rosa. There was a lot of infighting, and Rojas came out of those exchanges looking roughed up. He was cut over the left eye in round six, a cut that his corner was never able to close.

Rojas, 25-6-1, did display some good defense, but de la Rosa, 35-4, targeted the cut and ripped it open wider with each round. Near the end of the eighth round, de la Rosa discovered that Rojas was vulnerable for an uppercut and he landed two sharp ones that set Rojas back on his heels. As Rojas tired, de la Rosa scored in combination more frequently.

De la Rosa opened a cut over Rojas' right eye in the ninth. When the bell sounded ending the fight, Rojas' face was a bloody mask.

The co-main event was a three-round exhibition between former heavyweight champion Pinklon Thomas, who is making a comeback, and Miami Beach Mayor Alex Daoud. Pinky was pulling his punches throughout, but a couple of semi-earnest combinations had Daoud shaking his head. Thomas, who has been training in the Little Giant Gym in Orlando, said it felt good just to get loose again and contribute to a good cause. He said he wants to fight for real in January, and once a month after that on his way to what he hopes will be a rematch with Mike Tyson.

A pair of South African fighters looked good as each easily disposed of his opponent. Abram Gumede, 137½, improved to 13-0 with a TKO of a very tentative Jose Zapete, 135½, Miami, at 1:53 of the first round. The fight was scheduled for six. Gumede displayed a crisp jab and hard right hooks to Zapete's head. No contest here, as Zapete fell to 2-2.

Ruphus Seanego, 140, likewise was not troubled by Edwin Centeno, 143, Homestead, taking him out at 2:32 of the second round. Seanego put Centeno down with two left hooks to the body, and referee Yoham finally stopped it with Centeno on his feet but buckled over to block Seanego's ferocious body attack. Seanego moved to 8-3-2; Centeno is 7-4.

Heavyweights rounded out the bill. Willie Johnson, 218¼, Fort Pierce, knocked out Larry Wright, 194½, Hollywood, at 1:36 of the second; scheduled for four. Johnson is 3-1; Wright is 2-1.

Michael Kemp, 226, Miami, stopped John Ford, 194, Miami, at 1:23 of the third round; scheduled for four. Ford was breathing heavily by the start of round two and had a strange habit of raising his leg as if trying to fend off the onrushing Kemp. Kemp evened his record at 1-1; Ford is 0-2.

Promoter: Star Promotions, Inc.
Referees: Billy Yoham, Eddie Eckert
Judges: Rick Bays, John Rupert, Al Wilensky, Robert Balough, Mary Mosca
Attendance: 150 (estimated)
(11-30-89)

HOMESTEAD—At The Armory, undefeated lightweight **Angel Sanchez**, 9-0, headlined a seven-bout card with a TKO of **Raphael Rodriguez** (record uncertain) at one second of the fourth; scheduled for 10. Sanchez, Leisure City, weighed 137; Rodriguez, Homestead, 143.

Steve Whetstone, 120½, Homestead, won an eight-round split decision over Javier Guido, 126, Miami. Whetstone moved to 40-13-1; Guido fell to 22-10.

Francisoco Martinez, 181½, Miami, knocked out Kenny Whetstone, 184, Miami, at 2:25 of the second round; scheduled for eight. Martinez is 19-7; Whetstone is 29-7.

In a clash of debuting heavies, Dr. Harold Reitman, 212½, Plantation, won by disqualification over John Smith, 255½, Homestead.

Jose Vilarino, 134½, Homestead, evened his record at 2-2 with a knockout at 2:00 of the second round of skidding (0-5) William Santos, 130½, Homestead.

Javier Padilla, 132½, Homestead, garnered a four-round unanimous decision over Francisco Jiminez, 130, Homestead, in a matchup of debuting lightweights.

Dion Stewart, 146, Homestead, made a successful pro debut as he knocked out Manuel Silva, 142½, Homestead, at 52 seconds of the first round; scheduled for four.

Promoter: America's Boxing Gym, Inc.
Referees: Bill Connors, Armando Garcia
Judges: Rick Bays, Vivian Berman, Frances Boyd, Al Wilensky
Attendance: 500 (estimated)
(11-24-89)

PENSACOLA—At the Bayfront Auditorium, **Roy Jones Jr.**, 157½, Pensacola, ran his record to 4-0 with a TKO of **David McCluskey**, 158, Vandiver, Alabama, at 2:00 of the third. The fight was scheduled for eight rounds. McCluskey dropped to 9-8-1.

David Sewell, 175½, Pensacola, stopped John Dillard, 167, Huntsville, Alabama, at 1:20 of the second round of a scheduled six-rounder. Sewell is 4-0.

Donald Stokes, 142, Moss Point, Mississippi, rolled to 12-0-1 with a TKO of Clarence Chambliss, 143½, New Orleans, at 2:32 of the first; scheduled for six. Chambliss is 6-6.

Gavin Goleman, 143, Theodore, Alabama, took a six-round split decision win over Daron Dale, 140½, Pensacola. Dale is 7-4-1.

William Thomas, 124½, Pensacola, knocked out Darryl Cox, 127½, Memphis, at 2:30 of the third round of a scheduled six. Thomas improved to 4-2.

Billy Lewis, 169½, Pensacola, stopped Don Johnson, 174½, Memphis, at 1:40 of the fourth round. Lewis is 2-0; Johnson is 1-2-1.

Art Williams, 194, Pensacola, kayoed Kevin Poindexter, 194, Springfield, Tennessee, at 2:10 of the first. Williams was making his pro debut. Poindexter suffered a broken nose and fell to 2-3-1.

Promoter: Square Ring, Inc.
Referees: Max Parker Jr., Brian Garry
Judges: Frank Skilbred, Frank Barberi, Brian Garry, Max Parker Jr.
Attendance: 1,250 (estimated)
(11-30-89)

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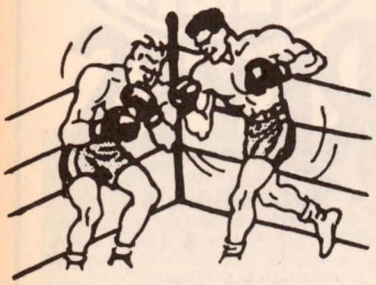

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Pembroke Pines, had an easy time with an inexperienced **Angel Sanchez**, 122, Homestead, knocking out Sanchez at 1:20 of the second round of a scheduled eight-rounder. Rojas is 28-3-1, while Sanchez dipped to 6-4.

Pedro Laza, 140, Miami, won an eight-round unanimous decision over rugged Jose Rivera, 141, Miami Beach. Laza improved to 29-3; Rivera slipped to 12-5.

Slick John Fonte, 136½, Fort Lauderdale, moved to 8-1-1 with a TKO of Felipe Julio, 138, Miami Beach, at 1:52 of the seventh of a scheduled eight-rounder. Julio dropped to 15-6.

Eddie Pollard, 130, Miami Beach, registered a third-round stoppage of Fidel Noguera, 129½, Carol City, who failed to answer the bell for the start of the third frame. Pollard is 18-8; Noguera is 10-5.

Stevie 'The Jewish Jewel' Wolin, 131, Miami, improved to 6-1 with a TKO of Pedro Gomez, 132½, Homestead, at 1:52 of the first. Gomez is 2-2.

Thomas Muccigrosso, 173, Fort Lauderdale, won his second fight in as many outings, stopping Casey Glass, 172¼, Homestead, at 1:48 of the third round. Glass is winless at 0-2.

Promoter: Tiburon Promotions, Inc.
Referees: Armando Garcia, Eddie Eckert
Judges: Rick Bays, Robert Balough, Irv Abramson, Mark Streisand
Attendance: 300 (estimated)
(10-27-89)

PUNTA GORDA—At the Charlotte County Memorial Auditorium, **Johnny "Malibu" Gutierrez**, 152¼, Tampa, knocked out **Larry Nichols**, 150¾, Pensacola, at 2:41 of the ninth round in his first defense of the State junior middleweight title he won last June. The fight was scheduled for 12 rounds. Gutierrez is 19-3-1; Nichols is 11-4-1. Gutierrez was far ahead on all three cards through eight rounds.

Former Olympian Kenny Gould, 145¼, Rockford, Illinois, moved to 10-0, stopping Billy Durbin, 146½, Chandler, Indiana, at 1:36 of the seventh of a scheduled eight-rounder. Durbin is 11-3-1.

Felix Camacho, 123, Clewiston, scored a TKO over Kieth Major, 124½, Miami, at 2:31 of the first of a scheduled six-rounder, as Major hit the canvas three times in that initial frame. Camacho, younger brother of "Macho" Camacho, is 7-0. Major slipped to 2-3.

Jerry Dorsey, 175¾, Port Royal, South Carolina, dropped Trent Mosley, 172¼, Jacksonville, for a TKO at 27 seconds of the fourth and final round. Dorsey is 8-2; Mosley is 1-5.

Pat Donnelly, 189¼, Fort Myers, climbed to 2-1 with a knockout of debuting Johnnie Morris, 180½, Orlando, at 34 seconds of the third round.

In the walkout, Aundrey Nelson, 177½, Detroit, stopped Mike Shine, 174, Orlando, at 38 seconds of the first; scheduled for four. Nelson is 3-1. Shine was making his pro debut.

Promoter: Challenger Promotions, Inc.
Referees: Max Parker Jr., Mike Boggs
Judges: Frank Skilbred, Al Lombardi, Cynthia Wrobel
Attendance: 900 (estimated)
(10-20-89)

JACKSONVILLE—At the Osborne Convention Center, local lightweight corner **Alphonso 'The Hawk' Walker**, 135¼, improved to 12-1-1 with an impressive stoppage of tough **Jose Rivera**, 136, Miami Beach, at 2:44 of the fourth round; scheduled for 10. Rivera fell to 12-5-3.

Walker came out in the second round landing heavy punches. He stunned Rivera with a right-left-right combination in the third and spent the remainder of that round pummeling his stationary foe. A big right hand hurt Rivera in round four, and a thudding left uppercut to the body dropped Rivera to the canvas. He failed to beat the count.

Kenny Gould, 145½, Rockford, Illinois, overcame a gruesome cut over his left eye to record an eight-round unanimous decision over a dogged Donald Gwinn, 145½, Huntington, West Virginia. Gould is 11-0, while Gwinn slipped to 16-25. On paper, this one didn't look to be much of an outing for the 1988 Olympian. But, of course, no one fights these things on paper.

Gould clearly won the first three rounds, as he had far more quickness and power than Gwinn could handle. But in the fourth, Gwinn backed Gould into the ropes and opened a terrible cut just above Gould's left eyebrow with two solid right hands that staggered Gould. Gould fought back well, and his corner worked feverishly between rounds to stem the river of blood flowing from the gash.

Gwinn proved to be a rough and determined foe, but Gould's hand speed and power kept gaining him points and winning rounds. Early in round eight, Gould floored Gwinn with two straight left hands.

The scores were 79-71 (twice) and 78-70, all for Gould.

Terry Anderson, 224½, Tampa, knocked out Gerald Brown, 204, Atlanta, at 1:36 of the second round; scheduled for eight. Anderson improved to 17-2; Brown fell to 15-6.

Jacksonville cruiserweight Tommy Richardson, 187, scored an exciting eight-round split decision over Ernest Simmons, 184¾, Cocoa, to up his slate to 14-4-1. Simmons is 4-2.

Michael McClendon, 123¾, Miami, won a split decision over Jamie Castellano, 125¼, Wimauma. McClendon is 2-4; Castellano is 2-10.

Timothy Dendy, 155½, Jackson, Tennessee, remained unbeaten at 4-0, taking a unanimous decision over Johnnie McClendon, 152¾, Opa Locka, over four rounds. McClendon is 2-1-1.

The fans were also treated to a four-round exhibition between former heavyweight champion Larry Holmes and Tim "Doc" Anderson. Holmes showed he still possesses a stinging jab—that was about the only punch he threw over the the first three rounds—and he nailed the plodding Anderson at will.

Promoter: Big Time Boxing Promotions, Inc. (Phil Myers)
Referees: Telis Assimenios, Victor Perez, Peter Bartlett
Judges: Frank Skilbred, Jim Aylesworth, Al Lombardi, Howard Reichbach
Attendance: 900 (estimated)
(11-10-89)

MIAMI—At the Mahi Temple, promising welterweight **Jose Bermudez** simply overwhelmed a reluctant **Frankie Natal** en route to a third-round TKO that moved Bermudez to 18-0-1. Bermudez, 148¼, Miami Beach, needed only a little bit of time to figure out what Natal, 146¼, Puerto Rico, could offer.

Bermudez took the fight to Natal, 14-4, from the opening bell, crowding his foe and scoring with steady left-right combinations. Natal was content to climb into a defensive shell and stay there, hoping to weather the onslaught. But Bermudez continued to land right hands on Natal's head with regularity in the second round; an overhand right near the end of the round sent Natal to the canvas. Natal beat the count, but he was clearly in trouble.

The third frame found Bermudez more active, as he seemed ready to close this one and move on to more important, and challenging, matters. He picked his shots and was deadly accurate with his punches. He was scoring virtually at will when he crashed a left hook into Natal's ribs. Natal crumpled to the canvas. Referee Bernie Soto put Natal out of his misery at the 55-second mark. The bout was scheduled for 10 rounds.

Middleweight Pedro Riveron proved one thing in his six-round yawner with James Thomas; he proved he can take punches, lots of them. And that was about all he proved. Thomas, 156½, Miami, improved to 14-6-2 with a workmanlike thumping of Riveron, 157, Miami, over six ugly rounds, as he notched a unanimous decision win. Riveron dropped to 9-5.

Riveron displayed a lot of meaningless machismo by posturing throughout while Thomas landed enough shots to rack up points on the judges' scorecards. Thomas decked Riveron with a right to the head in the second round and hurt him with the same punch in the fifth.

The best fight of the night was a scheduled eight-rounder between bantamweights Marcos Claudio, 115, Puerto Rico, and Jorge Acosta, 119, Miami. Claudio was a TKO winner at 2:45 of the fifth round.

Claudio, 11-3, set the tone with his first punch, a right to the head that stunned Acosta, 8-6-1, early in the first frame. Another right sent Acosta to the deck. But after the halfway mark of the first, Acosta answered with combinations of his own while Claudio was backed against the ropes. They traded punches on even terms until near the end of the stanza, when Claudio rallied with a series of rights and left hooks to the head that rocked Acosta.

The second round made you catch your breath; someone had to because neither fighter did. They were winging nonstop with every punch in their respective arsenals as the momentum ebbed and flowed. Things slowed a bit at the start of the third, but after a cut opened on the top of Claudio's head, both warriors were back to brawling.

The fighters were showing the effects of their efforts in the fourth, but Claudio was able to dish out punishment while Acosta was absorbing more and more blows. Acosta fired back some, but he had neither the energy nor the power to force

Claudio to back off.

Claudio fed Acosta a steady diet of right hands in the fifth, but Acosta stood his ground until a five-punch combo dazed him. He refused to fall, although he was standing on rubbery legs. Referee Bill Connors mercifully halted it at the 2:45 mark.

Bravilio Santiestaban, 139, Miami, moved to 13-1 with a four-round unanimous decision over a rugged Edwin Centeno, 144, Homestead. Santiestaban showed good boxing skills, while Centeno preferred to rush in wildly and wing away with both hands—and his head. Santiestaban suffered a nasty cut over the left eye in round one, the result of a clash of heads. Centeno dipped to 7-4-3.

Young Alex Perez, 127, Miami, made an impressive pro debut as he registered a TKO at 1:40 of the second—scheduled for four—against debuting Wilbert Brown, 127, Miami. Perez came out like a whirlwind, scoring with rapid-fire left hooks and right hands that forced Brown to cover up on the ropes.

In the walkout, southpaw Osvaldo Castro, 165, Miami, stopped a pitiful Jorge Escalante, 172¼, Homestead, at 1:30 of the first round; scheduled for four.

Promoter: Miami Boxing Promotions, Inc.
Referees: Bill Connors, Bernie Soto
Judges: Stu Winston, Vivian Berman, Al Wilensky, Irv Abramson
Attendance: 300 (estimated)
(11-17-89)

MIAMI—At the Airport Hilton, Puerto Rico's **Angel Hernandez**, rated number eight at welterweight by the WBC and IBF, but called "the best-kept secret in boxing" by one of his managers, hardly broke a sweat as he easily dispatched a reluctant **Mario Coronado**, 143½, stopping the Mexican at 58 seconds of the third round; scheduled for 10.

Hernandez, who had been training for a December 16 bout in Balboa, Spain, took the fight on less than one week's notice after the comebacking Wilfredo Gomez pulled out. Hernandez, 140, pumped a stinging jab while keeping his right hand glued to his chin in the early going. He was very patient and cooly waited for an opening to land a crushing, fight-ending closer. He looked like a matador as he deftly eluded Coronado's telegraphed shots.

Hernandez dropped Coronado with a series of combinations in the second round and then finished the stanza by bouncing hard lefts off Coronado's jaw.

Coronado was totally ineffectual, and Hernandez continued to score with brutal regularity. After a series of left-right combos, referee Juan Arias halted the slaughter. Hernandez, who moved to 31-0-2, was never tested. Coronado fell to a reported 22-8-1.

Angel Mike Cruz, 127, Miami Beach, brought about an abrupt and dramatic end to his action-filled fray with Alberto Mercado, 128¼, Orlando, with a picture-perfect left hook to the jaw that knocked Mercado out cold at 2:32 of the third round; scheduled for eight.

It was a tentative first round until Cruz backed Mercado into the ropes and unloaded two left hooks to the head. As the round progressed, Cruz displayed lightning-quick hands and unleashed rapid-fire combos to Mercado's body.

There was plenty of action in round two, as Mercado took the offensive with sweeping punches while Cruz countered with a little more caution. But both men landed often. Mercado, 38-8, seemed to be coming on in the third, but when he threw a sweeping right hand and missed, Cruz, 17-1 (13), countered with a jarring left hook that landed square on Mercado's jaw. Mercado dropped heavily to the canvas. Referee Bill Connors didn't bother to count.

Melton Bowen, 211, Carol City, wants to be recognized as a rising star in the heavyweight ranks. He is 14-1 (12), but his competition has been very weak. His opponent this night was no exception. Jack Jackson, 235½, Atlanta, came in with a 9-9 record, but he didn't even look that good; he seemed to be looking for a comfortable place to lie down during the prefight instructions. Bowen went right at Jackson and landed about four punches to the head and body, and, sure enough, Jackson went down. He beat the count, but then simply quit. The end came at the 1:02 mark.

Freddy Sanchez-Martinez, 162½, Puerto Rico, stopped a game Sunny Jones, 161, Miami, at 1:14 of the fifth round; scheduled for six. Jones, 5-18-5, was hurt in rounds two, three, and four, and was decked in the fifth. He tried hard, but didn't possesss the skills needed to handle the much quicker Sanchez, 4-0-1.

Lightweight Alex Perez, 132, Miami, and scrappy Tony Frontela, 132¾, Hialeah, fought to a disputed four-round draw. Perez, 1-0-1, seemed to have done enough to win, and one judge agreed, carding him a 39-37 winner. But the other two judges scored the fight even at 38-38. Frontela is 5-3-1.

In the walkout, stylish Orlando Marrera, 129, Puerto Rico, took a split decision over Stevie "The Jewish Jewel" Wolin, 128¾, Miami, over four rounds. Marrera, 3-0, knocked down Wolin, 6-2, once in the third and battered him pretty thoroughly.

Promoter: Uppercut Promotions, Inc.
Referees: Bill Connors, Juan Arias
Judges: Rick Bays, Mark Conn, John Rupert, Mark Streisand
Attendance: 500 (estimated)
(11-22-89)

Ken Knox

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO—The Park West Theater started the year with a six-bout card featuring young local prospects.

Tony LaRosa, 176, had no trouble stopping **Carlos Betancourt**, 171, at 1:52 of the third round of a scheduled eight.

The heavy-hitting LaRosa, 11-1, was in control from the opening bell. The only aggression showed by Betancourt came after he was put down by a LaRosa uppercut in round two. A cheap shot to the chin made the loser rise after a two-count, ready to wrestle with LaRosa.

By round three, Betancourt's anger wore off. LaRosa drew his foe into a corner, then backed him up with hard uppercuts. A four-punch combination ending with two left hooks had Betancourt down again. He rose at three on shaky legs, prompting referee Tim Adams to stop the fight. LaRosa posted his 10th kayo victory, while Betancourt dropped to 18-11-1.

Junior middleweight Ron Amundsen, 156, won an easy six-round tuneup against Ron Lewis, 162, Benton Harbor, Michigan. Amundsen raised his record to 16-3-1.

Local heavyweight prospect Phil Scott, 200, looked sharp in outpointing game veteran Danny Blake, 194, Milwaukee. Scott's performance featured good combinations and power punches that rocked, but never floored, Blake. Scott is 5-1.

The best matchup of the night featured Chicago lightweights Rodney Wilson and Jorge Baeza. Both were coming off good performances. Wilson, 136, finished strong in the final round, but it wasn't enough. Wilson won the unanimous decision, raising his mark to 8-0-1. Baeza fell to 7-3.

James Flowers, 176, Chicago, won a unanimous four-round decision against Dino Stewart, 177, Muncie.

Flowers is 3-2. Stewart dropped to 4-4.

Willie McDonald, 164, and Ben Judah, 168, clung to each other for six depressing rounds. McDonald was awarded the split decision and is 9-3.

Before the main event, heavyweight Mitch "Blood" Green was introduced to the crowd and announced he was training in Chicago to return to fighting. Fans are left to wonder whether his next fight will be in the ring, or somewhere on Rush Street.

Promoter: Ten Count Promotions/Cedric Kushner
(1-9-90)

John Siuntres

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS—In the eight-round main event at the Sherwood Club, a tall and elusive **Terry "Little Red" Thomas**, 153, Lafayette, easily outpointed a forward-moving **Hardy Jones**, 156, South Bend. Jones failed to cut off the ring and followed Thomas around during the duration of the fight. Even though few good blows were landed, Thomas was much busier and landed more punches. Jones had three points deducted for low blows during the bout. The scores read 78-73, 80-69, and 79-72, all for Thomas.

In a five-round contest, veteran Jeff Hanna, 133, Terre Haute, won a unanimous nod over journeyman Sam Black, 133, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Jim Kazmarek, 143, South Bend, decisioned Mark Pientras, 142, Philadelphia, over four rounds.

Larry Whiting, 143, Muncie, won his pro debut with a TKO over James Black, 146½, Greenwood, at 2:00 of the third stanza.

Tim Bryan, 160, New Palestine, stopped Tommy Jeans, 161, Memphis, with some good body shots at 2:15 of round two.

Reuben Ruiz, 163, Indianapolis, looked good in kayoing Richie Robers, 161, Miami, at 50 seconds of the third round.

In a four-round no-decision tussle, Dick Ryan, 225, Omaha, and Ric Enis, 193, Cambridge City, put on a good show.

Promoter: Fred Berns
Matchmaker: Pete Susens
Referees: Bill Vaughn, George DeFabis
Judges: Mike Kelley, Charlie Tudor, Gary Merritt
Timekeepers: Harold Paton, Ellie DeFabis
Attendance: 500 (estimated)
(1-16-90)

Gary L. Merritt

MASSACHUSETTS

TAUNTON—**Wesley Reid's** ring monicker is "The Gentle Savage," but **Drake Thadzi** may be wondering about the gentle part. Reid used a short right cross and three pulverizing left hooks to knock Thadzi cold in the fourth round of their bout to fill the vacant New England light heavyweight championship at the Roseland Ballroom.

Thadzi, 175, Brockton, came into the bout as the favorite, based upon his 15-2 record, and his 12-1 mark since joining the Petronelli Brothers stable. Reid, 171, Dorchester, was coming off a TKO loss to Mustafa Hamsho, although his slugging had connected with the ex-middleweight contender often enough in the first frame to necessitate a standing eight-count for Hamsho.

Thadzi made certain he stayed well clear of Reid's bombs in the opening round, patiently stepping away from his foe's right-hand leads and cautiously jabbing with his left. Thadzi won the second frame by mixing in some right crosses with his jabs, while Reid stalked and countered. When Thadzi became more aggressive in the third stanza and unleashed a series of left hooks, Reid was more than willing to reply in kind. But when Thadzi refused to be drawn into a brawl, Reid could not penetrate his long left jab. It seemed like Thadzi would box his way to a workmanlike decision in the 10-rounder.

Thadzi mixed it up with Reid as the fourth round began, and the two wrestled briefly before Thadzi retreated behind his jab. Reid trapped Thadzi near a corner and the taller Brockton fighter tried to clinch, but Reid kept punching and landed a devastating right cross to Thadzi's chin. From the opposite side of the ring, spectators could see Thadzi's eyes go blank as he sagged onto the middle rope. Reid stepped to the side and uncorked a volley of three crushing left hooks, as Thadzi sat motionless on the strands. By the time referee Ed Fitzgerald pulled Reid away, fans were thinking back to Gerry Cooney's battering of Ken Norton a decade ago. Thadzi slid face-down to the mat. A check of the videotape later indicated that Thadzi was technically upright until the second left hook, so only the final blow came after matters should've been halted. The count was academic, and Reid had won himself a title at 50 seconds of the fourth round. Thadzi recovered after several minutes, and appeared to be okay.

"The right hand did the damage, and the lefts came as he was sinking," trainer Goody Petronelli noted. "When you get pinned on the ropes like that, a smart fighter will tie up and lay on his opponent, but Drake stood straight up. I'm sure that's what we'll see when we look at the tapes. As long as Drake kept him in the center of the ring he was doing fine."

Reid's dressing room was all jubilation. "The right cross really hurt him, and I could see his eyes going the other way," Reid said. "I went to the three left hooks because I knew I had to finish him then. I stayed away from him at first, and his right hand couldn't find me, but I was just waiting for him to make his mistakes."

Promotional material for this bout gave Reid's record as 6-3-2 beforehand, but the Massachusetts Boxing Commission lists him at 12-5-1, so we presume he improved to 13-5-1.

The rest of promoter Doug Pendarvis' card was a fiasco even by boxing standards, thanks to a quartet of no-show opponents from Philadelphia. When it became clear that the four absentees would cause four bouts to be washed out, Pendarvis offered refunds to the crowd, but only nine people took their money back.

Featherweights Mike Cappiello and Danny Melendez, both Petronelli gym products, boxed a lively four-round exhibition.

The evening's only other action was the long-awaited pro debut of Brockton heavyweight Kilbert Pierce Jr., a six-time New England Golden Gloves titlist who's been trying to turn pro for 18 months. Pierce, who lost an amateur decision to some kid named Tyson, boasts quick hands and feet, and is a skilled boxer, although no knockout artist. He also fights usually around 215-220 pounds, so it was a shock to see the official weight of 246 for his four-rounder against trialhorse Jimmy Harrison, 206, Boston. Pierce's extra weight appeared to be solely in the spare tire he carried, but he was still too

quick for Harrison. Pierce nearly put the Boston journeyman away in the second heat, and opened a good-sized cut over Harrison's right eye, but had to settle for a unanimous decision victory.

For the record, the no-show Philly fighters were featherweights Leroy Davis and Ande Cooper, welterweight Ron Newbe, and middleweight Ron Harris.

Gerry Leone refereed Pierce-Harrison and the exhibition, with Ed Fitzgerald handling the main event. Dan Mullen judged, along with the alternating referees. Jerry Albano was the timekeeper, with Dr. Jorge Tello the physician in attendance.

Continental Cablevision taped this show for delayed pay-per-view, with Robbie Sims and Steve Valley at the mikes. (A cable spokesman said that sales of the first three such cards have been meager. "We'll be thrilled if this one sells 100," he said. The company is committed to supporting the local pugs.)

Attendance was 230, with a gross of about $3,400.
(1-19-90)

Jay N. Miller

MICHIGAN

AUBURN HILLS—At the Palaces, the screaming winds of January matched the British cyclone in the person of WBC's number-one rated **Dennis Andries**, who topped a game **Clarismundo Silva**, the Brazilian 175-pound champion from Sao Paolo. Surprising rinsiders with his newly discovered jab and follow-up hook, (what's being taught these days at the Kronk?!), the usually awkward Andries, who, at 36-8-2, proves that the veterans are here to stay, dominatedthe Brazilian from the opening bell. He directed the action, claimed his territory, and turned Silva inside out, forcing the green-leather-clad Brazilian to see the lights of the Palace ceiling in the fourth stanza before giving it up at 2:02 of the seventh. Silva was staggered by an Andries left hook, followed by a flurry in a hurry, as Andries didn't want to extend the enterprise into the strength-sapping later rounds, a game plan that suits the veteran well. The world waits on the Kronk star's ascendancy once more in his quest for another world title. He's been there before; he's trained hungry and has become a thinking champion. His Grail awaits again.

The monthly Kronk show became a showplace for the homeboys in spirited undercard action. After a successful amateur career, Oba Carr, 142¾, kept the record clean and proved his staying power with his second victory in as many outings, against a strong, determined, and finely conditioned George Taylor, Cleveland, 2-7-1, 141, who gave as good as he got and belied his record.

Carr's ability to control the action and his thinking-man's approach to doing what needs to be done pleased dad and trainer Eddie Carr, who said his worries about Oba being able to go six rounds were allayed by this consistent and hard-hitting performance.

Local favorite James Toney, Ann Arbor, 160, went to 15-0 with a gruelling performance against crowd-pleasing Danny Thomas, 7-16, Evansville, Indiana, 160, who has recently had a string of luck against Detroit fighters. This one was toe-to-toe with even exchanges. The crowd was given both good boxing and that ineffable quality lacking in so many fighters these days, heart.

Kronk middleweight Gerald McClellan, 162, Detroit, made quick work of James Williamson, St. Louis, 7-4, 163, by knockout at 1:25 of the first stanza. McClellan is 12-2.

One of those quirks in the rules, meant to protect both fighters in the event of an accidental headbutt, gave us a technical draw in the middle of the fourth round between evenly matched Myron Walker, Detroit, 2-0-1, 132, and Efrain Canales, Lima, Ohio, 5-1-1, 132, who suffered a cut left eyebrow. Dr. Don Kaplan signaled a halt, much to the chagrin of the Canales camp and the Kronk Godfather, Emanuel Steward, who evidently had not heard of this technical rule, which was correctly interpreted by State Athletic Director Dr. Stuart Kirschenbaum. This one has all the makings of a built-in grudge at rematch time. Watch for it.

As the 9,000-plus fight fans were settling in an trying to warm up from the Michigan Express blowing outside the arena, African emmigre Hiskia Swartz, sporting a new mustache, put his 3-0 record against Todd Riggs, just out of the amateurs as a successful welter, who, at 27, made his pro debut in the card opener. Swartz, 145, Detroit via the Coleman Young Recreation Center, displayed a new-found aggressiveness and combinations that reflected his poise and ring generalship. He faced a veteran pugilist in Riggs, Monroe, 150. Riggs seemed to work slow and methodically, but rebounded from Swartz' hooks and extracted a draw in this four-rounder, which was a crowd-pleaser, given that both men worked enthusiastically, if not completely within the rules. (Referee Paruszkiewicz administered repeated cautions.)

It actually took longer for the introductions to be read than the bout to unfold in the pro debut of Kronk amateur star Warren Kilgore, 141½, who triumphed over an outclassed Mark Johnson, Detroit, 140, also in his pro debut. Kilgore's opening flurry dropped Johnson at 16 seconds for an eight-count. Referee Paruszkiewicz' decision to call a halt came at 21 seconds of the opening stanza, when Johnson appeared to be dazed and unresponsive after coming up off the deck. Kilgore's rushing flurry completely took Johnson by surprise. We know now that Kilgore has a punch. Now we wait to see his skills in a more protracted bout.

Promoter: Bill Kozerski, Ringside Productions
Matchmaker: Tommy Vaca
Commissioners: Dr. Stuart Kirschenbaum, Jim Burch, Jim Cullen, Dolph Ploehn
Physicians: Dr. Michael Sherbin, Dr. Don Kaplan
Referees: Thomas F. Paruszkiewicz, Bobby Watson
Ring Announcer: Wally Jackson
Judges: Frank Garza, Chip Acey, Randy Ericson
Attendance: 9,863
Television: PASS Cable Network
(I-20-90)

Thomas F. Paruszkiewicz

MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS—Boxing began its second year of its renaissance in St. Louis, at the Calrion Hotel Ballroom. The WBA's number-four super middleweight contender, **Antonie Byrd**, 167½, San Diego, won via disqualification over **Paul McPeak**, 170½, Ashland, Kentucky, in a wild 10-round brawl. The fight was stopped after McPeak gave Byrd a flying shoulder block through the ropes. Byrd was ahead on all three scorecards at the time of the stoppage. The winner raised his record to 17-1; the loser dropped to 17-2.

Carl Daniels, 152, St. Louis, continued his impressive, young pro career with a second-round TKO over Larry Nichols, 150, Pensacola, Florida. Nichols was badly cut over his right eye in the second round of the scheduled eight-rounder. The end came at 1:30 of the round. The undefeated Daniels won his 13th straight fight. Nichols dropped to 12-5-1.

Sylvester Kennon, 134, St. Louis, scored a TKO over Antonio Carter, 131, New Orleans, at 2:29 of the fourth round of the scheduled eight. Kennon is 27-11; Carter is 9-14-1.

Chad Parker, 151½, Biloxi, Mississippi, registered a TKO win when his opponent, Tim Payton, 150½, Louisville, couldn't answer the bell for the fourth round. The win raised Parker's record to 13-0; Payton fell to 8-7.

Gary Smith, 154, Lexington, Kentucky, took a unanimous four-round decision over Ray Darden, 155, St. Louis. Smith is 3-2; Darden fell to 1-1.

Steve Young, 126, St Louis, stopped Gerald Shelton, 130, Gary, Indiana, at 2:05 of the second round in a scheduled six-rounder.

Paul Carlo, 172, St. Louis, kept his perfect 4-0 (4) record with a brutal first-round kayo over David Vaughn, 171, Van Cleve, Mississippi.

Promoters: Jim Howell's Gateway Boxing Promotions, Cedrick Kushner Productions
Attendance: 850
TV: SportsChannel America
(1-22-90)

Brent Williams

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS—After his spectacular two-round knockout of **Brett Lally** last December, **Donald Curry** learned if he didn't have bad luck, he wouldn't have any at all.

Curry found the rugged but swarming Lally made to order, knocking down the Detriot, Michigan, native with several short left-right combinations early in the second round and then finishing him off with two booming lefts and a right which prompted referee Richard Steele to halt the action at 41 seconds of the round.

Lally lost for the first time in nine starts as his record fell to 24-5 (13).

The 27-year-old two-time world champion, Ft. Worth, Texas, had ended a 10- month layoff December 26 and was looking forward to a busy campaign in 1990 that could earn him another title shot.

Hard-nosed Las Vegas fight buffs had to be impressed with the way Curry, 155, dispatched Lally, 156, Detroit, at 41 seconds of the second round. It was the sleek Texan's first appearance in eight months, having been upset in February 1989 in Grenoble, France, where he blew the WBC super welterweight crown to journeyman Rene Jacquot on a 12-round decision.

"I think I showed the people I still have what it takes to be a champion again," Curry said. "I knew I hurt Lally in the first round but I wanted to establish my jab. My plan was to feel Lally out and get as loose as I could. Don't forget I'd been off for a while. Still, I knew it was just a matter of time, but I was more nervous for this fight than any kind I can remember.

"I put the pressure on myself because I want to win the 160-pound title. I don't care who I fight. I wasn't focused in properly when I fought Jacquot, but I know I wasn't a finished fighter and I think I proved that in this fight."

After Curry had chilled the rugged Lally easier than a walk in the park, Top Rank promoter Bob Arum was going to strike while the iron was hot with Curry at Bally's Resort Casino.

Matchmaker Bruce Trampler had penciled in Curry for February 2, for Top Rank's next ESPN show, but before he could find a suitable world-ranked opponent, Curry was kayoed—twice—by a variety of ailments.

Little more than a week after the Lally victory, which improved Curry's record to 32-3 (23), the former WBC junior middleweight and undisputed welterweight champion was stricken with a virus infection. Several weeks later, having shaken the bug, Curry was suffering severe stomach pains.

Akbar Muhammad, Top Rank senior vice-president and Curry's advisor, said the sharp pains "were a preview of an appendicitis which struck the fighter January 13 in Ft. Worth."

Actually, the x-rays were taken at Arlington, Texas, a Ft. Worth suburb. The doctors didn't waste any time when they discovered it was an appendicitis. When they operated January 13, Donald's projected training schedule went out the window. Now he's making a good recovery and attending physicians indicate Curry could go back to the gym to start light workouts by mid-March.

Curry is expected to return to action for Top Rank in May against undefeated Minneapolis middleweight Danny Schommer, at Bally's.

"Of course, like everybody else, we're pointing toward Michael Nunn. Donald is now the number two contender for the IBF 160-pound title which Nunn risked against Marlon Starling at The Mirage in April. Nunn has a mandatory defense coming up next and we'd like for it to be Curry, maybe in June or July," Muhammad said.

Greg Lonon pitched a six-round shutout to head up Top Rank's undercard in the Strip property's Goldwyn Room.

Lonon, 155, Las Vegas Gloves, improved his pro mark to 9-0-1 in dominating the clowning Danny Thomas, 156, Detroit who fell to 6-16.

Topping six four-round bouts, Cleveland Woods, 221, Las Vegas Gloves, unloaded a big right hand to stop Ricardo Spain, 212½, Columbus, Ohio, at 2:32 of the first round. Woods is 9-1, (8), while Spain skidded to 9-10 (6).

Chris Sande, 160, Las Vegas Gloves, had a tough hombre in James Patterson, 157, Covington, Louisiana, before winning a unanimous decision and improving to 4-0 (2). Patterson is 1-1.

Kelcie Banks, 135, Las Vegas, overwhelmed Ray Garcia, 134, El Mirage, Arizona, for a TKO win at 1:38 of the second round. Banks is 5-1 (3); Garcia fell to 3-4 (1).

John West, 120, Las Vegas Gloves newcomer from Nashville, Tennessee, made an impressive debut with a four-round decision over Arturo Olivares, 121, Los Angeles.

George Duran, 163, Henderson, was sharp in posting a TKO victory over John Tunstall, 162, Las Vegas, at 2:24 of the third round.
(12-26-89)

LAS VEGAS—Roger Mayweather's avid admirers call him the "Black Mamba," arguably the deadliest snake in South America.

The two-time former world champion didn't disappoint his constituents, living up to that sobriquet with a venomous left jab to set up a fifth-round knockout over rugged **Joe Rivera**, San Juan, Puerto Rico, at Bally's Resort Casino.

Mayweather, 29, surprisingly showed no ill-effects from an eight-month layoff after losing the WBC super lightweight title to Mexico's Julio Cesar Chavez on an 11th-round TKO in May 1989.

The adopted Las Vegan dictated terms from the

opening bell and never looked back, keeping Rivera at bay with a clothes-line jab and had him bruised and bleeding from minor cuts under both eyes at the end.

Mayweather, 35-6 (24), also raised his local log to 22-1 since coming here from Grand Rapids, Michigan, to turn pro in 1981.

Rivera, 27, who has twice fought Brian Mitchell for the WBA junior lightweight title, was stopped for the first time in his career. He dropped to 16-4-3 (12). This is a high plus for Mayweather, considering Rivera had taken the best TNT offered by bomber Engels Pedroza in November 1988.

Continuing to pressure his adversary, Mayweather raked Rivera with three lefts and a right to open the fifth round. Just when it appered Roger was going to spin away, he jolted Rivera with a combination to the head. Rivera was rocked by two more rights, which knocked out his mouthpiece. Mayweather drove home another right, and Rivera tried to grab his dominating rival to prevent that first trip ever to the floor as a pro. Rivera landed on his knees near the ropes. The hurt shone clearly on the willing Puerto Rican's puffy face with a rivulet of blood seeping from a cut under his left eye. Rivera struggled vainly to get to his feet, but kept reeling back to the canvas. Meanwhile, referee Richard Steele continued to count, reaching 10 at 1:51.

Top Rank's 10-round main event attracted 1,655 patrons, who responded with strong vocal approval of Mayweather's cool, calculating performance.

"Roger did a good job. When you win like he did and have a cold, you don't have to make any excuses to anybody. Nobody in the 140-pound division hits as hard as Mayweather," manager Billy Baxter said. "Rivera has beaten some good fighters. Roger sometimes makes it look so easy, and that's what he did this time."

Mayweather, who collected $10,000 for the effort, didn't rush out looking for an early kayo.

"I had Rivera hurt early, but I knew it wasn't enough for him to quit. I knew it was the right time when I got him with that right in the fifth," the former titleholder said. "Basically, Rivera has a good chin, but he'd never been hit by anybody like the 'Black Mamba.' On a scale of 10, I'd say this fight was a six or seven."

Lalo Medina, who manages and trains Rivera, summed up the action succinctly. "Joe's game plan for victory was to get inside and under Mayweather's long jab. He couldn't do it and that was the ball game. No excuses, we'll go home and rest a couple of months. Rivera is young and has talent. Besides, he was in there with a world champion."

Actually, it was the WBC's number two 140-pound challenger who was inflicting the damage despite picking up a slight head cold three days before the fight.

Mayweather's immediate future?

"I'd like to fight Hector Camacho, or maybe the winner of Chavez and Meldrick Taylor. Chavez would be easier to hit, but he still has an unbelievable chin. Taylor's ace is his terrific speed."

Topping Top Rank's undercard, Andrew Maynard, 175, the 1988 Olympian gold medalist, Laurel, Maryland, scored a TKO over Kemper Morton, 173, Columbus, Ohio, at 2:59 of the third round in a scheduled eight-rounder.

Maynard, improving to 10-0 (9), appeared to have hurt his right hand in the second round, but prevailed when he opened a cut over Morton's left eye, prompting referee Carlos Padilla to halt the bout. Morton dropped to 13-4-2 (9).

Anthony Hembrick, 176, Detroit, was in total command when he paid attention, punching out a six-round decision over Donald Stephens, 182, Las Vegas. Hembrick is 11-0 (7); Stephens is 7-3-2 (3).

Kelcie Banks, 134, Las Vegas, was too quick for Robert "Bad Man" Lewis, 136, scoring a TKO when the latter was unable to answer the bell for the third of a six-round bout. Banks moves to 6-1 (4), while Lewis skids to 11-17-4 (4).

Irish Sean McClain, 206, Las Vegas, was lucky to get a four-round split decision over John Morton, 238, Covington, Kentucky, moving to 10-2 (9). Morton is 5-1-2 (5).

Loz Shafir, 175, Las Vegas, a former Israeli paratrooper, made his pro debut with a four-round draw against Raymond Pacheco, 173, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1-0-1 (1).
(2-2-90)

Jack Welsh

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY—At the Circus Maximus Theatre, it was the evening before the big Foreman-Cooney affair, and Caesars put on a card in which the main event provided enough action to offset any anticipated lack of motion amongst the two big men.

The matchup featured **Tyrone "The Butterfly" Trice**, 147, a powerful puncher out of Detroit, and **Kevin "The Troy Tiger" Pompey**, 147, Troy, New York. The pace of the 12-round bout was so furious that aside from the standing ovation given by the crowd, promoter Bob Arum increased each purse by an additional $1,000.

Interestingly, the Punchstat duo of Logan Hobson and Bob Cannobio reported that in the six years that they have been keeping statistics, Trice broke the record for punches thrown in an 12-round fight with 1,182. Coupled with 711 thrown by Pompey, the combined punches thrown was also a record.

"With the kind of performance you both put up today," said Arum, "everybody is going to want to see you again. The public wants to see action fights, and both you guys are action fighters."

Needless to say, it was unfortunate that someone had to lose in this kind of competitive effort, but Trice slightly outclassed Watts in earning the unanimous decision. In accepting defeat, Pompey valiantly exclaimed, "The better man won today."

Trice immediately interjected, "The better fighter, not the better man."

There were no knockdowns. Pompey hurt Trice with a big right as the bell sounded at the end of round 10. Trice, the taller of the two, was impressive to the body and was able to open a cut over Pompey's left eye, which was nearly shut by fight's end. Both fighers emphasized that conditioning enabled them to go the distance.

Trice improved to 35-2 (31), while Pompey remains respectable at 17-3-1 (7). Scoring: Al DeVito 114-113, Frank J. Cairo and John Riley, 115-112 each. Referee: Arthur Mercante Sr.

Nigel "The Dark Destroyer" Benn, 162½, London, England, making his third appearance in America, won a split decision over a competent Sanderline Williams, 162½, Cleveland. Williams hurt Benn in both the second and sixth rounds, and in a frantic effort, tried to finish off the crafty Englishman but couldn't. Scoring: Al DeVito, 98-92, Benn, John Riley, 96-94, Williams, and Frank J. Cairo, 97-93, Benn. Referee: Randy Neumann.

Out of the mold of great Philly fighters, undefeated powerhitting middleweight Charles Brewer, 157, raised his record to 6-0 (4), with a fourth-round TKO over John McClendon, 159, Miami, 4-3-1, (2). The time was 2:45 of the scheduled four-rounder. Brewer boxes under the tutelage of Bobby "Boogaloo" Watts, one of only three men to have beaten "Marvelous" Marvin Hagler. Referee: Randy Neumann.

Reyes Munoz, 129¼, Perth Amboy, 4-1 (1), won a four-round unanimous decision over William Donahoo, 129, Miami, 2-1-1 (1). Referee: Arthur Mercante Sr.

Victorious in his professional debut, Ron Morgan, 150¼, Cincinnati, won a unanimous four-round decision over Michael Ward, 152¼, Palmer Park, Maryland, 1-1. Referee: Randy Neumann.

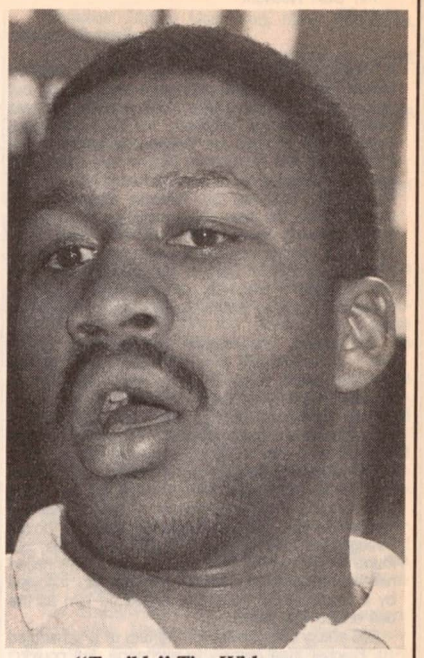
Promoter: Top Rank Inc.
Matchmaker: Ron Katz
Timekeeper: Art Spell
Referees: Randy Neuman, Arthur Mercante Sr.
Judges: Al DeVito, Frank J. Cairo, John Riley
TV: ESPN
(1-14-90)

ATLANTIC CITY—Dennis Rappaport, **Tim Witherspoon's** current advisor and self-proclaimed diplomat, finds himself campaigning hard for a match with Mike Tyson. After "Terrible Tim's" impressive fifth-round TKO over **Jeff Simms**, 209, Miami, at the Trump Plaza Imperial Ballroom, Rappaport said, "Tim's the only man who could make Mike Tyson look like Cicely Tyson." Rappaport added that in recent conversation with Bill Cayton, it was stated by Cayton that both he and [the late] Jim Jacobs and everyone in the Tyson camp were concerned with only one fighter from the standpoint of style, guts, and punch, and that was Tim Witherspoon.

The only problem with all this is that Witherspoon has a pending multimillion-dollar lawsuit against Tyson's promoter, Don King. Maybe they can set a precedent and settle the dispute outside of the courtroom and in the ring. Then again, maybe current heads of states should take note and settle their differences in the ring as well.

Witherspoon, 230, Philadelphia, hit Simms with the same overhand right that knocked big Anders Ecklund cold last October. He followed it with a left to the body. Simms was able to survive the first-round knockdown to the surprise of a somewhat startled Witherspoon. Witherspoon later explained, "A one-rounder wouldn't have helped me out. I wanted to show everybody that I have skills and can think in the ring. I'm not one way all the time."

Simms is a tough 22-6, but he just didn't have



"Terrible" Tim Witherspoon

the conditioning that would allow a 35-year-old scarridden body to survive a destructive body attack for the 10 scheduled rounds. In severe trouble in the fourth and fifth rounds, the shorter, lighter Simms was too proud to quit. Referee Frank Cappuccino would not allow Simms to come out for the sixth, saying later, "I did him a favor. It's a good time for a fighter to get hurt when they're dead-tired like that. They're not lightweight punches in there, they're heavyweight punches."

Witherspoon is 31-3 (21).

In another 10-round heavyweight bout, Tyrell Biggs, 224, Philadelphia, jabbed his way to a unanimous decision over a plump Ossie Ocasio, 236, San Juan. Ocasio, a former WBA junior heavyweight champion, keeps moving up in weight, scaling nine pounds more than his last fight in December, when he lost an eight-round decision to Ray Mercer. Ocasio, however, was a last-minute replacement for Carl Williams, who had pulled out.

Biggs, a former Olympic super heavyweight Olympic gold medalist, completely forgot about his right hand and seemed to have lost some of his quickness. Fortunately for him, Ocasio was heavy-footed and never posed much of a threat.

Biggs, whose left eye started to swell after the third round, waited until the 10th to put any type of attack together. The crowd up until that point had been lulled into jeers and boos. Biggs described his 10th-round explosion by saying, "One of the things I was taught in the amateurs was to open up in the last round and try to win the last round big. That's just a natural instinct."

Former heavyweight contender Jimmy Young, who is helping Biggs on the comeback trail, added, "I think it was a decent fight. The kind of fight he needs right now to help his ability and confidence. He can stand a couple more of these fights." The referee was Robert Palmer. Scoring: John Poturaj and Rocky Casteliani, 98-93 each, and John Stewart, 97-93. Biggs is 17-3 (11). Ocasio dropped to 23-8-1 (11).

Improving to 12-0 (6) was southpaw Sharmba Mitchell, 136¼, Washington, D.C., who made short work of Dana Roston, 137½, Las Vegas, 16-9 (9), by dropping Roston twice in the first round before referee Cappuccino waved it off at 1:10 of a scheduled eight.

Undefeated Ricky Meyers landed a vicious blow to the body in scoring a second-round knockout over Juan Rivera, 137¼, Brooklyn, 4-1 (4). The time was 1:28 of a scheduled six-rounder. Meyers, 141, Port Reading, improved to 9-0 (7). Referee: Robert Palmer.

Promoter: Gelb Promotions, Inc.
Matchmaker: Frank Gelb
Timekeeper: Roosevelt Gilbert
Ring Announcer: Ed Derian
Referees: Frank Cappuccino, Robert Palmer
Judges: John Stewart, Rocky Castellani, John Poturaj
Ringside Physicians: Dr. Frank Doggett, Dr. Eric Wurmser, Dr. Paul Williams

TV: USA Network
(1-11-90)

Fred Blumstein

ATLANTIC CITY—It was a long trek for **Rodney Moore**, who lost some poundage on the way, but victory at the Trump Plaza Hotel and Casino was sweet, nonetheless. Originally set to be Meldrick Taylor's first non-title foe before his hometown of Philadelphia last November, Moore was sorely disappointed when a cut in training forced him out. He was briefly replaced by **Victorio Belcher**, who couldn't keep the date either, with the two pariahs finally meeting each other just two days after Meldrick's second non-title appearance. And though it was a comedown from a match with Taylor, the two provided a rock-'em, sock-'em thriller, with a spectacular ending (from Moore's point of view, at least).

The classy, stick-figured Belcher, 143, South Bend, Indiana, came in a solid 30-2-1, and looked to be a better boxer than the lazy, hands-down Moorer, 21-6-2, 143. Belcher took the first in routine fashion, bloodying Moore's nose, but ran into trouble when Moore discovered the Hoosier apparently couldn't deal with a foe as rangy as himself. Midway through the second, an overhand right repeatedly found Belchner's jaw. A sweeping left hook and booming right sent Belcher to the canvas just before the bell. The embarrassed Indianan boxed through the third as if it were all a mistake, but found himself on the floor again when Moore nailed him with a scorching right over a lazy jab, followed by a crackling left hook that deposited him as the bell ended the fourth.

Still shaky coming out for the fifth of a scheduled 10, Belcher tried gamely to exchange, but couldn't keep his hands up. A left hook knocked him flat on his back, and though he stumbled to his feet, referee Frank Cappuccino stopped it at the 57-second mark, with the bewildered Belcher looking plaintively at manager Pete Susens.

The ecstatic Moore still wants Taylor to keep their date!

Two controversial decisions hogged up fine pairings on the undercard. In one, trialhorse Sammy Ruiz, 126, The Bronx, New York, upset unbeaten Felix Camacho, 121, Clewiston, Florida, by a six-round majority decision. The younger brother of Hector came in with nine wins, and an imitative style that didn't sit well with the fans. Neither did his older sibling, who was in attendance. On the eve of his "Put Up Or Shut Up" bout with Vinny Pazienza, Macho was as much a part of the act as Felix, doing everything but fighting for him. Leading the opposition was none other than Vinny himself, a lot less flamboyant as he exhorted the cheering section for chugging workhorse Ruiz. Though the bout itself was a tedious affair, the catalytic effect of Macho and Paz made it seem like a barn-burner. Ruiz chased the mock-stylish southpaw halfway to the mens' room, breaking through his defenses enough to cause some embarrassment. While Camacho would have aroused envy in John Travolta while peppering Ruiz with jabs, the impression of his overall disdain for combat had to cost him in a close fight. The vedict got a mixed reception, with many protesting robbery, but if so, Camacho was at least guilty of leaving the cash register open. John Stewart voted 58-56, Rocky Castellani, 58-57, and Eva Shain, 57-57. The referee was Frank Cappuccino.

A better fight, but worse decision, was the majority six-round verdict awarded Fernando Rodriguez, 126, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, over Regillio Tuur, 129, Surinam via Whitestone, New York. The unusual pairing had two unbeaten prospects, Tuur, 8-0, and Rodriguez, 6-0, with the bout living up to expectations in both action and skill. Tuur's crisp combinations quickly had the normally aggressive Rodriguez backing up. Though Rodriguez did a credible job in reverse, it was Tuur who dictated the fight, landed more telling blows, and was entitled to the win. What the judges thought they were watching was scary to imagine, but the scores came out the same as in Ruiz-Camacho, with only the cards reshuffled. This time, it was Castellani, 57-57, Stewart, 58-57, and Shain, 58-56. The referee was Joe Cortez.

Tim Littles, 162, Flint, Michigan, was impressive, working over John Tobin, 162, Roosevelt, New York, until Cortez halted the beating at 2:10 of the second round, scheduled for four.

Curt Koch, 245, Littleton, Colorado, did what fighting there was, to gain a unanimous four-round decision over Everton Davis, 214, Jamaica via Toronto, who seemed to have no idea what is supposed to occur in a boxing match. Referee, Cappuccino.

Jerry Owens, 129, Philadelphia, took a unanimous verdict over John Gaillard, 126, Hillside, in a scrappy four-rounder. Referee, Cortez.

Promoter: Main Events/Dan Duva
Matchmaker: Frank Gelb
Attendance: 600 (estimated)
Television: SportsChannel America
Timekeeper: Lindsey Tucker
Announcer: Ed Derian

J.R. Jowett

NEW MEXICO

SUNLAND PARK—Ross Puritty, 250, El Paso, Texas, scored a first-round TKO over **Sergio Hernandez**, 230, El Paso. Puritty raised his record to 2-1, while Hernandez lost in his pro debut. Hernandez was down twice, once by a slip. It seemed clear that he didn't want to fight. His corner ended the four-round heavyweight fight.

Rene Herrera, 149, El Paso, registered a second-round TKO over Pastor Frias, 156, Juarez, Mexico, in a scheduled four-round battle between junior middleweights. Herrera looked good in his pro debut, as he used his left to set up a six-punch flurry that put Frias, 3-2, down. When Frias got up, Herrera used a sold right to the head and a wicked left to the body to end the fight.

William "Gladiator" Campudoni, 200, El Paso, won a unanimous decision over Jose Cruz Avila, 237, El Paso. Campudoni won every round of the four-round heavyweight fight. The winner tired in the final two rounds, but he still managed to outpunch his foe.

Attendance: 1,000
Promoters: Richard Tonn, Sunland Park Race Track
Judges: Rocky Burke, Manny Serrano, and alternating referees Lazcano and McChesney
(1-15-90)

Bruce Williams

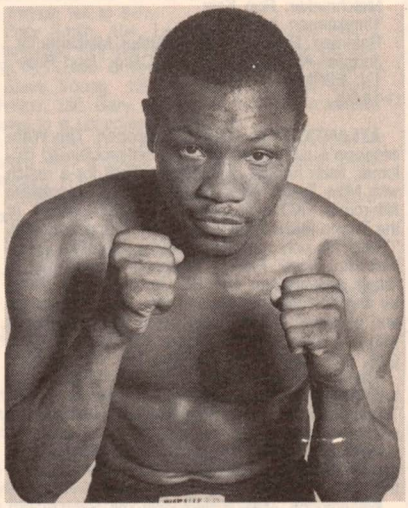
NEW YORK

HEMPSTEAD—With the Felt Forum under construction and a worthy replacement semingly no place in sight, promoter Bobby Goodman took his traveling boxing show to Long Island's Hofstra University, where 711 fans witnessed a card with two lackluster main events.

The feature bout saw **Kevin Marston**, 130, Jamaica, the New York State junior lightweight champion, in a rematch with **Richie "Ninja" Otero**, 130, Brooklyn, who Marston had stopped in the 10th round in February 1989. This time they fought to a 10-round decision, with Marston getting the win by the scores of 98-85, 99-90, and 100-91 in a tedious affair.

The highlights occured after the bells ending the rounds, when harsh words and threats were made. Marston used his jab and his right hand to guide him to victory.

"I had his whole game plan, I wanted to punish him," Marston said afterward.



Lightweight Darryll Tyson

The co-feature saw Darryll Tyson, 136, Washington, D.C., give a similar performance against Luis Andino, 138, Puerto Rico. The one difference was that Tyson, a former world title challenger, was able to finish his work in the eighth of a scheduled 10-rounder.

The seven rounds that proceeded the finish were uneventful. Tyson was landing his right but wasn't doing much else. Andino was fighting like a man who was just killing some time. Finally, Tyson hurt his opponent with two right hands, and after Tyson's flurry, referee Carl Schroeder stopped the action at 1:32 of the eighth.

Regilio Tuur, 131, Whitestone, kept his unbeaten streak alive with a unanimous six-round decision over Juan Muriel, 133, The Bronx. The easy win raised Tuur's record to 7-0.

Undefeated welterweight Willy Wise, 149, Westbury, got more than he might have expected from Newark's Roosevelt Walker, 148, also unbeaten. After six tough rounds, Wise was awarded a split decision. The scores were 58-56, 59-55, and 54-60. The 8-0-2 Wise seemed worried before the decision was announced.

Unbeaten Brooklyn bantamweight "Poison" Junior Jones, 117, used good body work and aggressiveness to score an impressive TKO over Brooklyn neighbor Carlos Reyna, 117, at 2:40 of the second in a scheduled four-rounder.

A four-round light heavyweight bout ended in 50 seconds when another pair of Brooklyn fighters clashed. Keith Providence, 174, ran his record to 4-0-1 (4) by ambushing Chris Collins, 175.

Mike King, 153, Hempstead, scored his second straight win and gave his hometown fans something to cheer about when he stopped Wilmer Colon, 156, The Bronx. Colon quite on his stool after the third of a scheduled four-round junior middleweight fight.

Nate Williams, 218, New York City, made his pro debut a successful one when he TKO'd Brooklyn's John Jackson, 225, at 2:25 of the fourth and final round.

The card opened with Paul Brennan, 177, Mastic, running his record to 2-0 when Damon Brooks, 176, New York City, quit on the canvas at 2:51 of the secon of a scheduled four-round light heavyweight bout. Brooks went down twice, but appeared to be able to continue.

Site: Hofstra University
Attendance: 711 (estimated)
(1-12-89)

Jody Schwartz

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA—At the famed Blue Horizon, Russell Peltz set a perfect stage, but the actors didn't stick to the script. Trying to rebound from a crushing defeat, promising and popular **Anthony Boyle** was treated to a name opponent who figured to have only diminished skills in well-traveled veteran **Julian Solis**. The Puerto Rican had held a world title (WBA bantamweight) nearly a decade ago, losing it to another Philadelphian, Jeff Chandler, and then sunk into oblivion before curiously resurfacing in New England clubs. He wasn't expected to be more than a fancy shell to serve as centerpiece on Boyle's knick-knack shelf. But by the time it was over, Peltz was grousing, "He [Boyle] made that guy look like a good fighter."

The veteran Solis looked anything but the shop-worn relic that had been expected. In a both classy and dirty fight, Solis, 128, San Juan via Hartford, showed fast footwork and was too shifty for Boyle, 131, Kensington. While forgetting about his potent left hook to the ribs that could have stopped all the nonsense, Boyle speared his long jab at the head. But the diminuitive Solis bobbed around it like a teaser in an arcade game, constantly pecking away with his own shorter jab, as he slipped Boyle's left and had the local's right eye closing early.

As if losing the finesse game wasn't enough, Boyle must have realized it wasn't going to be his night when Solis outgunned him as well. Late in the fifth, Solis scored first in a sudden exchange of rights and sent Boyle sprawling onto his back.

Still, Boyle tried gamely to turn it around in a rugged sixth, but the doctor ended his hopes by stopping the scheduled 10-rounder before the start of the seventh.

"Anybody who knows anything about this sport knows that a cut straight down on the bridge of the nose can't be made by a boxing glove," squawked trainer Jimmy Beecham while threatening a protest. Not one to shy away from a verbal battle, Solis volunteered, "I never met him [Boyle] before, but I don't like him. I didn't just want to hurt him. I wanted to take his head off."

Commented a more reflective Boyle, "I don't want to say something I'm going to regret later. I need some time to think about all this and what it means."

Boyle trailed on all cards, 27-26 from Lynne Carter, 28-26 from Al Morris, and 28-27 from Guy Richardson. Referee: Tommy Reid.

The semi-final eight was a pitched battle in which Victor Davis, 148, Tuxedo, Maryland, eventually prevailed over Oscar Ponce, 146, North Philadelphia, in a test of who would break first. Davis' reach and quick hands got him off to a commanding start, as he almost made Ponce look like he didn't belong in the same ring. But the rugged Argentine responded by swarming Davis with redoubled vigor, and Davis retreated with lowered hands. When the visitor switched gears and attacked, action swung precipitously in a savage conflict. But it was the durable Ponce's fight, and he seemed to be whittling Davis away until a sudden rally sent a wilted Ponce slumping against the ropes. It was there that he made a gesture of surrender to referee Ron Aurit at 2:41 of the sixth. Ponce had suffered a broken nose and wanted no further torment.

A sixth-round knockdown helped Tony Green, 126, West Philadelphia, to a unanimous win over Tommy Barnes, 124, North Philadelphia, in an all-action eight. The returning southpaw applied heavy pressure, but young prospect Green showed he could handle himself well on Barnes' inside turf. Referee: Aurit.

Leo Edwrads, 152½, North Philadelphia, came off the canvas in the third round to nip hard-luck Eric Holland, 152½, North Philadelphia, by split decision in a six-rounder. Referee: Aurit.

Hot prospect William Jones, 147, North Philadelphia, failed to ignite in a unanimous ho-hummer over Greg Cadiz, 142, Hartford, four. Referee: Reid.

Jerry Owens, 128, South Philadelphia, was cleaning up on hapless Keith Jenkins, 123½, North Philadelphia, when Reid stopped it at 2:50 of the second round, scheduled for four. Jenkins was making an ill-considered return.

Promoter: Joe Hand Productions
Matchmaker: J. Russell Peltz
Attendance: 900
TV: USA Network
Timekeeper: Tony Stenza
Ring Announcer: Ron Del Buono
(1-4-90)

J.R. Jowett

PITTSBURGH—In the scheduled 10-round main event at the Sheraton Hall, **Eddie Hall**, 158, Uniontown, was rocked and cut in the first round but rallied in the second to ice **Kevin Brazier**, 158, Evansville, Indiana, for the 10-count. The bout was a toe-to-toe battle until a thunderous Hall overhand right ended matters.

In the fight of the night, Saoul Mamby, 147, New York, proved he still has his skills, stopping Robert Dixon, 146, Memphis, after seven rounds in a scheduled 10. Mamby simply gave Dixon a boxing lesson.

Harold Rhodes, 133, Jersey City, came out on the winning end of an explosive shootout with Sean Simmons, 133, Murray, Kentucky. Simmons came out strongly but eventually succumbed to some wicked body shots from Rhodes. The referee stopped the contest in the second, with Simmons in deep trouble. It was scheduled for 10 rounds.

In a scheduled four-rounder that never got off the starting blocks, Darren Dolby, 140, Pittsburgh, was awarded a first-round TKO as Alvin Smith, 139, Memphis, received a split eyelid and was unable to continue.

Exciting prospect Michael Garro, 138, Charleroi, landed a right hand, followed by a left hook, to knock out Darryl Campbell, 137, Memphis, in the second round of a scheduled four.

Terrell Harris, 160, Pittsburgh, scored a third-round TKO over John Simmons, 158, Memphis, in a scheduled four. Simmons was competitive until he ran out of gas in the third round in what was an excellent bout.

West Turner, 230, Morgantown, demolished Jerry Weber, 260, Shelby, North Carolina, with a big left hook in the first round. Weber was counted at after only 2:11 into the four-rounder.

Promoter: Eagle Promotions
Matchmaker: J.J. Johnson
Attendance: 1,500
(1-17-90)

Erich Gliebe

SOUTH CAROLINA

HILTON HEAD—At the Hilton Head Inn, Hammer Productions presented a standing-room-only crowd with a very pleasing six-bout card. Among the celebrities in attendance were Sugar Ray Leonard (in training for the Roberto Duran fight), Andrew Maynard, Engels Pedroza, Tomas Perez, and Yogi Neblett.

The main event featured local favorite **John Stewart**, 146, Hilton Head, and **Paul Gentry**, 148, Spartanburg. Stewart, coming back after a 12-month layoff, looked rusty in the first round, but then started showing his old form. He gained control with his body work, while Gentry provided plenty of powerful but wild punches. Round three saw Stewart using his jab and establishing his power, flooring Gentry just before the bell. Rounds four, five and six saw Stewart staying on the attack, having Gentry in trouble several times, but being unable to put him away. Stewart was awarded a unanimous decision.

Bernard Boyce, 175, Savannah, Georgia, scored a TKO at 2:43 of the third round over Terry Miller, 183, Spartanburg, in a scheduled four-rounder. Boyce was down in the first and Miller in the third.

Willis Brisbon, 195, Greenville, and Jack Pornovets, 220, Columbia, met in a scheduled four-rounder. It was a real action fight until Pornovets ran out of gas in the fourth and referee Josh Warren stopped the bout, awarding a TKO to Brisbon.

In a lackluster bout, Bobby Reid, 163, Spartanburg, took a TKO win over Rodney Cannon, 163½, Shelby, North Carolina, when Cannon quit on his stool in the third round.

A real crowd-pleaser saw Jesse Lanton, 162, Garnersville, New York, and Tony Hyman, 162, Florence, tangle in a scheduled six-rounder. Both came to fight. Lanton was cut over the right eye in round one and decided to try and finish Hyman. But Hyman refused to give up. Lanton's body work and pressure began to wear Hyman down, and the referee stopped the bout at 47 seconds of the fifth round.

In the final bout, Dan Sherry, 156, Silver Spring, Maryland, and trialhorse Randy Thomas, 158, Huntsville, Alabama, clashed in a scheduled eight-rounder. It ended quickly when Sherry's dynamite punches to the body had Thomas down and unable to continue at 2:00 of round one.

Physician: Dr. James DeTorre
Judges: Mike Waters, Charlie Hayes
Referees: Harry Hitopoulos, Byron Stutz, Josh Warren
Promoter: Hammer Productions; Marc Weisner, Tom Sullivan
(11-4-89)

LANCASTER—Local featherweight hero **Cedric "Mean Man" Mingo**, 126, Lancaster, and **Ed "Pit Bull" Pollard**, 126, Miami, met in a slam-bang, action-packed 12-rounder before a standing-room-only crowd of more than 800. The card was sold out two days before fight-night.

There was no doubt that both fighters were hungry. Both men came out throwing bombs, passing on the usual feeling-out process. In the second, Mingo utilized his reach advantage to hurt Pollard and force referee Mark Passmore to give him a standing eight-count. Mingo then seemed to gain control through round four with his reach and uppercuts.

Pollard came out strong in the fifth and used his power and pressing tactics to back Mingo up. Both men used power and sharp punching to keep the crowd on its feet. Both, however, appeared to tire in the ninth.

In the 10th, Mingo used his jab and reach to take charge. Early in the 11th, he landed a hard right which put Pollard down. Pollard beat the count, but Mingo attacked, and another right knocked Pollard into the ropes. Referee Passmore took a good look and decided that Pollard had had enough. He stopped the bout at 49 seconds of the 11th.

Mingo, with a record of 15-3, looks to be a real comer in the featherweight ranks. The aptly named Pit Bull, 18-7, is sure to give any opponent a real battle.

Former IBF bantamweight king Kelvin Seabrooks was in a four-round exhibition with Roy Simpson, Charlotte, North Carolina.

A scheduled four-rounder between Eddie Curry, 190, Lancaster, and Carlton Brown, 185, Lincolnton, North Carolina, ended in the second. Curry knocked down Brown in the first and second and was awarded a TKO.

Chris Cole, 208, Charlotte, North Carolina, and Jimmy Marble, 205, Dallas, met in a four-rounder which ended at 28 seconda of the second, when referee Charlie Hammond gave the TKO to Marble. Both fighters showed that they need to work on the basics.

Heavyweights Mike Cohen, 215, Hilton Head, and Jerry Webber, 255, Forest City, North Carolina, met in a blockbuster scheduled for four rounds. Both threw bombs from the opening bell. Cohen connected with a devastating left hook which left Webber on the canvas for several minutes in round one.

Promoter: Round One Promotions
IBF Representative: Douglas Beavers
Referees: Charlie Hammond, Harry Hitopoulos, Mark Passmore
Judges: Ray Clark, Marge Hammond, Robert Speaks, Chris Wolleson, Vaughn LaPrade
Timekeeper: Tina Hammond
Physicians: Dr. Rogers Walker, Dr. Steven Miszkiewicz
Attendance: 800
(1-19-90)

Frank Whitecotton

WEST VIRGINIA

PARKERSBURG—At the Holiday Inn, **John Loscar's** eight-round TKO of Vienna's **Tommy Hayes** seemed the big story. After all, the 170-pound Loscar captured the vacant West Virginia light heavyweight championship and raised his record to 8-3. Hayes, 172, dipped to 5-5.

The real action, however, took place outside the ring. Or more accurately, inside a courtroom. Parkersburg boxer Gary Wolfe, the state's top-rated 175-pounder, felt he was cheated out of a title opportunity and will probably file a lawsuit against the West Virginia state athletic commission, promoter Jerry Thomas, and new champion Loscar sometime in January.

Wolfe wants the commission to establish an official ratings system, with set criteria for the awarding of title shots. He felt he was knocked out of this title chance for political reasons. Wolfe also wants to have Loscar's claim to the title nullified.

The Loscar-Hayes fight itself was an action-packed affair. Hayes enjoyed a solid start by rocking Loscar with jolting right leads, and a headbutt opened a deep gash over Loscar's right eye with 45 seconds remaining in the opening round. Excellent cornerwork, however, made the slice a non-factor in the fight's outcome.

Loscar captured the second and third rounds and decked Hayes in the fourth with two left-rights. Hayes bravely survived Loscar's fifth-round onslaught and somehow found the strength to take the sixth with excellent bodypunches.

Hayes' rally proved short-lived, and Loscar finished off Hayes in the eighth with four unanswered left-rights to the face.

Loscar said he would be willing to grant Wolfe a shot at the title, but he has another score to settle first.

"Wolfe really made the promoter mad with what he did, but I'd give him a shot sometime down the road," Loscar said. "But I really want to fight Jeff Stamm next. I definitely have a grudge against Stamm because our last fight [a decision loss for Loscar last September 9] was not even a fight.'

Hayes, on the other hand, wants to take the winter off before deciding whether to continue his career. He said if he should decide to come back, he would campaign as a middleweight.

Darrin "The Sheik" Allen, 166, Columbus, staged a brilliant boxing exhibition in decisioning Charlotte's Carlton "Speedy" Brown, 170, over four rounds. Allen, the 1988 Olympic Trials silver medalist, boxed and punched as he pleased, outclassing Brown by light years, not mere miles. Even the crowd, who generally prefers pier-six brawls to boxing science, appreciated Allen's classic skills and Brown's determination and courage. 1984 Olympic gold medalist Jerry Page worked Allen's corner.

Former West Virginia University football player Wes Turner, 230, Morgantown, scored an easy first-round TKO over southpaw J.R. Nichols, 230, Cleveland. Turner knocked Nichols down three times before the fight was halted at the 1:49 mark. Turner is handled by former state gubernatorial candididate John Raese.

Billy "The Kid" Downs, Ashtabula, TKO'd Buffalo's Shawn Baker at 1:29 of the second round. Downs, 188, lost the first round handily to the New Yorker when a sizzling right uppercut prompted a standing eight-count. Downs then deposited Baker on his right side with a pair of follow-up left-rights.

Mark Anthony, 290, Pittsburgh, made a successful pro debut by knocking out perennial knockout victim James "The Hawk" Holley, 216, Ashtabula, at 2:45 of round one. Anthony, a George Foreman lookalike, with his shaven head and excess weight, was also a Foreman punchalike, as he caught Holley coming in with a short left to the jaw for the first knockdown. Anthony polished off Holly with another crushing left to the face. Holley, who has exited gracefully (to put it euphemistically) in previous fights, tried to win this one. He tried circling to his right, which confused Anthony for at least several seconds. But the punches that ultimately defeated Holly were solid and devastating.

(11-10-89)

Lee Groves

CANADA

MANITOBA

WINNIPEG—Local veteran super middleweight **Terry Jesmer**, 167½, again headlined a boxing card here, as he stopped **Jessie Abrams**, Des Moines, Iowa, 184½, in seven rounds.

Jesmer, who began his career years ago fighting the likes of Wayne Caplette, will never be considered a classic fighter, but no one in the country has more heart and guts. He was all over Abrams, and despite the enormous weight difference, was the master throughout. He cut his opponent, forcing the referee to stop the contest. While recent victories were over washed-up fighters, Jesmer is keeping boxing alive in Manitoba and getting nearer a title shot with Canadian champion Darrell "Pee Wee" Flint.

There was a shock in the semi-final, as local middleweight Byron Prince was knocked out in the very first round by little known Lafayette, Indiana, native, Shannon Landberg. Only 54 seconds were needed by Landberg to destroy Prince.

Winnipeg lightweight Brent Mitchell upped his record to 3-0, winning a four-rounder over James Ray, Meridian.

Transplanted Albertan Robbie Stowell lost his four-rounder on points to another Lafayette fighter, Terry Thomas.

Debuting local heavyweight George McFall got the verdict over Red Brewer, Frankfort, Indiana, in the first prelim of the night.

Promoter: Tommy Burns
Site: Convention Centre
Ring Physician: Dr. Barry MacMillan
Ring Announcer: Doc Holliday
Main Event Referee: Arthur Welby
Attendance: 1,200
(12-15-89)

ONTARIO

KITCHENER—Returning home for the first time since he won a gold medal in Seoul, heavyweight **Lennox Lewis** raised his pro record to 6-0 in stopping overmatched **Greg Gorrell**, Wichita, after five one-sided rounds.

Lewis, 228, had nothing to beat in front of him as Gorrell, 210, did little but catch the punches thrown at him. After Gorrell got up from two knockdowns, the referee saved the victim of this mismatch at 51 seconds of the fifth round. Why was Lewis, fighting for the first time as a pro in Canada, matched with such an inept opponent? Conroy Nelson or Jimmy Gradson would have done better.

In a bloody semi-final, Canadian lightweight champion Johnny Kalbhenn was hard-pressed to gain an eight-round verdict over a game Ian Honeywood, Scotland. Kalbhenn improved to 21-8-2.

Veteran lightweight Nedrick Simmons won an eight-round verdict over comebacking Rocky Zolnierzyck.

Windsor heavyweight Robbie Robinson dropped a six-rounder to Jamie Howe.

Another Ontarian fighter, welterweight Tommy Walker, Belleville, got knocked out in three rounds by Willie Hale.

Attendance: 4,200 (estimated)
(12-18-89)

Michael Gladu

MEXICO

MEXICO CITY—At the Arena Coliseo, **Armando "Monstruo" Castro** scored a third-round TKO over **Otilio Gallegos** in a super bantamweight matchup. Castro, 29-5-1 (23), the former Mexican super flyweight champion, closed his foe's left eye with a right hand in the first round. Gallegos fell to 17-4-1.

At bantamweight, Jose Rodriguez stopped Julio Cardona in the second round of a scheduled eight.

Rafael Orozco stopped Oscar Plascencia in the second round of a scheduled six.

Juan de Dios Palomar drew with Oscar Martinez, featherweights.

Alejandro de Anda scored a third-round TKO over Jesus Jimenez in a flyweight bout scheduled for four.
(1-6-90)

MEXICO CITY—At the Arena Coliseo, **Juan Estrada** scored a second-round TKO over **Sergio "Chato" Aguirre** in a 10-round battle of welterweights. With the victory, Estrada, 15-5, avenged an earlier loss to Aguirre. Both rounds saw furious exchanges, with Aguirre falling to the canvas due to a right hand. He was up at four, but the referee stopped it with Aguirre still dizzy.

Eloy Ortega used a big right to the chin to end a 10-round super featherweight bout with Rogelio Velasco, at 1:15 of the second round.

Lauro "Cura" Rodriguez needed just 45 seconds to dispatch of Jorge Alvarez in a featherweight bout scheduled for 10 rounds. Alvarez was decked twice in less than a minute, both times by right hands.

Martin Angeles won a six-round decision over Genaro Vazquez in a battle between super bantamweights.

Porifirio Rabanales won a four-round decision over Obdulio Rosas in a mini flyweight encounter.
(1-13-90)

RAYNOSA—**Candelario "Changuito" Carmona** won a 12-round decision over **Baudilio "Chamaco Assassin" Hernandez** and retained the Mexican bantamweight title. It was Carmona's second defense, and the champion used his experience and speed to dominate the action. Hernandez, 18-1, had his best round in the eighth.
(1-19-90)

ACAPULCO—**Maximiliano Garcia** scored a knockout over **Esteban Guzman** in a scheduled 10-round bantamweight fight. Garcia was dropped twice in the third, but came back to stop his opponent in the sixth.

Alejo "Nono" Martinez put Odilon "Puma" Torres away in the thrid round of a scheduled eight-rounder, super featherweights.

Rivelino Palma won a controversial eight-round decision over Sebastian Anica, mini flyweights.
(1-19-90)

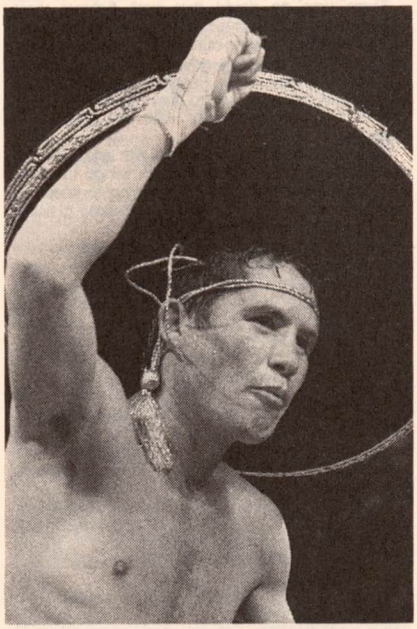
MEXICO CITY—Featherweight **Willy Salazar** won a majority decision over **Eduardo Ramirez** in a 10-round bout. The former NABF junior flyweight champion, Salazar is 43-9-1 (32). It was his first bout since losing the title. Salazar started strongly and won the first seven rounds, but Ramirez finished well.

Albino Rosas scored a sixth-round TKO over Juan Manuel Vega in a 10-round super featherweight bout.

In an eight-round lightweight bout, Alfonso Martinez won a decision over Nicolas Ortiz.

Oscar Cervantes won a six-round decision over Carlos Escober in a featherweight bout.

Gerardo de la Serna won a decision over Jose Luis Lopez in a four-round mini flyweight bout.



Julio Cesar Chavez

ACAPULCO—Headlining the card was WBC super lightweight champion **Julio Cesar Chavez**, who boxed a pair of three-round exhibitions. The first was with lightweight **Fidel "Negro" Avendano**. The two had some crowd-pleasing exchanges, especially in the third, when there was some heavy give and take. Then Chavez joked with heavyweight **Mario "Finito" Otanez**. Chavez dropped his bigger opponent with body shots in the second and third rounds.

Raul Martinez Mora fought to a 10-round draw with Miguel "Huracan" Juarez, super bantamweights.

Lauro Rodriguez scored a fourth-round TKO over Alejandro Zarate in a 10-round battle of featherweights.

Trinidad Damasco scored a third-round kayo over Aaron Herrera in a six-round lightweight affair.

In another six-round lightweight battle, Jorge Palacios took a decision over Eduardo Mendoza.
(1-26-90)

MAZATLAN—**Alberto "Hungaro" Martinez** scored a fourth-round TKO over **David "Parachutero" Bustamante** in a 10-round super bantamweight bout. Martinez dropped his opponent in the second and twice in the fourth.

Ruben Villaman won a 10-round decision over Luis "Tyson" Vazquez, middleweights.

Baldo Gonalez won a split decision over Orlando Rojas, bantamweights.
(1-26-90)

GUADALAJARA—**Gerardo "Canas" Esparza** fought to a 10-round draw with **Mauro Gutierrez**, super featherweights.

At super flyweight, Julio Cesar Cardona decisioned Edgar Decenas.
(1-26-90)

VERACRUZ—Lightweight **Javier "Zorrito" Altamirano** scored a fourth-round stoppage of **Pedro "Huracan" Garcia**, scheduled for 10. Altamirano scored two knockdowns in the fourth.
(1-26-90)

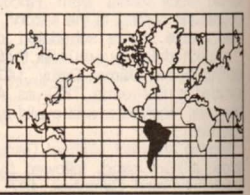
MEXICO CITY—At the Arena Coliseo, **Roman Nunez** won by disqualification in the third round over **Francisco Perez**. It was a welterweight battle scheduled for 10 rounds. The fight was stopped by Dr. Horacio Ramirez, who checked out cuts on Nunez' left eyelid in round three. It was ruled that the cuts had been opened by intentional butts. It was an unpopular call, with Perez ahead at the time of the stoppage.

At lightweight, Raul Feregrino stopped Oscar Burgos at 2:15 of the fourth round. Feregrino was down late in the second, and then again early in the third from a left-right combination. Then, in the fourth, a right hook dropped Burgos. He was up at nine, but still woozy, and the referee stopped it.

Gilberto Flores scored a second-round TKO over Gregorio Flores, lightweights. The losing Flores was down twice.

Rodolfo Santamaria stopped Atanasio Villareal at 1:01 of round three, bantamweights. Villareal was floored by three rights in round two, and hurt again in the third, when the referee jumped in.

Jose Luis Galindo scored a four-round split decision over Gerardo Garcia, mini flyweights.
(1-27-90)



SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINA

TRELEW—**Jore Lianquin** retained the featherweight title of the province of Chubut with a 12-round draw against **Ramon Soria**.
(12-8-89)

VENADO TUERTO—In middleweight action at the Centenario Club, **Jorge Morello** kayoed **Nestor Albarracin** in the sixth round.
(12-8-89)

BUENOS AIRES—At the Argentine Boxing Federation Stadium, 27-year-old Argentine and South American junior welterweight champion **Eduardo "Cat" Benevent** retained the crown with a unanimous 12-round decision over veteran **Raul Roque Bianco**.

In a flyweight battle, **Sergio Liendo**, 113, kayoed **Felipe Neri Ibarra**, 113. Liendo is 8-0-1 (6).
(12-9-89)

PERGAMINO—Argentine super flyweight champion **Ramon Retamozo** scored a second-round kayo of Paraguayan champion **Felix "Alacran" Torres**, who lost his South American title. (12-8-89)

JUNIN—Before a crowd of 1,200 at Club Ciclistas Juninense, former WBA junior featherweight champion **Sergio Palma**, 126, returned to the ring and scored a unanimous 10-round decision over **Juan Estrada**. It was Palma's first fight since June 1983.

Junior middleweight Luis "Cuty" Barrera, 13-1, kayoed Edmundo Antonio Diaz in the second round.

The promoter was Hernan Santos Nicolini. (12-15-89)

BUENOS AIRES—Young and undefeated Argentine lightweight champion **Fabian Hector Tejeda**, 137, 20-0 (18), outpointed brave **Jesus Gil**, 136½, 7-3-1, in a non-title bout at ABF Stadium. The scores were 98-95, 99-96, and 98-96. (12-16-89)

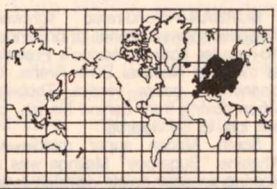
LUJAN—Former Argentine bantamweight champion **Lucio Lopez** easily outpointed **Marcelo Luna** over 10 rounds. Lopez is ranked first in Argentina at 122 pounds.

In his pro debut, 19-year-old junior middleweight **Dario Victor Galindez**, the only son of the late Victor Galindez, scored a third-round stoppage of **Ramon Enrique Cinzano**, 14-6-4. Galindez was accompanied into the ring by Horacio Garcia, the former trainer of light heavyweight champion Galindez, and Roberto Palmero Galindez, Victor's brother. (12-22-89)

BUENOS AIRES—At ABF Stadium, **Jorge Fernando Castro**, the hottest attraction in Argentine boxing, scored an easy second-round kayo of **Daniel Dominguez**, 155, 24-5-1. Castro, 156½, almost scored a first-round stoppage. In the second, a single left hook produced the kayo. Castro is 42-1-2 (30) and seeking a world title fight with John Mugabi.

Young and undefeated Mario Gaston Chavez, 20-0 (12), scored a unanimous 10-round victory over Jorge Tejada, 12-20-10. Chavez is an interesting prospect in the junior middleweight division. (12-23-89)

Carlos Irusta



EUROPE

UNITED KINGDOM

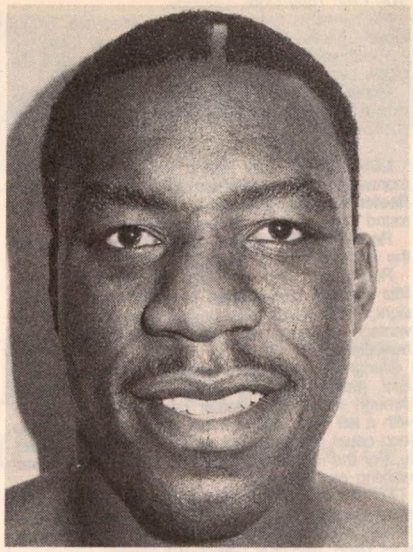
LONDON—British heavyweight champion **Gary Mason** extended his unbeaten run to 33 straight victories at Wembley Arena, but it did not turn out to be the easy and straight-forward win that most people expected.

American opponent **Mark Wills** certainly came to fight, and not only did he become just the second man to take Mason the distance, but on a few occasions looked very capable of knocking the big man out.

Ranked sixth by the WBA, Mason found his opponent tough, awkward, and having a tremendous ability to soak up a really good punch. Or, rather, make that a sledgehammer blow, because although Mason certainly does not float like a butterfly or sting like a bee, he can bang hard with either hand. Time and time again Mason landed bonecrunching punches to the jaw of Wills, but showed obvious signs of frustration when he could not floor his rugged adversary.

Wills' best rounds were the third and seventh, when he opened a cut over Mason's left eye.

Welsh referee Adrian Morgan adjudged Mason a three-rounds winner amid some scattered booing from the crowd. Wills received a warm round of applause after this entertaining fight.



Heavyweight Gary Mason

On analysis of this result, a showdown with Mike Tyson is a long way down the road for the Londoner. Wills' record fell to 10-11.

Other Wembley results: Jimmy McDonagh, Hastings, scored a second-round kayo of Gary Pemberton, Cardiff.

Henry Akinwande, Lewisham, TKO'd Paul Neilson, Doncaster, in the first round.

Peter Konyegwachie, Nigeria, won a six-round decision over Tony Dore, Irving.

Derek Grainger, Bethnal Green, TKO'd G.W. Gully, Birmingham, in the third round.

Darren Westover, Ilford, TKO'd Kevin Roper, Swansea, in the first round. (12-6-89)

GATFORD—At the Crofton Leisure Centre, **Derek "Sweet D" Williams** absolutely destroyed former British heavyweight champion **Trevor Currie**, and added the vacant European heavyweight crown to his Commonwealth title. The bout was over after just 55 seconds of the opening round.

Promoter Mike Barrett wants nothing less than the British Boxing Board of Control to order a showdown between the rival champions, Williams and Gary Mason.

The new double champion commented after the fight, "Trevor has been a good friend of mine for a long time and I didn't want to see him get hurt."

Why, you may ask then, was he not a little friendlier toward him in the ring?

Last word to Barrett: "I am saying here and now that Williams will be fighting for the world heavyweight championship within two years." (12-5-89)

LIVERPOOL—At the Kirkby Sports Centre, Liverpudlian **Paul Hodkinson** made his third successful defense of the European featherweight title, against French champion **Farid Benredjeb**. Hodkinson scored an eight-round stoppage, and then declared, "I want to go right to the top."

There was a disappointing lack of support for the local lad, as he extended his unbeaten run to 17 contests. His manager, Barney Eastwood, said afterward that to bring a world title fight to Liverpool would cost a lot of money, and, to generate that, his man would need massive support and sponsorship.

The 24-year old Hodkinson really gave Benredjeb a torrid time, keeping up a constant barrage of punches to the head and body of the challenger. But, to his credit, the Frenchman survived the onslaught of punches. But in the eighth, his brave challenge was surmounted, courtesy of a big right hook that floored Benredjeb. The following onslaught prompted his cornermen to throw in the towel.

An excellent result for the Liverpool fighter, whose compact style and increasing experience makes him a very possible world title candidate.

Other Kirkby results: Light welterweight Richard Burton, Manchester, drew with Tomas Arguelles, Panama.

Featherweight Richie Wenton, Liverpool, TKO'd Joe Mullen, Glasgow, in the fifth round.

Lightweight Nigel Wenton, Liverpool, won a deci-

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sion over Tony Dore, Glasgow.

Welterweight Critanto Espana, Venezuela, TKO'd Lloyd Christie, Wolverhampton, in round three.

Welterweight Dave Whittle, Newcastle, won a decision over Ian Thomas, Leeds.

Super middleweight Dennis Cronin, Caerphilly, won a decision over Ray Close, Belfast.
(12-13-89)

LONDON—At York Hall in Bethnal Green, Commonwealth super featherweight champion **Mark Reefer** was very impressive in handling out a fifth-round kayo to **Sam Akromah**, Ghana.

Reefer, 129¾, Bethnal Green, was dwarfed by the freakish six-foot Akromah, 127¾.

Round one was a feeling out round, and very little damage was inflicted by either man. In hindsight, Reefer must have gained a psychological advantage because he assumed complete control hereafter.

Venomous left hooks nullified whatever height and reach advantage Akromah had. Halfway through round four, Reefer caught Akromah flush with a left hook that sent the challenger down for a long count. Akromah got up and survived . . . barely. For the rest of the round he looked like he was walking on the moon.

For the first time in the fight, Akromah tried to stick the jab in round five, but with about one minute left, he got knocked silly with a tremendous right hand, and that was that.

Reefer improved to 21-4-1 (14), and has set the scene for a European title shot. Akromah's record fell to 18-6-1 (5).

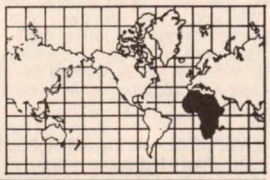
The first fight saw Herbie Hide defeat a very game but outclassed Steve Osborne. The referee stopped the fight in the sixth and final round to save Osborne from further punishment. Hide, a promising heavyweight, improved to 3-0 (3), while Osborne fell to 6-9.

Welterweight Erroll McDonald was, in many ways, the highlight of the night. He picked apart and eventually destroyed Rochdale's Mick Mulcahy, forcing the referee to stop the contest in round three. The Nottingham fighter, 18-0-1 (15), possesses fast hands, a great jab, and sharp reflexes, and has very good potential.

The last fight was a lightweight contest which turned out to be a war. Finchlay's Steve Griffith won a close six-rounder over Paddington's Tony Graham. It was a fight between two evenly matched fighters who showed tremendous heart and determination all the way through. Griffith improved to 15-9 (6), while Graham stands at 5-6-1 (1).

Promoter: Matchroom
Referee: Mickey Vann
Timekeeper: Ray Rice
(12-19-89)

Brian Doogan



AFRICA

SOUTH AFRICA

EAST LONDON—Cape lightweight champion **Luvuyo Kakaza** won his first international bout when he scored a unanimous decision over Texan **Dwayne Swift** over 10 very hard rounds at the Orient Theatre. Swift rallied in the stretch, but it wasn't enough to overcome Kakaza's early lead.

The attendance was an estimated 1,000.
(11-19-89)

BLOEMFONTEIN—Elvis Mpahla became the Orange Free State welterweight champion when he stopped defending titlist **Johanne Motaung** via fifth-round TKO at the Ramblers Club.

The attendance was an estimated 300.
(11-19-89)

EAST LONDON—South African flyweight champion **Jaji Sibali** scored his first win over an international opponent when he stopped Mexico's **Mario Perez** in the fourth round of their scheduled 10-rounder at the Orient Theatre. The Mexican was punished from the opening bell.

In the chief support, Vuyani Bungu, the Cape featherweight champion, retained the title when he stopped Andile Ntsiko in the fourth round of a one-sided contest.

The attendance was an estimated 1,000.
(11-26-89)

DURBAN—In a real ding-dong affair, **Olvin Mthembu** retained the Natal featherweight title via 10-round decision over gutsy challenger **Petros Mahlangu** at the Red Cross Hall.

The promoter was Wayne Wesley-Smith, and the attendance was an estimated 500.
(11-26-89)

MANDINI—Barry Mthembu retained the Natal bantamweight title when he stopped **Martin Shabangu** in the eighth round of a scheduled 10-rounder at the Sundumbili Sports Ground. This was the third meeting between these two, with Mthembu winning every time.

The attendance was an estimated 500.
(12-2-89)

PORT ELIZABETH—Former South African junior welterweight champion **Phumzile Madikane** scored a third-round TKO over **Dario Hernandez**, Dominican Republic, in their scheduled 10-rounder at the Railway Hostels Hall. The superbly fit Madikane took control from the opening bell. He dumped his foe in the fourth, and, upon rising, Hernandez indicated to the referee that he had had enough.

The promoter was Piet Hancke, and the estimated attendance was 400.
(12-2-89)

UITENGAHE—Linda Nonzaba retained the Cape welterweight title with a fifth-round TKO over **Desmond Malata** at the Uitenhage Sports Arena. It was a scheduled 10-rounder. Nonzaba was in complete control until the bout was halted because of a cut over Malata's eye.

The attendance was an esitmated 300.
(12-3-89)

BLOEMFONTEIN—South African junior middleweight champion **Gregory Clark** demolished Mexican import **Roman Nunez** in eight rounds at the Showgrounds Bull Ring. It was a familiar scenario, with Clark needing three or four rounds to warm up before gradually wearing down his opponent.

The attendance was an estimated 300.
(12-9-89)

DURBAN—World-rated lightweight **Dingaan Thobela** showed flashes of brilliance in a rather dull 10-rounder against Mexico's **Francisco Fernandez** at the First National Bank Arena. Thobela won by unanimous points verdict. Thobela looked good when boxing from behind his jab, but his infighting left lots to be desired.

South African super middleweight contender Thulane "Sugarboy" Malinga was unimpressive in scoring an easy points decision over America's Oscar Pena.

The promoter was Thinus Strydom, World Sports Promotions, and the matchmaker was Leonard Neill. The estimated attendance was 4,000.
(12-5-89)

THABONG—Orange Free State lightweight champion **Cassius Mabuya** completely outclassed challenger **Matthews Pule** in scoring a 10th-round TKO.

The promoter was Mzolisa Promotions, and the estimated attendance was 500.
(12-10-89)

DURBAN—An unusual decision ended the bout between lightweights **Aladin Stevens** and **Johannes Hoshella** at the First National Bank Arena. A bad cut over Hoshella's eye forced the referee to stop the fight and declare it a technical draw in the third round.

The promoter was P.L. Maharaj Promotions. The estimated attendance was 500.
(12-11-89)

DURBAN—In one of the most exciting fights here of the year, **Sakkie Horn** did well to survive an early onslaught from determined challenger **Howard Mpepesi** and retain the South African light heavyweight title via dramatic 11th-round knockout at the First National Bank Arena.

In the chief support, Gerhard Botes boxed well to outpoint Christopher Thusi over eight rounds at junior middleweight.

The attendance was an estimated 2,000.
(12-20-89)

Ron Jackson

IN THIS CORNER

KURT NOLTIMIER

(Fight film collector)

By Robert Cassidy

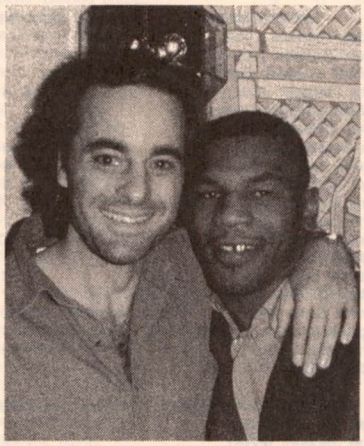
If a heavy snowstorm ever hits Minneapolis and reduces the city to a fortress of ice and snow, forcing its citizens indoors for days, maybe even weeks, Kurt Noltimier will be prepared. In fact, he might even welcome such a blizzard.

Noltimier, one of boxing's foremost collectors of memorabilia, owns possibly the largest private collection of fight tapes and films in the country. His personal library includes 7,000 fights on video cassette and another 1,000 on film. Equipped with two video cassette recorders and a basic cable setup, Noltimier tapes boxing at every opportunity. With ESPN, SportsChannel America, the Madison Square Garden network, and the USA Network frequently televising boxing cards, Noltimier's collection will continue to grow.

"I used to watch the fights on TV with my dad," said the 37-year-old maven. "Then he started taking me to local club shows. He took me to see Clay-Liston I and II on closed-circuit. Those were my first big fights."

Noltimier, a Minneapolis postal worker, says his obsession began in 1964 at the age of 12, when he bought his first issue of *The Ring*. The magazine, which featured middleweight champion Joey Giardello on the cover, is still in his possession. In fact, he has collected more than 300 copies of *The Ring* over the years. He also has every *Ring Record Book And Encyclopedia* since 1964. And he has more than 50 autographs, including world champions George Foreman, Muhammad Ali, Sugar Ray Leonard, and Alexis Arguello.

But his video collection is what sets him apart from other boxing aficionados. While Noltimier can't remember the first fight he actually taped, his personal video library started about 20 years ago, when he sent away for eight-millimeter fight films, called Ring Classics. "I always used to read about the old great fights," he said. "And I wanted to see them for myself and judge if it was a great fight or not."



Noltimier with Mike Tyson

But Noltimier can't be dismissed as just a couch potato armed with dual remote controls. He attends fights whenever he can, never forgetting, of course, to first set the timer on his VCR. He's seen four of Mike Tyson's Las Vegas fights and is also a color commentator for the annual cable-televised Upper Midwest Golden Gloves Championships.

Among Noltimier's most precious tapes are Kid Berg-Tony Canzoneri, Eder Jofre-Fighting Harada, and bouts of such low profile former champions as Koichi Wajima, Guts Suzuki, Lionel Rose, and Pone Kingpetch. Even amateur fights have their place among his collection. He has tapes of George Foreman, Ken Norton, and Mike Tyson when they knocked people out for free. But perhaps his rarest tape is the 1975 132-pound National Golden Gloves title fight between Thomas Hearns and Aaron Pryor, which Pryor won by decision. He also watched WBA light heavyweight champion Virgil Hill box when the North Dakotan was just 15. "You knew he was good even then," Noltimier said.

Noltimier has watched hundreds of great fights, but he has also seen the sport he loves erode over the last 25 years. He's not interested in Continental belts, 12-round title fights, or the WBO. And his father, Leo, the man who introduced him to boxing, grew so disgusted with the promoters, governing bodies, and con men, that he can no longer follow boxing.

But while Noltimier waits for the opportunity to tape those few special fights—he lists Ray Leonard-John Mugabi, Julio Cesar Chavez-Marlon Starling, Michael Moorer-Virgil Hill, and Jeff Fenech-Azumah Nelson as the fights he'd most like to see—he continues to add all the cable-televised main events to his collection.

"I get tired of taping them," he said. "But I've kept it up for so long, I figured why not keep doing it. It's just like a stamp collector or a baseball card collector. I really hardly ever watch them. Except for when I record them, or when a friend is over, we'll watch some fights."

But if that snowstorm ever hits, Noltimier will settle back into his favorite chair, open a bag of chips, pour a beverage, and cue up his favorite fight, the George Foreman-Ron Lyle slugfest. Then he'll watch the Rocky Marciano-Archie Moore classic, then Leonard-Hearns I, then Arguello-Pryor I, then the Ali-Foreman fight, then . . . □

WBC WBA IBF RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Mike Tyson (USA)	C	C	C
Evander Holyfield (USA)	1	1	1
Razor Ruddock (CAN)	2	2	4
James Douglas (USA)	3	4	2
Michael Dokes (USA)	4	3	5
Gary Mason (ENG)	5	6	6
Alex Stewart (JAM)	6	5	8
Renaldo Snipes (USA)	7	10	9
Adilson Rodrigues (BRA)	8	11	-
Jose Ribalta (USA)	9	8	11
George Foreman (USA)	10	-	-
Carl Williams (USA)	11	9	3
Orlin Norris (USA)	14	7	12
Frank Bruno (ENG)	11	12	7
Tim Witherspoon (USA)	12	-	10

CRUISERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Carlos DeLeon (PR)	C	-	-
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	1	2	3
Nate Miller (USA)	2	3	5
Dwight Muhammad Qawi (USA)	3	6	12
Jose Flores (URU)	4	-	-
Johnny Nelson (ENG)	5	-	-
Angelo Rottoli (IT)	6	11	12
Magna Havnaa (NOR)	7	-	-
Olian Alexander (USA)	8	10	-
Taoufik Belbouli (FRA)	9	1	-
Tyrone Booze (USA)	10	-	-
Robert Daniels (USA)	-	C	-
Glenn McCrory (ENG)	-	-	C
Jeff Lampkin (USA)	-	4	1
Craig Bodzianowski (USA)	-	9	-
Patrick Lumumba (KEN)	15	-	4
Leroy Murphy (USA)	-	-	6
Ralf Rocchigiani (GER)	18	-	9
Siza Makathini (SA)	-	-	2
Richard Mason (USA)	21	-	7
James Warring (USA)	19	5	8
Jose Burlon (URU)	-	7	-
Johnny Held (HOL)	-	8	-
James Pritchard (USA)	-	-	10

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	C	-	-
Don Lalonde (CAN)	1	-	-
Dennis Andries (ENG)	2	1	-
Guy Waters (AUSTRL)	3	3	3
Mario Melo (ARG)	4	6	11
Joe Lasisi (NIG)	5	11	4
Leslie Stewart (TRI)	6	-	-
Eric Nicoletta (FRA)	7	2	10
Graciano Rocchigiani (GER)	8	5	1
Yawe Davis (UGA)	9	-	-
Tom Collins (ENG)	10	-	-
Mwehu Beya (ITA)	11	9	-
James Kinchen (USA)	12	-	5
Virgil Hill (USA)	-	C	-
Rodrigo Benech (URU)	23	-	2
Jean-Marie Emebe (FRA)	16	8	-
Mike Peak (USA)	-	4	-
Charles Williams (USA)	-	-	C
Vincent Boulware (USA)	-	-	6
Freddie Delgado (PR)	-	-	7
Frankie Swindell (USA)	-	-	8
Anthony Hembrick (USA)	-	-	9
Rod Carr (AUSTRL)	-	10	-
David Vedder (USA)	-	7	-

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ray Leonard (USA)	C	-	-
Thomas Hearns (USA)	1	-	-
Chris Tiozzo (FRA)	2	1	3
Dario Matteoni (ARG)	3	5	12
Don Lee (USA)	4	9	-
Tony Byrd (USA)	5	4	7
Frank Tate (USA)	6	-	1
Frank Winterstein (FRA)	7	-	-
Mauro Galvano (ITA)	8	-	10
Paul Muyodi (UGA)	9	-	-
Rod Carr (AUSTRL)	10	-	6
Juan Carlos Gimenez (PAR)	11	3	4
Dan Morgan (USA)	12	8	-
Ron Essett (USA)	13	7	9
Frankie Minton (USA)	15	-	-
Victor Cordova (PAN)	18	2	-
In Chul Baek (KOR)	-	C	-
Paul Whittaker (USA)	-	6	-
Lindell Holmes (USA)	-	-	C
Thulani Malingo (USA)	-	-	2
Fermin Chirino (VEN)	-	-	8
Tyrone Frazier (USA)	24	10	5

MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Lindell Holmes (USA)	1	-	-
Julian Jackson (USA)	2	-	-
Michael Watson (ENG)	3	1	1
Herol Graham (ENG)	4	3	5
Michael Olajide (CAN)	5	-	-
Steve Collins (USA)	6	5	-
Iran Barkley (USA)	7	7	6
Sumbu Kalambay (ITA)	8	2	8
Nigel Benn (ENG)	9	4	3
Kevin Watts (US)	10	11	-
Chris Eubank (ENG)	11	8	-
Frank Winterstein	-	6	10
Mike McCallum (JAM)	-	C	-
Michael Nunn (USA)	-	-	C
Matthew Hilton (CAN)	23	-	7
Donald Curry (USA)	-	-	2
Reginald Johnson (USA)	-	9	4
Ron Collins (USA)	16	-	9
Adolfo Caballero (COL)	-	10	-

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
John Mugabi (UGA)	C	-	-
Rene Jacquot (FRA)	1	7	-
Chris Pyatt (ENG)	2	5	6
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	3	3	-
Darrin Van Horn (USA)	4	8	1
Terry Norris (USA)	5	6	11
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	6	-	5
Carlos Elliot (JAP)	7	1	-
Jun Suk Hwang (KOR)	8	2	-
Jorge Castro (ARG)	9	10	10
Gilbert Dele (FRA)	10	4	7
Julian Jackson (VI)	-	C	-
Arthur Serwano (USA)	14	-	4
Horacio Perez (COL)	21	9	-
Gianfranco Rosi (ITA)	-	-	C
Robert Hines (USA)	-	-	3
Glenn Wolfe (USA)	22	-	2
Miguel Arroyo (ARG)	26	-	9
Karama Leota (USA)	-	-	8

WELTERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Marlon Starling (USA)	C	-	-
Maurice Blocker (USA)	1	2	-
Lloyd Honeyghan (ENG)	2	8	4
Buddy McGirt (USA)	3	5	2
Aaron Davis (USA)	4	7	3
Tyrone Trice (USA)	5	-	1
Antoine Fernandez (FRA)	6	10	6
Glenwood Brown (USA)	7	4	5
Hiroyuki Yoshino (JAP)	8	12	11
Genaro Leon (MEX)	9	-	-
Luis Garcia (VEN)	10	1	-
Mark Breland (USA)	-	C	-
Simon Brown (USA)	-	-	C
Fujio Ozaki (JAP)	11	6	-
Engels Pedroza (VEN)	14	3	9
Jose Bermudez (COL)	-	9	-
Vincent Pettway (USA)	-	-	7
Tommy Ayers (USA)	21	-	8
Kirkland Laing (ENG)	26	-	10

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	C	-	-
Kyungduk Ahn (KOR)	1	1	-
Roger Mayweather (USA)	2	-	-
Sammy Fuentes (PR)	3	-	-
Loreto Garza (USA)	4	5	3
Mauricio Rodriguez (USA)	5	-	10
Rafael Pineda (COL)	6	4	5
Alberto Cortes (ARG)	7	-	-
Mike Johnson (USA)	8	9	-
Angel Hernandez (PR)	9	7	9
Ras-I-Bramble (USA)	10	8	1
Juan M. Coggi (ARG)	-	C	-
Meldrick Taylor (USA)	-	-	C
Terrence Alli (USA)	11	-	6
Rodolfo Aguilar (PAN)	13	6	11
Akinobu Hiranaka (JAP)	14	2	-
Jose Luis Ramirez (MEX)	-	3	-
Louie Lomeli (USA)	-	-	2
Frankie Randall (USA)	-	12	4
Harold Brazier (USA)	16	-	7
Courtney Hooper (USA)	25	-	8
Chi Mun Sil (KOR)	-	10	-

LIGHTWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	-	C
Chilsung Chun (KOR)	1	3	-
Primo Ramos (MEX)	2	4	4
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	3	-	2
Poli Diaz (SPA)	4	5	3
Tracy Spann (USA)	5	7	1
Jose Luis Ramirez (MEX)	6	-	-
David Gonzales (USA)	7	6	9
Darryl Tyson (USA)	8	-	5
Mario Martinez (MEX)	9	-	-
Iwao Otomo (JAP)	10	10	8
Anthony Jones (USA)	12	8	-
Greg Haugen (USA)	14	-	6
Edwin Rosario (PR)	-	C	-
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	-	1	-
Juan Nazario (PR)	15	2	11
Tae Jin Moon (KOR)	16	9	-
John Duplessis (USA)	21	-	10
William Rojas (VEN)	-	11	7

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	C	-	-
Antonio Esparragoza (VEN)	1	-	-
Rodolfo Gomez (MEX)	2	-	-
Lupe Suarez (USA)	3	-	6
Tony Lopez (USA)	4	8	3
Rocky Lockridge (USA)	5	9	8
Jim McDonnell (ENG)	6	7	-
Tyrone Downes (TRIN)	7	4	-
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	8	3	5
Calvin Grove (USA)	9	-	1
George Navaro (USA)	10	-	-
Brian Mitchell (SA)	-	C	-
John Molina (USA)	-	-	C
Hengky Gun (INDO)	17	10	-
Jackie Beard (USA)	-	1	-
Anibal Nieves (VEN)	-	5	-
John Doherty (IRE)	-	6	-
Renato Cornett (AUST)	20	-	4
Renaldo Carter (USA)	-	2	9
Jorge Ramirez (MEX)	23	-	2
Manuel Batista (DR)	-	-	10
Joey Gamache (USA))	-	12	7

FEATHERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jeff Fenech (AUSTRL)	C	-	-
Marcos Villasana (MEX)	1	-	-
Chan Mok Park (KOR)	2	1	-
Paul Hodkinson (ENG)	3	4	1
Victor Callejas (PR)	4	-	-
Ricardo Cepeda (USA)	5	8	4
Troy Dorsey (USA)	6	10	3
Javier Marquez (MEX)	7	-	-
Rafael Zuniga (COL)	8	6	-
Yung Kyun Park (KOR)	9	-	-
Takeyuki Akagi (JAP)	10	-	-
Antonio Esparragoza (VEN)	-	C	-
Jorge Paez (MEX)	-	-	C
Myron Taylor (USA)	14	-	2
Tom Johnson (USA)	21	5	-
Ryutaro Ueda (JAP)	-	2	-
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	-	3	-
Jorge Romero (MEX)	27	7	-
Park Yung Kyun (KOR)	-	9	-
Alfred Rangel (USA)	19	-	5

WBC as of January
WBA as of February
IBF as of February

Lupe Gutierrez (USA)	15	12	6
Harold Rhodes (USA)	12	-	7
Steve McCrory (USA)	-	-	8
Cedric Mingo (USA)	-	-	9
Stevie Cruz (USA)	11	-	10

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	C	-	-
Seung Hoon Lee (KOR)	1	10	-
Pedro Decima (ARG)	2	6	-
Paul Banke (USA)	3	7	-
Chan Young Park (KOR)	4	-	-
Naoto Takahashi (JAP)	5	3	10
Tracy Patterson (USA)	6	-	-
Jesse Benavides (USA)	7	-	5
Luis Mendoza (COL)	8	1	-
Juan Jose Estrada (MEX)	9	5	9
Jae Won Choi (KOR)	10	11	-
Jesus Salud (USA)	-	C	-
Fabrice Benichou (FRA)	-	-	C
Carlos Uribe (CHIL)	11	8	-
Ruben Palacio (COL)	13	2	-
Jose Sanabria (VEN)	14	4	2
Lee Ki Yun (KOR)	-	9	-
Welcome Ncita (SA)	-	-	1
Hurley Snead (USA)	-	-	3
Kelvin Seabrooks (USA)	-	-	4
Baby Rojas (USA)	-	-	6
Fransie Badenhorst (SA)	-	-	7
Ramon Cruz (PR)	-	-	8

BANTAMWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Raul Perez (MEX)	C	-	-
Hurley Snead (USA)	1	1	-
Chang Kyun Oh (KOR)	2	2	-
Gerardo Martinez (USA)	3	7	9
Pepillo Valdez (MEX)	4	5	2
Changuito Carmona (MEX)	5	-	-
Greg Richardson (USA)	6	10	-
Kiyoshi Hatanaka (JAP)	7	6	-
Joao Cardoso (BRA)	8	-	-
Lupe Rubio (MEX)	9	-	-
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	10	9	-
Luisito Espinosa (PHI)	-	C	-
Orlando Canizales (USA)	-	-	C
Ray Minus (BAH)	13	-	6
Billy Hardy (ENG)	15	-	1
Duke McKenzie (ENG)	16	-	3
Cesar Salas (VEN)	-	3	-
Paul Gonzalez (USA)	-	8	-
Eddie Rangel (USA)	-	-	4
Wilfredo Vasquez (PR)	-	-	5
Kaokor Galaxy (THAI)	21	4	12
Crusher Miura (JAP)	29	-	7
Alessandro DeSantis (ITA)	-	-	8
Wongso Indrajit (INDO)	-	-	10

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Sung Kil Moon (KOR)	C	2	-
Nana Konadu (GHA)	1	-	-
Thanomsak Sithbaobey (THAI)	2	1	-
Shunichi Nakajima (JAP)	3	4	-
Gilberto Roman (MEX)	4	5	4
Ellyas Pical (INDO)	5	-	7
Santos Laciar (ARG)	6	8	-
Cobra Ari Blanca (PHIL)	7	7	5
Sun Yong Chung (KOR)	8	-	-
Cesar Polanco (DR)	9	9	-
Elvis Alvarez (COL)	10	-	-
Khaosai Galaxy (THAI)	-	C	-
Juan Polo (COL)	-	-	C
Carlos Mercado (COL)	11	12	2
Kenji Matsumura (JAP)	-	6	-
Roberto Quiroga (USA)	13	10	1
Ernesto Ford (PAN)	16	3	-
Ray Medel (USA)	17	-	9
Rey Paciones (RP)	-	-	3
Peter Mitrevski (AUSTRL)	-	-	6
Jaja Shibali (SA)	-	-	8
Sitoshi Shingaki (JAP)	-	-	10

FLYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Sot Chitalada (THAI)	C	-	-
Richard Clarke (JAM)	1	-	2
Jung Koo Chang (KOR)	2	-	-
Yul Woo Lee (KOR)	3	4	-
Javier Lucas (MEX)	4	-	7
Yong Kang Kim (KOR)	5	7	-
Leopard Tamakuma (JAP)	6	2	5
Romy Navarette (PHIL)	7	-	11
Claudemir Dias (BRA)	8	-	-
Rodolfo Blanco (COL)	9	6	1
Ric Siodoro (PHIL)	10	-	-
Fidel Bassa (ARG)	-	1	4
Elvis Alvarez (COL)	-	3	-
Kotaro Hayashi (JAP)	24	5	-
Julio Gudino (PAN)	-	8	-
Eyup Can (TUR)	13	11	10
Yunun Chin (KOR)	14	9	-
Jesus Rojas (VEN)	-	C	-
Dave McAuley (IRE)	-	-	C
Louis Curtis (USA)	-	-	3
Dodi Penalosa (PHIL)	16	-	6
Tony DeLuca (USA)	-	-	8
Ole Kietoneway (THAI)	-	-	9
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	-	10	12

LIGHT FLYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Humberto Gonzalez (MEX)	C	-	-
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	1	2	1
Luis Monzote (CUBA)	2	7	-
Ebo Danquah (GHA)	3	12	-
Jeung Keun Lim (JAP)	4	3	-
Rey Hernandez (MEX)	5	-	-
Leon Salazar (PAN)	6	4	7
Ali Galvez (CHI)	7	11	-
Katzumi Komiyama (JAP)	8	8	-
Tony DeLuca (USA)	9	-	-
Abdi Pohan (IND)	10	-	-
Myung Woo Yuh (KOR)	-	C	-
Tacy Macalos (PHIL)	11	-	4
Leo Gamez (VEN)	16	1	8
Kajkong Danphoothai (THAI)	-	5	-
Kimio Hirano (JAP)	21	6	-
Jose Lagos (ARG)	-	9	-
Muangshai Kittikasem (THAI)	-	-	C
Michael Carbajal (USA)	23	-	2
Silverio Barcenas (PAN)	-	-	3
Gonzalo Villalobos (MEX)	-	-	5
Javier Diaz (MEX)	-	-	6
Mario DeMarco (ARG)	-	-	9
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	-	-	10
Hector Patri (ARG)	-	10	-

STRAWWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jeum Hwan Choi (KOR)	C	-	-
Kyung Yung Lee (KOR)	1	-	-
Pretty Boy Lucas (PHIL)	2	3	1
Napa Kiatwanchai (THA)	3	-	-
Santiago Mendez (MEX)	4	-	5
Hector Patri (ARG)	5	-	-
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	6	-	3
Hideyuki Ohashi (JAP)	7	1	-
Hiyong Choi (KOR)	8	4	-
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	9	2	10
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	10	-	-
Bong Jun Kim (KOR)	-	C	-
Samjoong Lee (KOR)	12	7	-
Joo Sup Shin (KOR)	-	5	-
Silverio Barcenas (PAN)	14	8	-
Nico Thomas (INDO)	20	9	6
Eric Chavez (PHIL)	-	-	C
Luis Monzote (USA)	-	-	2
Francisco Montiel (MEX)	-	-	4
Samuth Sithnarvepol (THAI)	22	-	7
Danny Nunez (DR)	30	6	-
Joe Constantino (RP)	-	-	8
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	-	-	9
Petchai Chuvatana (THAI)	-	10	-

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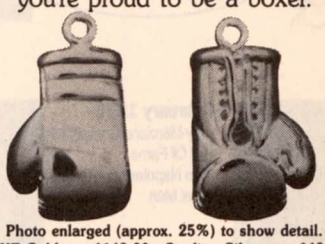

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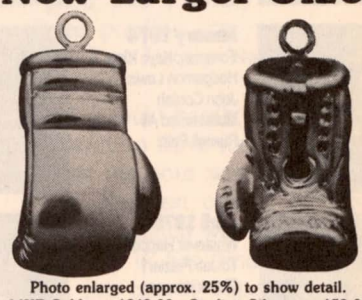

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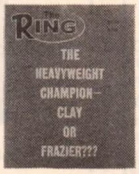
The RING '70s

The 1970s is best known as the decade of Muhammad Ali and the heavyweights. But the '70s was also the decade of Carlos Monzon, Roberto Duran, Jose Napoles, and some exceptional light heavyweights. The Ring, of course, was at ringside to cover it all. Limited supplies of the following issues are available for $10 each (including postage and handling).

February 1970
Clay-Marciano Computer
Hall Of Fame
Jose Napoles
Quiet Men



May 1970
Ring Strips Clay!
Joe Frazier
Ruben Olivares
Ken Norton

October 1970
Jack Johnson
Peter Porter
Emile Griffith
Liston-Wepner

July 1971
Foreman Next Champ?
Cassius Clay
105 Rounds Of Mayhem
Ruben Olivares
Nicolino Loche

August 1971
Heavyweight Knockouts
Chamberlain-Clay
Rocky Marciano
El Famoso Gomez

November 1971
Cus D'Amato
Jose Napoles
Ezzard Charles
Marciano-Kobayashi

December 1971
Ken Buchanan
Carlos Monzon
Bodell-Bugner
Roberto Duran
Ray Lampkin

January 1973
Lyle, Best Of New Breed?
George Foreman
Jack Sharkey
Ernie Terrell
Lyle-Mathis

January 1974
Foreman: Kayo King
Hedgemon Lewis
John Conteh
Muhammad Ali
Russell Peltz

December 1974
Who Gets Next
Heavyweight Shot?
Bobby Chacon
George Foreman
Ali's Farewell
Bob Foster

January 1975
Zaire Shock Waves
Bob Foster
Monzon-Mundine
Oscar Alvarado
John Conteh

February 1975
Ali's Top 10
Mike Rossman
Antuofermo-Griffith
Henry Cooper
John Stracey

April 1975
Whatever Happened
To Joe Frazier?
Chuck Wepner
Dick Tiger
Joe Louis
Alexis Arguello

Sept.-Oct. 1975
Ali Punch: Fact Or Fiction?
Bob Foster
Roberto Duran
Chacon-Olivares
Carlos Monzon

August 1976
First American Champs
Ali-Dunn
DeJesus-Suzuki
Duran-Mamby
Danny Lopez

September 1976
Ali-Norton III Special
Foreman-Frazier II
Benitez-Villa
Arguello-Torres
Bonavena's Funeral

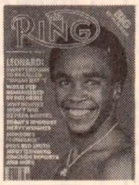
October 1976
96-Page Special
Ali-Inoki
Ken Norton
Cuevas-Espada
Briscoe-Griffith

June 1977
George Foreman
Marvis Frazier
Carlos Palomino
Pipino Cuevas
Harold Weston

September 1977
Norton vs. Young: Ali Next
Leonard-DeBarros
Gomez-Yum
Spinks Brothers
Irish-American Boxers

November 1977
Carlos Monzon Retires
Monzon-Valdes II
Alexis Arguello
Wilfred Benitez
Duran-Diaz

August 1979
Hearns-Weston
Ron Lyle
Leonard-Geraldo
James Scott
Jeff Chandler



November 1979
Leonard: Sweet Enough
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THE FIGHT OF MY LIFE

FROM THE RING, JANUARY 1963

By Dick Tiger (as told to *The Ring*)

I had heard about the "penalties of success," but I did not pay much attention to them until after I defeated Gene Fullmer for the World Boxing Association middleweight championship.

Now I am beginning to understand what one of those penalties is—a tough schedule for my right hand. It has been taking more punishment outside the ring than it ever did inside. It's getting numb from all the handshaking and autograph signing it has had to do.

Now it is inviting even tougher punishment—trying to write about myself, my impressions of the Fullmer fight, and my future plans.

I haven't learned how to use a typewriter yet, and by the time I get finished pushing a pen, I can only hope my right hand has enough strength left for me to be able to use a knife and fork at meal time.

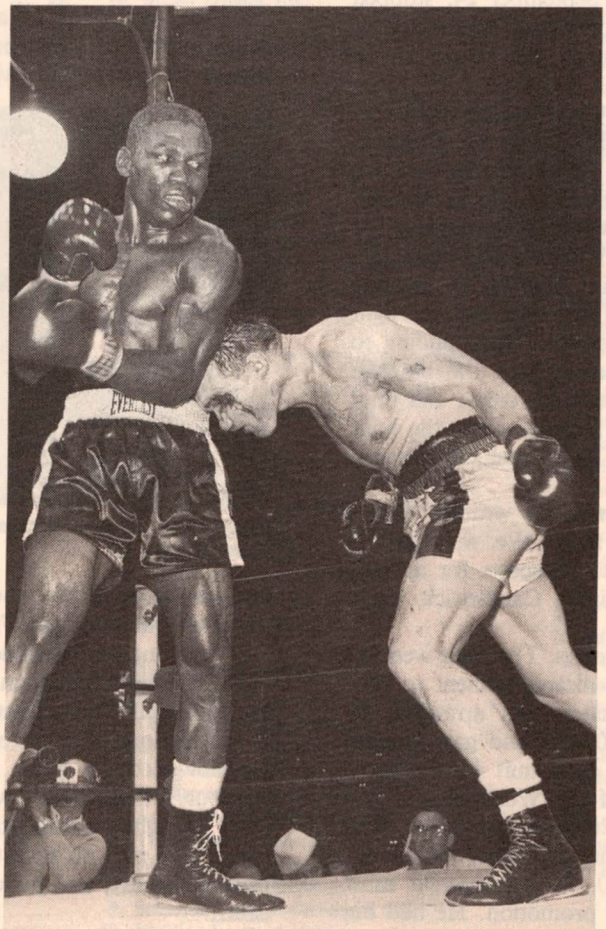
Anyway, here goes with my first attempt as an author.

To begin with, I would like to thank everybody who helped me get the chance to fight Fullmer for the WBA middleweight championship. I want especially to thank *The Ring* staff and WBA commissioner Abe J. Greene. They were my strongest supporters during my long months of trying to force either Fullmer or the other championship claimant, Paul Pender, into the ring with me.

At times it looked as though my hopes were being wasted, and I would never get a chance at either part of the world title. I was sure I could beat Fullmer and Pender if I could get the chance, but both seemed determined to avoid me.

I was in Nigeria when my American representative, Jersey Jones, cabled me that he had been dickering with promoter Norman Rothschild, and prospects were very good that I finally would be matched with Fullmer. Three possible sites were mentioned—Bozeman, Montana; Las Vegas, Nevada; San Francisco, California.

It was wonderful news and I could hardly believe it. I didn't lose any time getting ready to leave for the United States in case I got word that the bout was definite. It was. The next cable I received said the match was set for August 27, in San Francisco.

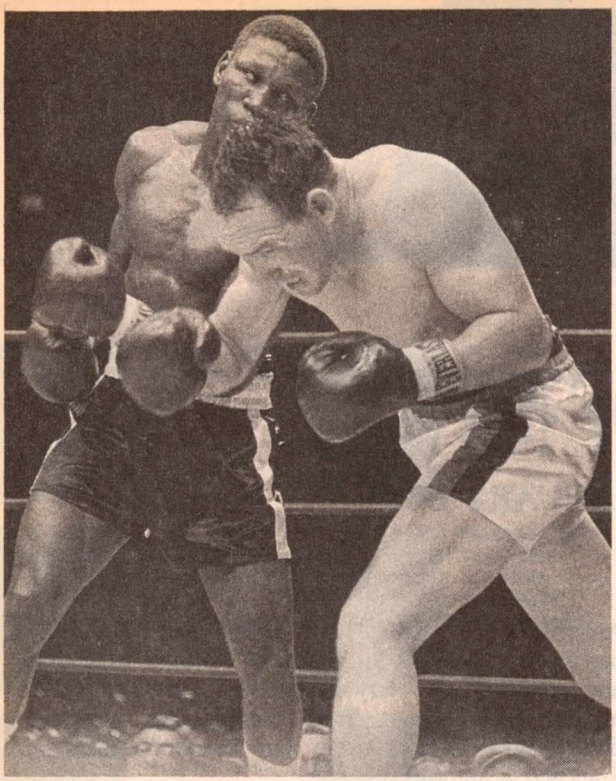


Tiger-Fullmer in San Francisco: In the first of their three classic middleweight clashes, Tiger bloodies Fullmer and wins the WBA crown.

I got out of Nigeria as fast as I could. I arrived in New York on July 31, which didn't give me much time—less than four weeks—to get into my best condition after bumming around all summer in my hometown, Aba. But I would have fought with only one day of training if I had had to. This was my big chance, and nothing would stop me from taking advantage of it.

I had hardly arrived in New York when the promoter announced a postponement. The new date was September 12. Then came another postponement, this one to October 16. I was beginning to think my big dream was just that, a dream, and that maybe, after all, I never would get the championship match.

I had started my training in the Catholic Youth Association gymnasium in New York, but to help the publicity for the show, Mr. Jones arranged for me and my trainer, Jimmy August, to go to San Francisco three weeks in advance. It also would enable me to become ad-



Early in the bout, they fought at a frenetic pace. Challenger Tiger followed instructions by crowding Fullmer for all 15 rounds.

justed to the climate there. At Mr. Rothschild's invitation, August and I left New York on September 24, stopped off in Chicago for the Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson bout the next night, then continued on to San Francisco the following morning.

I would like to say I enjoyed my stay in San Francisco. Everybody was very pleasant and helpful to me. Unfortunately, however, two unexpected developments had me worried again about the fight. First, the local baseball team, the Giants, got into the World Series against the New York Yankees. It was the first time San Francisco ever had a team in the World Series, and the city became hysterical. It had no time for anything else, and our fight was almost forgotten in the excitement. Then, adding to the worries, a rainy spell came along and the baseball games ran into several delays. The Series didn't end until the day our fight was scheduled. So once more the bout had to be moved back, this time for a week, to October 23.

Although it had stopped raining, the weather wasn't too favorable the week of the fight. We were getting plenty of fog and chilly days, and prospects for an outdoor fight, in the Giants' stadium, Candlestick Park, weren't too good.

Anyway, there were no more delays. The fight went on this time, but the turnout was a disappointment to promoter Rothschild. When the match was arranged, he confidently expected about 25,000 fans and gate receipts of $200,000. But the show had been hurt by the three postponements, the excitement of the World Series, and the unfavorable weather. I don't know what the final figures were, but I understand the attendance was about 12,000 and the receipts $101,000. Mr. Rothschild must have lost about $35,000 with the promotion. He had big expenses.

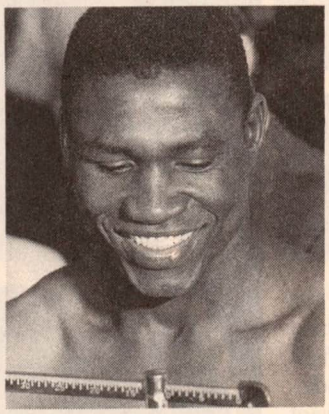
But getting on to the fight . . . I had plenty of moral and vocal support. For one thing, I was permitted to invite my old pal and first trainer in England, Maurice Foran of Liverpool, to come over as my guest and to work in my corner with Mr. Jones and Jimmy August. Also from Liverpool came Mr. Harry Ormesher, a prominent betting commissioner and one of England's most enthusiastic fight fans. During my early discouraging days in England, Mr. Ormesher had given me much good advice and encouragement, and now that I was fighting for a world title, he wanted to be there.

Nigeria was so excited by my fighting for a championship, it sent a delegation of five, including the Minister of Labor, Mr. J.M. Johnston, and the Secretary of Justice, Mr. R.B.K. Okafor. The Nigerian Ambassador to the United States came from Washington. In the party from Africa was Hogan "Kid" Bassey, the former world featherweight champion and Nigeria's first king of the ring. Bassey is now national coach of Nigeria's amateur boxers. Also in my rooting section were 30 Nigerian students attending school in San Francisco.

I was in excellent condition for the fight. I weighed 159 pounds to Fullmer's 160, and was ready for anything Gene offered. I had never seen any of his fights in person, but I had seen several of them on television, and I knew I was in for a rough time.

Fullmer has a difficult style to describe. He is awkwardly clever, and he chops instead of punches with his fists. He is tremendously strong and knows how to use that strength to push and maul and gradually wear down his opponent. But I felt I was just as strong as he was, and if he tried to make a pier-six brawl out of the fight, he would find me a willing cooperator.

By the way, don't let anybody tell you there is no real power in Fullmer's punches. Maybe Gene doesn't snap his jabs or hit straight out with his right, but those chops of his can hurt when they land. I know. Several times during the bout I thought Fullmer was swinging heavy clubs at me. Those punches may not knock you out, but they can jolt and stun. It doesn't take many of them to wear an opponent out.



Tiger at the weigh-in: Confident, relaxed, and ready.

Fullmer must have planned to get a quick jump on me. He came out fighting at top speed in the first round. It was lucky I was ready for him, or he probably would have swept me right out of the ring and into San Francisco Bay.

It was one of the wildest first rounds I've ever fought, but it was no wilder than the next three. I began wondering to myself if two fighters could possibly go 15 rounds at that furious pace. I guess Fullmer was wondering, too. He slowed down a bit in the fifth and seemed to get cautious. I knew then I was on my way to the championship. I fought according to instructions—to keep crowding Gene, give him no time to relax, mix my punches to the head and body, and punch my way free when he tried to clinch.

I noticed a slight trickle of blood coming down from above Fullmer's left eye in the fifth round. I was told later that I had nicked the eye in the second, but I hadn't

paid any attention to it until the fifth. It kept getting worse, and by the 10th round Gene was bleeding badly from it, as well as from his nose and mouth. The referee, Frankie Carter, looked him over in the corner, then called the commission physician, Dr. Don Lastreto, into the ring to examine the damage. All this must have taken two minutes. The doctor finally gave his approval for Gene to continue.

I knew then that nothing but an accident could prevent me from winning the title. I continued to plod ahead, setting a steady pace, defending myself from Fullmer's occasional outbursts, and punching when I saw openings.

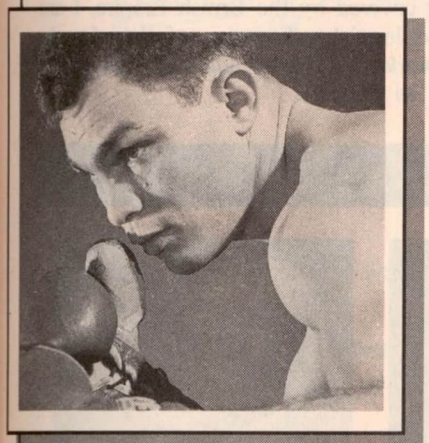
I think Fullmer got a real break toward the end of the 13th round when the referee, thinking he had heard the bell, waved his arms as though the round had ended. Gene was in real tough shape then, reeling on the ropes, and that sudden pause must have been a blessing to him. It was only for 10 seconds, but an important 10 seconds.

I was lucky in one respect. Although it was a grueling battle, I came out of it unmarked.

The decision was unanimous. California has its own scoring system—one point to the winner of a round (two points if the margin is decisive), and none to the loser. Even rounds get no points. Referee Carter favored me 10-1. The two judges had it closer. Jack Downey voted 9-5, and Vern Bybee 7-5.

As for my future plans—first I'm going home to Nigeria and spend some time with my family, my wife Abigail, and our four youngsters, Richard, Grace, Victoria, and Justina. When I left for this bout, I expected to be gone only four or five weeks. But after all those postponements, I'll be away more than three months. I suppose I'll have a busy time with all the celebrations being arranged for me when I get home, but I'll try to find time

THE RING RATINGS, *January 1963*



Carlos Ortiz

HEAVYWEIGHTS

World Champ: Sonny Liston, Philadelphia

1. Floyd Patterson, Scarsdale, NY
2. Eddie Machen, Portland, OR
3. Zora Folley, Chandler, AZ
4. Cassius Clay, Louisville, KY
5. Ingemar Johansson, Sweden
6. Cleveland Williams, Houston, TX
7. Archie Moore, San Diego, CA
8. Henry Cooper, England
9. Robert Cleroux, Canada
10. Billy Daniels, New York, NY

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

World Champ: Harold Johnson, Philadelphia

1. Giulio Rinaldi, Italy
2. Mauro Mina, Peru
3. Doug Jones, New York, NY
4. Eddie Cotton, Seattle, WA
5. Willie Pastrano, Miami, FL
6. Gustav Scholz, Germany
7. Erich Schoppner, Germany
8. Bobo Olson, Honolulu, HI
9. Chic Calderwood, Scotland
10. Peter Gumpert, Germany

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

World Champs: Paul Pender, Brookline, MA
Dick Tiger, Lagos, Nigeria
(Recognized by WBA and its associates)

1. Gene Fullmer, West Jordan, UT
2. Terry Downes, England
3. Denny Moyer, Portland, OR

(WBA Junior Middleweight Champion)

4. George Benton, Philadelphia, PA
5. Joey Giardello, Cherry Hill, NJ
6. Henry Hank, Detroit, MI
7. Luis Folledo, Spain
8. Laszlo Papp, Hungary
9. Joey Giambra, Buffalo, NY
10. Bruno Visintin, Italy

WELTERWEIGHTS

World Champ: Emile Griffith, New York

1. Luis Rodriguez, Miami, FL
2. Brian Curvis, Wales
3. Ralph Dupas, New Orleans, LA
4. Jorge Fernandez, Argentina
5. Ted Wright, Detroit, MI
6. Rip Randall, Dallas, TX
7. Bob Fosmire, Rockaway, NJ
8. Federico Thompson, Argentina
9. Isaac Logart, New York, NY
10. Curtis Cokes, Dallas, TX

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS

World Champ: Eddie Perkins, Gary, IN

1. Kenny Lane, Muskegon, MI
2. Duilio Loi, Italy
3. Louis Molina, San Jose, CA
4. Battling Torres, Mexico
5. Paul Armstead, Los Angeles, CA
6. Jose Stable, Cuba
7. Angel Garcia, Cuba
8. Manuel Alvarez, Argentina
9. Aissa Hashas, France
10. Ben Medina, Fresno, CA

LIGHTWEIGHTS

World Champ: Carlos Ortiz, New York

1. Carlos Hernandez, Venezuela
2. Bunny Grant, Jamaica
3. Doug Vaillant, Cuba
4. Joe Brown, Houston, TX
5. Arthur Persley, Red Crosse, LA
6. Teruo Kosaka, Japan
7. Alfredo Urbina, Mexico
8. Dave Charnley, England
9. Solomon Boysaw, Cleveland, OH
10. Nicolino Loche, Argentina

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS

World Champ: Flash Elorde, Philippines

1. Auburn Copeland, Flint, MI
2. Ray Nobile, Italy
3. Jose Luis Cruz, Mexico
4. Yukio Katsumato, Japan
5. Johnny Bizzarro, Erie, PA
6. Harold Gomes, Providence, RI
7. Oscar Reyes, Philippines
8. Love Allotey, Ghana
9. Tommy Tibbs, Boston, MA
10. Mel Middleton, Philadelphia, PA

FEATHERWEIGHTS

World Champ: Davey Moore, Springfield, OH

1. Sugar Ramos, Cuba
2. Rafiu King, Nigeria
3. Kazuo Takayama, Japan
4. Jet Bally, Philippines
5. Howard Winstone, Wales
6. Danny Valdez, Los Angeles, CA
7. Alberto Serti, Italy
8. Mitsunori Seki, Japan
9. Leroy Jeffreys, Saginaw, MI
10. Don Johnson, Los Angeles, CA

BANTAMWEIGHTS

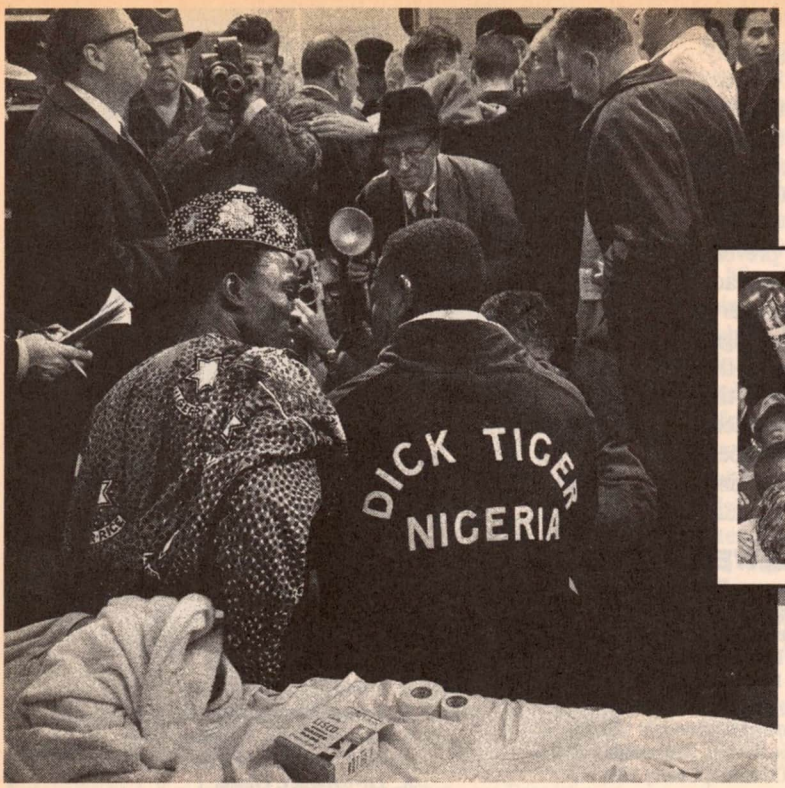
World Champ: Eder Jofre, Brazil

1. Ismael Laguna, Panama
2. Piero Rollo, Italy
3. Alphonse Halimi, France
4. Joe Medel, Mexico
5. Katsutoshi Aoki, Japan
6. Pierre Cossemynsa, Belgium
7. Johnny Caldwell, Ireland
8. Freddie Gilroy, Ireland
9. Jorge Salazar, Mexico
10. Edmundo Esparza, Mexico

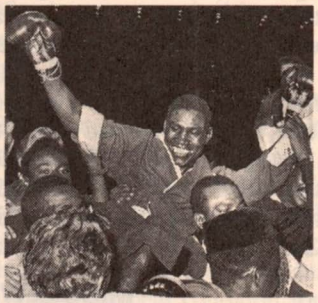
FLYWEIGHTS

World Champ: Fighting Harada, Japan

1. Pone Kingpetch, Thailand
2. Salvatore Burruni, Italy
3. Bernardo Caraballo, Colombia
4. Pascual Perez, Argentina
5. Ramon Arias, Venezuela
6. Horacio Accacalo, Argentina
7. Mimun Ben Ali, Spain
8. Kyo Noguchi, Japan
9. Hiroyuki Ebihara, Japan
10. Chatchai Laempafha, Thailand



The postfight dressing room, San Francisco, 1962: Tiger is the new champion, and the press and visitors congregate. It was the first of Tiger's 10 world title fights.



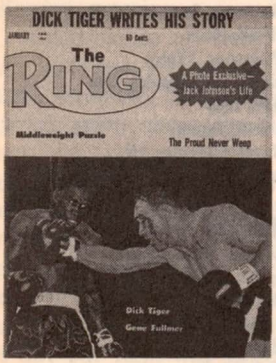
Tiger celebrates after taking a 15-round unanimous decision.

for light training so I don't get too far out of condition.

Since Fullmer was sportsman enough to give me a crack at his title, I want to be just as generous and give him a return match if and when he wants it. We have an arrangement for the return to be held January 19 in either Bozeman or Las Vegas, but if Gene wants a delay to let his damaged face heal properly, he can have it. I won't decide anything definite about future bouts until I know of Fullmer's wishes.

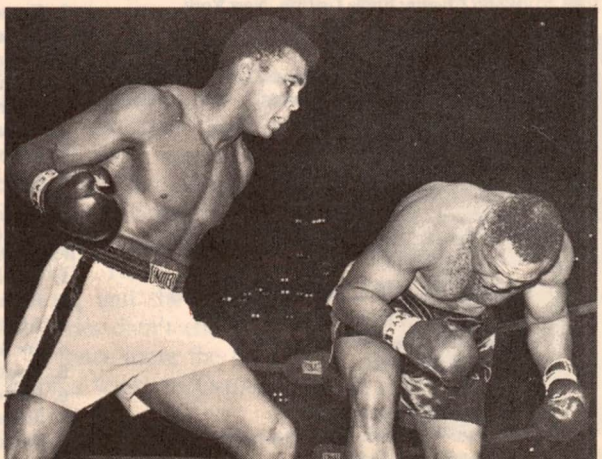
If I am fortunate enough to defeat Gene again, I'd like to settle the championship dispute with Paul Pender, if he still has his part of the title then. My manager tells me that by adding the countries controlled by the WBA to those covered by the British Empire, I am now middleweight champion of three-fourths of the world. I'd like to add the other fourth as soon as possible.

THE RING, January 1963



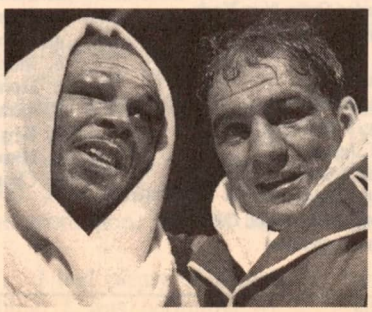
The Cover: Middleweight champion Gene Fullmer, bleeding from a cut at the corner of his left eye, lashes out at challenger Dick Tiger during their first battle, in San Francisco in October 1962. Tiger won on points, and subsequently retained the crown in two more meetings with Fullmer. In the cover story, Tiger gives a first-person account of his triumph.

The Proud Don't Weep: Champions are among the proudest of athletes, and writer Al Buck highlights titlists Barney Ross, Archie Moore (pictured with Rocky Marciano), Jim Braddock, Joe Gans, and Pete Herman, among others. "The great ones all had pride," Buck wrote. "And most of 'em are in the Hall of Fame."

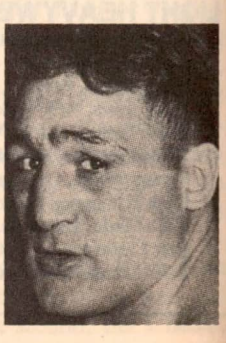


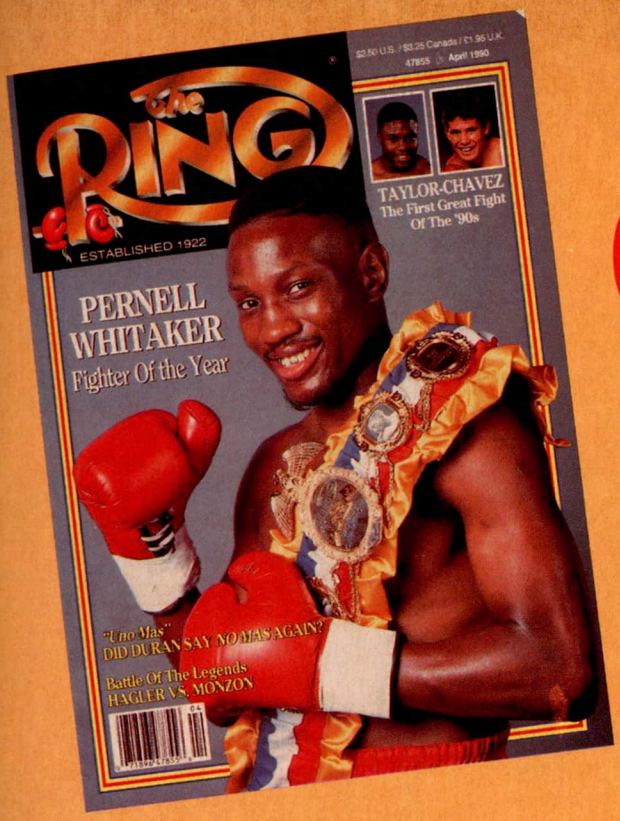
Fighter Of The Month: Rising heavyweight contender Cassius Clay, who jumped in the ratings from seventh to fourth, is honored for his kayo win over world-rated former light heavyweight champion Archie Moore. In a little more than a year, Clay would be heavyweight king.

A Picture Story: In a priceless photo feature, *The Ring* examines the extraordinary life of former heavyweight champion Jack Johnson. The photos include Johnson with John L. Sullivan, Johnson in jail with opponent Joe Choynski (in Galveston, Texas, there was a local law against fighting), Johnson in a 1936 production of *Aida,* and Johnson in 1940 with Jess Willard, on the 25th anniversary of their title fight.



Boxing's Hall Of Fame: The 1962 voting produced four entrants. Among modern-day fighters, Billy Petrolle (pictured) and Marcel Cerdan were elected. (Lou Ambers and Jim Braddock finished third and fourth, respectively, but didn't secure enough votes to qualify.) The Old-Timers committee elected Willie Ritchie, who reigned as lightweight king in the teens. And the Pioneer Group named Ned Price, a boxer and promoter in the 1850s.





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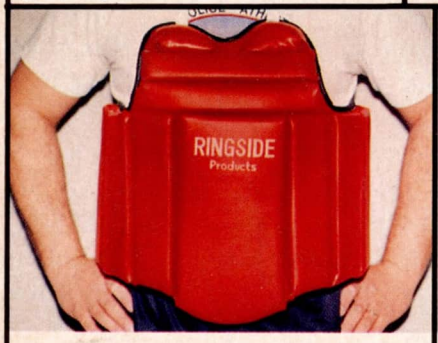

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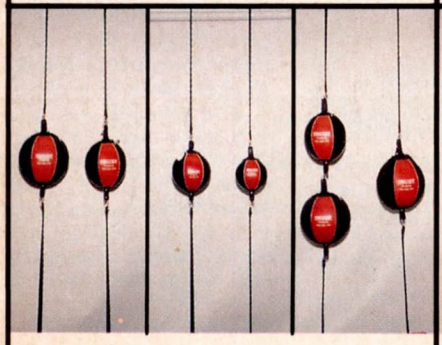

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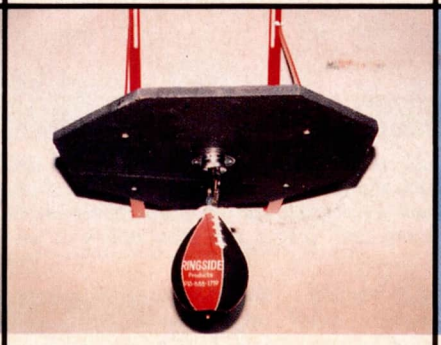

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